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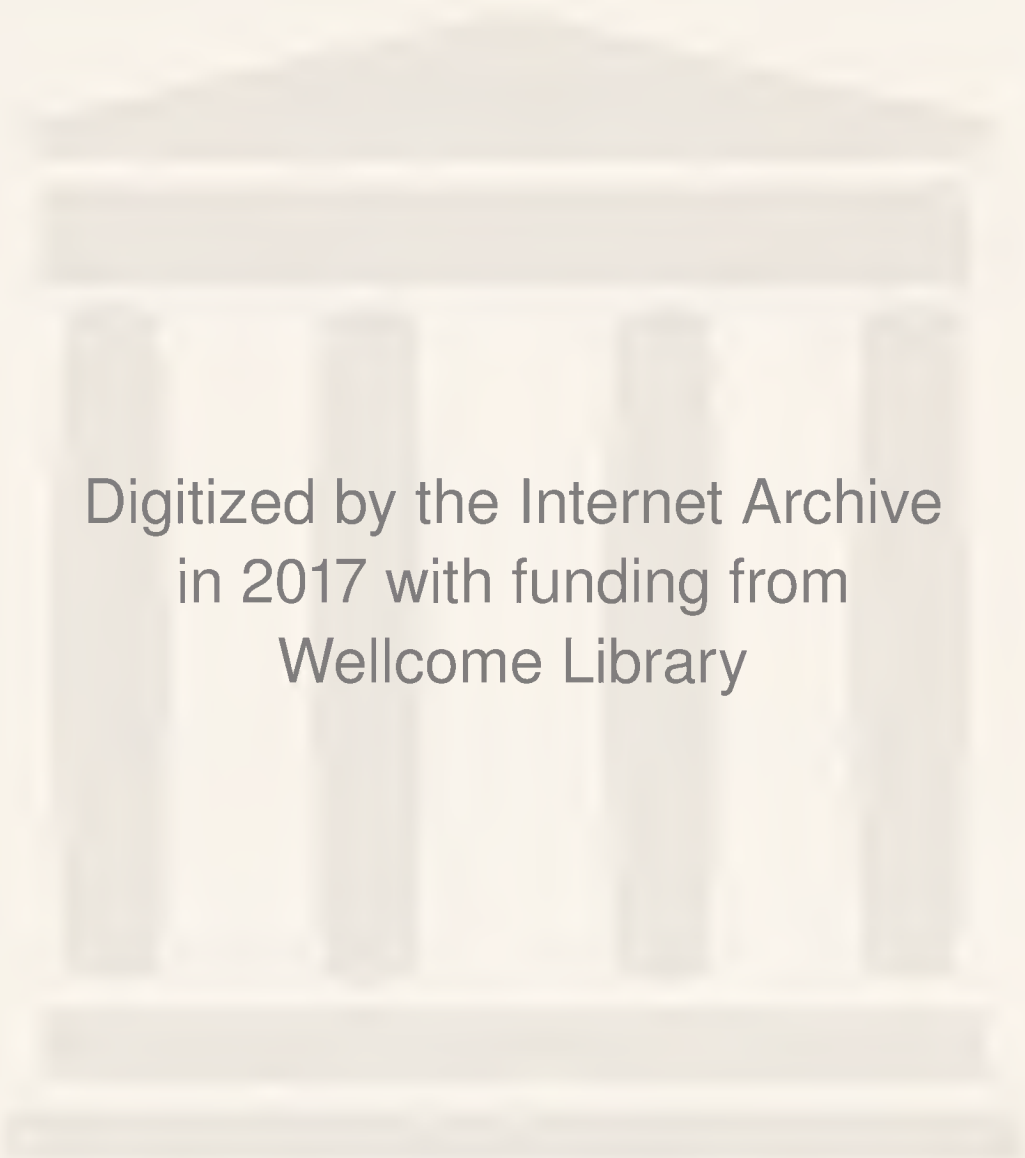
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A

TOUR IN WALES,

AND

THROUGH SEVERAL

COUNTIES OF ENGLAND,

INCLUDING

BOTH THE UNIVERSITIES,

PERFORMED IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS, 6, NEW BRIDGE STREET,

By J. G. Barnard, 57, Snow-Hill.

1806.

TO

*Charles M*****, Esq., Mrs. M*****, and Mr. F****,*

THIS JOURNAL OF A

TOUR IN WALES,

As a small testimony of sincere regard,

and in pleasing remembrance of the satisfaction derived

from their company, during its progress,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE

FELLOW TRAVELLER.

PREFACE.

WE are indebted for the following Tour to a gentleman, from whose literary abilities the public have long derived the highest gratification. It would, therefore, be indecorous in us, however we may estimate the work, to offer any opinion upon its merits. Now that making the Tour of Wales has become the predominant fashion of the year, any tract which illustrates that interesting part of the kingdom, cannot fail to excite the attention of the public; but a Tour so lately performed, and described by a person of character and independence, must be valued in proportion to the veracity of its author; who, though he in this instance be too diffident to acknowledge what he considers as a bagatelle, produced *currente calamo*, yet has the pleasure of knowing that it will meet the examination of a very numerous circle of friends and acquaintance, comprising many of the most distinguished characters in the kingdom.

EDITOR.

TOUR IN WALES,

&c. &c.

JULY 6.

JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO OXFORD, THROUGH HENLEY. DESCRIPTION OF OXFORD, &c.

THOUGH during the ardour of composition, and the assiduity of occupation, the mind is lulled into an oblivion of present ills, and overlooks future consequences; yet literary pursuits require intervals of repose, or the health will soon give way, and the spirits flag. I had experienced this truth to a lamentable degree: my nerves were unstrung, and I felt the necessity of suspending my usual engagements, and of changing the scene, without knowing exactly how to dispose of myself. Some kind friends in one of the midland counties of England, hearing of my situation, pressed me to join them in a projected tour of Wales; and as they offered facilities and accommodations which did away every objection I could possibly have formed, I gladly fell in with their views, and set about preparing for my journey, determined to keep a regular journal of every thing that might appear worthy of being remarked and recorded in the course of our tour. When a person begins travelling, the fewer incumbrances he has about him, the more comfortable he will find it. All my clothes, except what I carried on my back, were packed up in a small portmanteau, which likewise contained a map of Wales and Mavor's British Tourists; a work which, in every excursion I have made, has proved of singular utility, and which may be termed the vade-mecum of home-travellers.

Thus equipped, I left London in one of the Oxford coaches, on Saturday July 6, and was soon out of the smoke and bustle of the metropolis, though if its environs continue to extend in all directions as they have done within the last twenty years, it will

soon be difficult to enjoy the pure air of the country, and to see open fields and farms without exceeding the limits of a walk. We took the Henley road, which is incomparably more pleasant and picturesque than that through Wycombe, as I had verified on former occasions, as it presents various views of the prince of British streams, and uniformly runs through a rich and well varied country. I will not detain my readers with an enumeration of the villages through which we passed in this well-known tract; it will be sufficient to particularize the towns and more striking prospects. Brentford, though it may be denominated the county-town of Middlesex, from the elections for members being held there, is one of the most irregular and ugly places in the kingdom. The new gothic palace at Kew certainly does not derive much lustre from its vicinity to this place: it turns its back on it indeed; but still they appear unsuitable neighbours. I will not enter on a criticism of the palace itself, its stile, its ornaments, and its adaptation as a royal residence; but I must say, that in no one of these respects does it please me. The botanical garden, however, is a splendid appendage to any palace, and I never visit it without fresh and increasing pleasure.

The Grand Junction Canal, which falls into the Thames at Brentford, may be considered as a national work, and reflects honour on the judgment and persevering attention of its great patron, the Marquis of Buckingham.

Reach Hounslow, a pretty neat place, and a great thoroughfare, but possessing few attractions, either external or internal. Hounslow Heath, the scene of frequent robberies, and occasionally of foul murders, is a disgrace to the very kingdom itself. That such an extensive tract should be doomed to sterility, within ten miles of the metropolis, where every article of country produce bears such an extravagant price, is a solecism which I leave to political economists to explain, if it is capable of explanation or defence.

A few miles farther, Windsor Castle began to open with its forest, immortalized by Pope. The castle enjoys a most commanding situation, and it seems intended by nature to be the residence of royalty. The magnificent improvements made in this favourite palace by his present Majesty, do honour to his taste; nor ought the royal example of reclaiming some of the surrounding wastes and other meliorations in the science of agriculture and of breeding cattle, to pass without the tribute of praise. The introduction of Merino or Spanish sheep is likely to be highly beneficial to the country at large, and will perpetuate his memory as a patriot king when the remembrance of more splendid

actions that have adorned his reign is only to be found in public annals.

Colnbrook lies in a champaign tract, and is sometimes subject to inundations from the river Colne, from which it receives its name. Slough contained nothing remarkable; but I regretted that time would not allow me to pay my respects to the illustrious Herschell, whose immense astronomical apparatus for "sweeping the heavens" is visible from the road. Between Slough and Salt-hill, scarcely a mile apart, Windsor castle and Eton college lying below, appear to great advantage.

It is well known that the Eton Montem is kept at Salt-hill, which is famous for its inns. Eton was founded and endowed by Henry VI. and is perhaps the most distinguished of all our public schools. Seldom fewer than 500 of our British youth receive their early education here. If there are radical defects in all our ancient establishments (and who can deny that some adhere to the best institutions?) certain it is, that our public schools and universities have produced, and are constantly producing men eminent in every walk of life. But public schools and universities are best adapted for public men: those who are destined for a private path—to be tradesmen, merchants, or country gentlemen, may spend their time more advantageously in private seminaries, as being more suitable to the stations they are intended to fill. When such persons have received a public education, the ideas which they have naturally imbibed, become the torture of their lives. All were not made for the same station, nor can the same mode of instruction be suited for all.

At the twenty-sixth mile from London we enter Maidenhead, a long low-lying town, but chiefly distinguished for its fine bridge over the Thames, and the beautiful seat of Sir Isaac Pococke, close adjoining. There is something extremely elegant in the design of this residence; and though it is constructed chiefly of brick, I know few places that contain less to offend or more to please the eye of taste. Clifden and Taplow occupy bold situations on the Buckingham side of the Thames, and have long been celebrated for their local advantages, and for other adventitious circumstances—

> —— In Clifden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

Beyond Maidenhead, which is only a chapelry to Bray, a parish that derives no small historic importance from the *elastic* conscience of its vicar, we entered on Maidenhead thicket, where the Bath road diverges from that leading to Oxford.

What now obtains the name of Maidenhead thicket, is an

open waste, with a few bushes and trees; but in former times no doubt, it was entirely covered with wood. At the extremity of this track, we came to the top of a descent, which overlooks the beautiful vale in which Marlow, Hurley, and various charming seats lie scattered, washed by the meandering Thames, and having the surrounding slopes and hills thickly planted with beech woods, which thrive in the chalky soil that abounds here, with the greatest luxuriance.

The Military College at Marlow, an excellent national institution, was pointed out to us; but we were too distant to discriminate minute objects. If this country can be saved from the wreck into which the rest of Europe seems falling, it must be by giving a military education to our officers, in which they have too long been miserably deficient.

Passed through the vale of Hurley, a place advantageously known to the public, from its being the seat of Lord Lovelace, about the time of the Revolution; and from the literary talents of its present vicar, who resides at Woodstock. From the number of books which he has written for the use of schools and young people, he has obtained the honourable appellation of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND. Again ascending between beech woods, we discovered an elevated level country for two or three miles, and then came to the brow of Henley-hill, catching, through the deep-cut vista of the road, a charming view of the town of the same name. On the left stands Park Place, the seat once of Field-Marshal Conway, and now of the Earl of Malmesbury, delightfully situated on the Berkshire bank of the Thames, and possessing in its grounds and its accompaniments all that nature could furnish for taste and art to embellish. Immense quantities of lavender are raised here, and afterwards distilled. Its pungent fragrance perfumed the air.

Henley bridge is a beautiful and extensive fabric, has key-stones to its centre arch, and contains two charming pieces of sculpture, by the honourable Mrs. Damer, one representing the Thames, and the other the Isis.

Henley, in Oxfordshire, distant thirty-five miles from London, is a very fine and populous county-town, governed by a mayor; but without the right of being represented, which it once possessed. The malting business is extensively carried on here. On the other side of Henley is a straight reach of a mile, planted with a small row of trees on each side of the road, between rising grounds, which makes a distinguished approach to those who are coming from Oxford; the vista being terminated by the majestic tower of the church,

Passing over chalk hills, chiefly covered with beech and cultivation, we soon reached Nettlebed, a neat little place, standing

on very high ground, though the ascent is so gradual as to render this less perceptible than the reality warrants. Some have indeed considered this as the highest ground in England; and certainly there is a generally continued rise on one side for many miles, and a similar descent on the other.

Beyond this, the country soon opens in front to a vast distance, and we catch views of the Thames flowing by Wallingford, which we leave about two miles on the left. Nearly opposite to it is Benson, a place of far inferior consideration; but having the advantage of being the thoroughfare to London, much better known by travellers than its more illustrious neighbours.

A few miles beyond Benson, we crossed the small river Thame, by an ancient narrow bridge, not far from the place where it falls into the classical Isis, and then legitimately forms the Thames. Close to this stands Dorchester, formerly one of the largest sees in England, and still famous for its cathedral-looking church. The bishopric of Lincoln was transferred from this now decayed place, which, like impoverished nobility, has only splendid titles to recommend it to notice.

On passing the park-gate of Nuneham, the seat of Earl Harcourt, which is not visible from the road, we drove through Nustown, an elegant assemblage of cottage-houses, built in an uniform style by the late Lord Harcourt.

About three miles beyond this Oxford opens in all its beauty; and though perhaps the view from Hedding hill is more striking, it is impossible to behold this seat of the Muses from any approach without confessing the splendour of its architecture, and the amenity of its situation. We entered it by Magdalen bridge, an elegant modern erection, and soon stopped at the Angel inn, where I was happy to find my friends and the companions of our future tour ready to receive me, and welcoming me with a sincerity that mocked the mere expression of fashionable phrase. They consisted of two gentlemen, a lady, the wife of one of them, and a servant, who together with myself were to travel in an open vehicle, of no common construction, but sufficiently attractive in its appearance, and perfectly well adapted to its destination. It was strongly built, would turn in the smallest compass, possessed great accommodation for luggage, yet was extremely light. We gave it the name of the CAMBRIAN TOURIST, and it perfectly answered its appellation.

Having arrived in Oxford soon after five o'clock, we made a hasty dinner, and sallied out to visit the lines of the place. It will not be expected that I should enter into a minute description of the twenty colleges, and five halls, with other public buildings belonging to this famous university; but I cannot refrain from

noticing what struck me as best worthy of a stranger's observation.

We first took a rapid glance at the physic-gardens, which appear to be well-arranged, under the auspices and direction of the late able and inquisitive botanist, John Sibthorp, M. D. The present professor, Dr. Williams, is said to cultivate the charming science of botany with much assiduity: but to him it is an acquired, not an original pursuit, farther than it was connected with the medical profession.

We eyed with a fond enthusiasm the walks of Magdalen College, which were once trod by Addison. The tower of this college is the most superb piece of architecture in the university.

Queen's college is on the whole an elegant pile; but the cupola in the centre towards the street, is too diminutive; and appears like an *extinguisher* placed over the head of Queen Philippa. Opposite to this is University college, and we saw with rapture the monument in its chapel, erected to the memory of Sir William Jones, once a member of the society. The altar-piece, representing the Last Supper, is expressively designed in poker work, by one of the fellows of the college, and at a small distance bears all the effect of painting in colours.

St. Mary's church, where the university attend divine service, is not inelegant, but we expected something more superb and more attractive.

From hence we proceeded to Christ church, the pride of Oxford, and certainly deserving of the fame it has acquired. The great quadrangle has an imposing effect from its extent, Peckwater from the symmetry of its architecture, and Canterbury court from its elegant simplicity. The hall is a noble apartment, and its pannelled walls are thickly hung with the pictures of the illustrious persons who have been educated here. The cathedral, once the church of St. Frideswide's monastery, is a gloomy and a clumsy pile. The library is of great dimensions, and forms the south side of Peckwater. It is full of books, and contains many valuable paintings, presented to the society by General Gwin, and drawn chiefly from the collection of Charles I.

We next visited Oriel College, Corpus Christi college, and Merton college: the two former are sufficiently commodious, and even elegant, but the latter has an air of antiquity which arrests the attention more than its beauty.

Tired with this perambulation, we retired to our inn, resolving to see the remainder of the university in the morning.

DESCRIPTION OF OXFORD CONCLUDED.—BLENHEIM.—WOODSTOCK.

July 7. ANXIOUS to see as much of Oxford as circumstances would permit, we agreed to rise early, and the morning being as fine as heart could wish, we sallied out before breakfast, on a perambulation of those parts of the city which we had left for this day's survey.

St. Peter's in the East first attracted our notice. It is of Saxon architecture, and by far the oldest building in Oxford. It was formerly the University church, and is still used during Lent for that purpose. From thence we proceeded to New college, and the chapel being open for prayers, we had an opportunity of joining in divine service, and likewise of surveying that beautiful edifice, which of its kind is unequalled in Oxford. It has been fitted up within these few years, and received many splendid but appropriate improvements. The great painted window into the anti-chapel, from a design of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is the most beautiful composition I ever beheld. We were rivetted to the spot; and though the majestic organ was sounding, and the several voices of the choristers ascending in notes of praise and adoration to the Supreme Being, we found it difficult to withdraw our attention from the works of man, and to fix them on the proper subject before us.

After service we walked down the chapel, and saw the crosier of William of Wickham, the founder of New college, and one of the most munificent patrons of learning that this country has produced. Witness his other grand establishment at Winchester, of which he was bishop.

The college itself is sweetly sequestered, and has more the air of a place of education than any other we had seen. The gardens are finely laid out, and occupy a considerable extent of ground.

Leaving New college we walked into the quadrangle of Wadham, whose warden is restricted from marrying, though the college was endowed in the reign of James I. and whose fellows hold their fellowships for no more than eighteen years from their regency. As the patronage of the college is but small, it sometimes happens that after a gentleman has spent the best part of his life in the enjoyment of present comfort, the term of his fellowship expires before he has gained any other provision, aud he is left destitute at an age when he is ill qualified to change his habits, and to elbow his way in the world. We heard of an affecting instance of such a reverse; and an ex-fellow was pointed

out to us, who missed a living of 600l. per annum, by his being superannuated as a fellow, only two or three months before this handsome piece of preferment dropt. Surely as every member of this college is exposed to a chance of the same misfortune, policy, humanity, and justice should unite them in establishing a fund for ex-fellows. No one would claim assistance from it that could do better, and a contribution of 5l. per annum from each actual fellow, would be fully adequate to the purpose proposed. It is fortunate, however, for the Wadhamists, that they are not obliged to take orders, as is the case in most colleges; but that they may adopt the profession of law or physic, as well as of divinity, according to their own tastes and views.

The Clarendon printing-house is a noble structure, and the delegates of the University press are not inattentive to the objects of their appointment; but books printed here are priced two low to the public, or too high to the retailer: hence the allowance is not sufficient to encourage booksellers to publish them; and from this cause, inferior works are substituted in their room.

We looked into the adjoining theatre, a spacious and well-adapted edifice, capable of containing three thousand persons. At the annual commemoration of founders and benefactors, which always happens in June, it is well filled; and on the late occasion, a music meeting, under the direction of Dr. Crotch, being joined to this solemnity, it was difficult to find places, capacious as the theatre is.

The Ashmolean museum we did not visit: it is chiefly famous for its manuscripts, coins, minerals, and fossils. The schools, the Bodleian library, and Radcliffe's library, lie contiguous. Being Sunday, we had not an opportunity of being admitted every where, nor would time allow us to take more than a rapid external view.

All Souls college, whose grand front opens to the square in which Radcliffe's library stands, possesses unrivalled symmetry and beauty. The two light turrets springing from the sides of the gateway, are to be reckoned among the first specimens of gothic architecture in this kingdom. We took a bird's eye view of Oxford and its environs from the top of Radcliffe's library, a magnificent pile, but as yet ill provided with books. Perhaps it might be advisable to transfer some classes of literature from the Bodleian, already too full, to this noble receptacle.

Brazen Nose college has few external attractions, but it is richly endowed, and in a very flourishing state, under the auspices of its principal, the present Bishop of Bangor.

Lincoln college is a very old building, consisting of two moderately sized quadrangles. It is not ill endowed, and its mem-

bers may be said to make a wise exchange of splendour for comfort.

Exeter college is a handsome fabric; and Jesus, chiefly filled by Cambro-Britons, is not deficient in attraction. Over the gateway towards the street, is a shield bearing three stags, which the vulgar always interpret into three *goats*, with a reference to the country that is supposed to produce them in greater abundance.

We now crossed Broad street to Trinity college, an elegant pile, with pleasant old-fashioned gardens, in which some of the greatest men that ever this country produced, have passed a musing hour. The great Lord Somers, the great Earl Chatham, the poet laureat Warton, and many more distinguished names, have honoured this society. It now contains Henry Kett, B. D. one of the best scholars and most amiable men in the university. In the anti-chapel is a small marble let into the pavement, to the memory of Thomas Warton. As I contemplated the spot, the tear of regard was ready to start; for I can never forget the attentions of Warton to a person so much younger than himself; and when he bestowed those attentions, very little known.

From Trinity we proceeded to Baliol college, the first regularly endowed college in the university, and respectable for its present master, whose plan of public examination has done more for the good of the students and for the support of discipline, than all the expedients that had been adopted to promote those important objects for the last century.

It is generally believed and understood that the statute for this purpose, originated with Dr Parsons, master of this college; and posterity will have just reason, on this account only, to set him down for a benefactor.

St John's college is of great extent, and its gardens are unquestionably the finest in the university. They are laid out with modern taste, and carefully preserved, though open to all respectable persons.

The observatory is extremely well situated, and is furnished, as we were told, with the best astronomical instruments. It was too early to pay our respects to professor Hornsby, to whom we had introductions; as we had indeed to many other distinguished persons in the university, which were generally lost from our anxiety to push on towards Wales.

Worcester college is a modern endowment, and the new buildings are extremely elegant. It stands detached from the other colleges, and enjoys an airy and cheerful situation, but the approach to it is very bad.

We now turned round by the castle long converted into a county

prison. Only one of the old towers and the mill remain; the keep, however, is a bold elevation.

Passed Corfay church, and descended the High street, which for width, cleanliness, and the beauty of its buildings, is, without exception, the finest I ever saw; sat down to breakfast with a good appetite about ten; and resolved to attend service at St. Mary's before we proceeded to Woodstock, the route we had chosen after our little council had deliberated on farther movements.

By a late regulation, the university appoint a certain number of preachers, when the gentleman whose turn it is to mount the pulpit at St. Mary's does not chuse to officiate. By this means a respectable preacher is always secured, and the credit of this learned body, and let us hope the cause of religion itself, are equally consulted. The sermon was argumentative rather than brilliant, most persons in this place having more ambition to distinguish themselves as logicians than as orators. The long vacation being on the point of commencing, the attendance of the members of the university was but limited; but we were much pleased with the general decency of deportment, observable even among the junior students. Were some sumptuary laws adopted to restrain idle expences, were the tradesmen forbidden to give credit without the concurrence of tutors, on pain of being discommoned, or prohibited from dealing with the students; were young men, whatever might be their fortune, prevented from keeping horses and setting an ill example to those who cannot afford this charge; were wine and dinners interdicted in private rooms, a young man might have the noblest opportunity of prosecuting his studies at Oxford, at the least possible risk to his morals and to the ease of his parents. The expence of education, of rooms, of battels, is moderate enough; but the extra charges on parents for the dissipations arising from wine parties, excursions, unnecessary dress, &c. &c. render it impossible to maintain a son as a commoner for less than 150l. or 200l. per annum. Thus a degree will cost from 6 to 800l.; and probably a situation of 40l. a year, the bare interest of the money expended on his education, is all that a young man, without patronage, will gain by a four years residence in Oxford. It is not thus in trade: its prospects are more certain, and its charges less! In fact, the present age offers little encouragement to literary exertion. A man may possibly rise by his political talents, or by a facility in speaking; but the deepest scholars, unless their talents can be rendered subservient to the views of some patron, will probably sink unnoticed into the grave. Hence, few are at

the trouble in Oxford, to distinguish themselves as writers; though many, like dark lanterns, carry sufficient light within them.

About two o'clock we ordered our carriage, and set off for Woodstock, passing over a level track, with little variety in the distance, and few objects to interest us. Campsfield, an extensive level plain, forms a noble foreground to Blenheim park, and by contrast heightens every feature of that delightful and magnificent place.

We put up at the Marlborough Arms, an excellent and well-conducted inn, and having ordered a hot dinner, we hastened to see Blenheim park and gardens: for the palace is not shewn on Sundays. A keeper, mounted on horeback, rode before us round the park, stopped to point out a few landscapes of remarkable beauty, and gallopped the rest of the way, as if he had been afraid of our detaining him too long. We took the usual ride in less than an hour; but on our offering him five shillings for his attendance, he appeared to think it too little for a person of his consequence, and we substituted a seven-shilling piece in its room, determined we would not look shabby; though the reader will determine how far it is proper to permit such a heavy tax being levied on travellers, who often have more taste than affluence: but the noble owner knows not of this. The author of the "Blenheim Guide" has done full justice to the beauties of this place, and his work deserves the celebrity it has acquired; but from partial considerations, as may naturally be supposed, he has omitted to *guide* strangers through the arcana of fees; and every person is left to guess at the compliment he is to pay to porters, keepers, gardeners, house-keepers, &c. &c. which, when every thing is visited by a party of three or four persons, cannot amount to much less, on an average between liberality and meanness, than ONE GUINEA AND A HALF!

We were delighted with the pleasure gardens, grounds, and water; and paid a willing compliment to the subaltern who attended us. Indeed we could have spent days with pleasure amidst these Elysian scenes; and it was nearly seven o'clock before we returned to the inn, where an excellent dinner awaited us.

After dinner we walked round the little neat town of Woodstock, an ancient borough, and, viewed with all its local advantages, one of the most desirable residences in the kingdom. I wished to have paid my respects to Dr.——, but found he was from home.

It was now too late to think of proceeding a stage farther, and we retired to rest before ten o'clock, after having come to a resolution of being on the wing very early next morning.

JOURNEY FROM WOODSTOCK TO CHELTENHAM THROUGH CHIPPING-NORTON AND STOW.

July 8. BEFORE five o'clock this morning we were in motion, and proceeded on our tour. It was nearly two miles beyond Woodstock before we left Blenheim park on our left, when Dilchley woods, Glympton and Kiddington woods, opened in succession, and gave a richness to the scenery on our left, while on our right stone walls in some places were the only fences. Nothing gives a more steril aspect to a country than this; and where quicks thrive so luxuriantly, nothing can be more inexcusable. The road towards Kiddington is carried along the top of a gentle hill for upwards of a mile, resembling a terrace, with beautiful views of pendent oaks on the opposite steeps. The estate formerly belonged to the ancient family of Browne, a branch of the Brownes, Viscounts Montague; but the male line in both being extinct, in right of his mother, the heiress of Sir George Browne, Bart. and relict of Sir Edward Martyn, Bart. of Talacre, it is now the property of her second son, Charles Browne Martyn, Esq.

Reach Euston, a neat post-town or rather village, where the water-works, named from Henrietta, queen of Charles I. detained us a few minutes; and they are no bad specimen of the taste of the period when jets d'eau were in fashion. The earl of Shrewsbury's elegant seat at Heythrop, appears to advantage amidst the general sterility of the scene, which prevails till we reach Chipping-Norton, a large and respectable market town; but most bleakly situated, and containing no structure worthy of observation, except the church, which is a truly superb pile.

From this place we took road towards Stow on the Wold, passing the plantations of Mr. Lee at Addlestrop, chiefly composed of Scotch fir and larch, which appear very thriving and luxuriant. The latter is one of the most valuable as well as ornamental kinds of timber that can be cultivated in shallow soils, and deserves to be more generally used. On ascending the next eminence, we had an agreeable view of that gentleman's house on one side, and of Governor Hastings's, at Dailesford on the other: nothing can be more elegantly disposed than the seat and grounds of that illustrious character, and some of the party who had seen the interior, spoke in the highest terms of the taste and magnificence with which the mansion is fitted up.

The governor is now sinking into the vale of years, but possesses all his faculties entire.

The weather was lowering; but during the dog days an obscuration of the sun could not be unpleasant for travellers. The succession of showers however, which had fallen during the last fortnight, had evidently injured the hay, large quantities of which lay in the fields. The corn of all kinds and the rising turneps looked promising: and on such objects as are connected with the prosperity of the country, I kept a constant eye, which will explain the frequency of my georgical observations. Indeed, mine may in some measure be considered as an agricultural tour; for the face of the country and the situation of the people every where engaged my attention. I was not indeed insensible to picturesque beauty, but I regard it as a secondary consideration: the state of the natives, their improvements or neglects, appear to me of infinitely greater consequence to be attended to, as being most useful to the reader.

Breakfasted at Stow on the Wold; an ordinary market town in Gloucestershire, very bleak and exposed; but enjoying a pure air, and commanding very extensive views. It is wholly destitute of springs, and one of the common necessaries of life, and almost the only one that is commonly untaxed and gratuitous, particularly in the country, here costs considerable sums. I remember in passing through this track many years ago, that a kind of wag who resided at this place, offered to lay a bet with me that I could not drink six penny worth of brandy and water in six hours. On coming to an explanation, he informed me that water was sold at three pence per hogshead, and that he proposed giving me equal value in the simple element and in spirits.

The Coteswold breed of sheep is seen in large flocks on the hills in this district of Gloucestershire; and they appear excellently adapted to the situation. From the neat bowling green belonging to the Unicorn inn at Stow, we had a distant view of Spring hill, the seat of the earl of Coventry, which stands in a naked and steril country, though its appearance is improving, by the number of new plantations that are rising round it.

Maugersbury, the seat of the Chamberlaynes, about a mile from Stow, overlooks a rich and populous vale, and commands a pleasing prospect of distant hills, and of the sylvan honours of Whichwood forest, which last is seen from almost every part of Stow and its environs.

Proceeding on our journey, pass Lower Swell, an agreeable village, through which runs a fine clear brook, supplied in a great measure by a neighbouring spring of great copiousness. In this direction, the Coteswold hills present a succession of dips and elevations, which diversify the scenery very agreeably. Near

the sweetly sheltered village of Eyford, the wild rose, *rosa canina*, covered the hedges with its native blossoms in unusual abundance. Stone walls, however, prevail in this elevated track, which increased the steril appearance of the soil. The crops here are chiefly oats and barley, which in wet seasons are extremely productive. Noticed some extensive fields of saintfoin, still uncut, and much lying unfinished, though in the vicinity of the metropolis the hay harvest was generally over. In one place on the Coteswolds, fine oxen yoked at length, were ploughing up a light field where the turneps had failed; and a little farther six oxen in couples, and another as a leader, were drawing two united harrows over some turneps just sown, though a pair of oxen would have been sufficient for either task. What a waste of expence and of strength! It was observed by a gentleman in the party, "that the owner of these teams could only mean to send them out to give them an appetite for their dinners; for it could not be called work." Ash trees appear to flourish on the Coteswolds.

Pass Naunton, a charmingly sequestered village; and soon after caught a view of Guiting Grange, formerly the residence of the lively and ingenious Powell Snell, &c. The small deer park, and the trees round the house, give a cultivated aspect to the spot, when contrasted with the general sterility. After this the country becomes naked and uninviting, with very few objects to attract the eye, till we open a dell that leads to Dodeswell, one of the sweetest villages in the kingdom, and the point of all others which a man of taste and fortune would select for his residence. It is sheltered from the cold by hills covered with trees, and commands a delightful landscape over the spacious and fertile vale of Gloucester, bounded by the Monmouthshire hills, on which, at this time, a thick haze hung, and cencealed part of their beauty.

Here we leave the Coteswold hills, and make a rapid descent to Cheltenham. Met numerous belles and beaux on horseback, who were taking a sauntering ride to Dodeswell, the favorite airing road with the visitors of the Spa. Every thing now convinced me that we were approaching one of the haunts of fashion; and within two or three miles of Cheltenham, carriages of every description appeared in rapid succession. Among them we recognized those belonging to the Earl of Kenmare and Lord Belmore. The family of the former were well known to my companions, and are said to be very amiable; but this was not a time for greetings and salutations. It is polite not to see, when you are not expected to be seen. I remember a duchess who met one of her most intimate friends as she was going round the pleasure grounds of her grace's country seat: the stranger turned

her head aside in passing; and on the duchess enquiring afterwards out of curiosity, if it was not such a person the gardener had been attending, and finding her conjectures right, she expressed herself in high terms of the politeness of her friend.

In the vicinity of Cheltenham the soil is naturally rich; and it receives every assistance from art. Numerous snug boxes are yearly rising as far as the pleasant village of Charlton Kings, which will probably soon connect with this great inland place of resort, round which, at the distance of three or four miles, except towards Gloucester, where the country is open, the hills present a bold and in places an abrupt front, in others they are feathered with wood from top to bottom. Loose sands render the environs of Cheltenham unpleasant for walking; and the air, from its being confined by the neighbouring hills, is often sultry and oppressive; yet the situation is sufficiently salubrious; and the waters possess very active virtues, particularly in bilious and scorbutic complaints. Hence East and West Indians, who have amassed fortunes, but sapped their constitutions, no sooner return to England than they hasten to the Spa, and frequently recover comfortable health.

We put up at the Plough Inn and Hotel, which, like the greatest part of the town, is a new creation. Indeed, within the last twenty years this place has so changed its aspect and enlarged its bounds, that a person who knew it formerly, if dropt down into one of its streets at the present period, would be at a loss to say where he was. We found the inn very full; but were fortunate enough to obtain a sitting-room, where we ordered dinner; and as a storm impended, and our carriage was calculated only for fair weather, we had no sooner finished our meal than we attempted to secure beds, in which we were likewise successful.

After dinner took a walk to the well, but found few people on the walks, which are lined with rows of the most flourishing elms, whose umbrageous tops uniting resemble the long aisles of a Gothic cathedral. At the upper end of this fine vista the old well is situated, with a long room on one side, and a corresponding building let out into shops on the other. The new well at a small distance, discovered by Dr. Jameson, the resident physician, seems already to have acquired almost as much reputation as the original spring; and when I mentioned the subject to Mrs. Forty, the aged priestess of the Spa, she appeared jealous of the new rival, and used some expressions which marked her predilections. All this is extremely natural; and if my wishes could be heard, they would be, "that she might long continue to preside over her favorite spring, and to dispense in her rummers the blessings of health!" One great advantage,

however, has resulted from Dr. Jameson's discovery: there is no longer a scarcity of water, and 2000 persons may receive their daily quota, without the risk of disappointment or quarrelling about a glass of water, as I have known to be the case. Turning round, we crossed the meadows, which begin to be overspread with houses. Here we noticed some Irish servants jumping for their amusement, one of whom cleared a trench not less than 16 feet and a half wide, with the opposite bank rising against him at least 18 inches. Several others jumped full five yards, with the like disadvantage of ground.

The house of the master of the ceremonies, a new edifice, displays much taste, but the situation is low and damp. Admired the new theatre, which does credit to the place, and to honest Jack Watson, the proprietor, as worthy and as original a character as ever lived. He was once a Methodist preacher; but it was for a short time, and only when he was at a loss for more suitable employment. The man, though he could occasionally act an unnatural part, was not made for a hypocrite. He tried his talents as a ranter, he succeeded, and immediately relinquished the trade.

Cheltenham, though much resorted to by all ranks, is certainly overbuilding itself. In every quarter we saw unfinished houses.

As travellers, we were unwilling to take the trouble of attending the dress-ball; but drank tea with an agreeable family of our acquaintance, and returned to our inn about nine o'clock. Here a lord, who was known to some of the party, interchanged compliments with them; and probably in consequence we found our bill swelled, as if we too had been of the patrician order. It is perhaps ill policy to make a shew of consequence at inns, or to appear known to great people: a tax on this kind of vanity is always levied by landlords, and who can complain when the cause produces its natural effect? I remember some years ago that the late Earl of Howth used to sit for hours together on a bench by the Plough-door. Of this good-humoured nobleman many ludicrous tales are told, among the rest, that he once was proceeding from his seat in Ireland to Dublin, in order to see an eclipse; but a wag meeting him and telling him that it was *put off* to another day, he ordered his carriage to turn, and thanked his *kind* informant for saving him the trouble of going farther.

FROM CHELTENHAM TO MONMOUTH, DOWN THE WYE FROM ROSS.

July 9. INTENDING to reach Monmouth to sleep, we were up by five o'clock. The morning was foggy, and our prospects as far as Gloucester were limited to near objects. This road is flat and execrably bad, though it is a frequent drive with the visitors of the Spa. Where persons resort to spend their money more frequently for the good of others and of themselves, every accommodation should be provided for their use and allurement. Bath sets a politic example in this respect, which is worthy of imitation by other public places.

The soil between Cheltenham and Gloucester is generally a rich loam, bedded in clay. The prevailing crops are, wheat, beans, beans mixed with peas, and some barley.

At Haydon Elm we noticed a singular but neat summer-house, erected by the road-side on the top of a low leafy elm, to which we were told company from Cheltenham frequently resort to drink tea and stare about them. On the left, towards Gloucester, Chosen Hill, crowned with a church, makes a conspicuous figure; and beyond this Robin Hood's Hill in like manner rises into a sudden eminence from the surrounding champaign.

A mile from Gloucester, passed through the village of Wooton, and here that city may be said to commence, as neat boxes line the way at intervals between them, down to the Bell inn, where we breakfasted about seven o'clock, and, while our horses were baiting, took a perambulation of the city, though it was no novelty to either of us. It is a clean and not ill-built place, with the four principal streets meeting at right angles on the highest ground which the site occupies. This not only gives it a regular appearance, but promotes ventilation, and consequently health. The cathedral is universally and deservedly admired. The prison is a stately pile, erected with the best intentions, but with the worst effects, on the plan of Howard, whose gloomy ideas were transferred to every thing where he had any influence. Howard has rendered many of our prisons more horrible by seclusion than they were before; and Rumford, by his *philosophical* chimneys, is likely to destroy the comforts of our fire-sides. When will reformers and sciolists meet with that contempt which they deserve!

The great bason of Gloucester for receiving ships is a noble, but a useless work; the navigation that was to conduct them to

it, being unfinished, and from what we heard, likely to remain so. Vessels, however, of about 200 tons burthen come up the Severn to this city, and on the whole it may be considered as a place of some bustle and opulence. The principal manufacture is that of pins, which has been less flourishing since females have in a manner relinquished the use of clothes.

Leaving Gloucester, we passed over a causeway, not less than a mile in length, with several bridges for the different branches of the Severn. Rich meadows accompanied our progress. After passing the village of Over, we came in sight of Highnam, the delightful seat of Sir William Guise, Bart. built by Inigo Jones, whose stile of architecture is very perceptible here. The church, which is almost desecrated, stands too near to the mansion. May Hill and Huntley Hill begin to appear in front. Wheat, beans, and natural grass are the common produce of this track. A few miles from Gloucester the soil changes to a reddish sandy loam, which continues to Ross. In many places the road is cut through rocks of the same colour with the soil.

The farm-houses here appear comfortable, but have few marks of elegance or improvement. The cottages are extremely small, and have only a ground floor. Though frequently picturesquely situated, and surrounded by little orchards and gardens, they are too diminutive for comfort or even for decency, and they are too much scattered to allow of society, which, while it sometimes fosters crimes among the lower classes, certainly is well adapted to prevent pilfering and thieving.

On the left, skirted the forest of Dean; and passing Huntley, a pretty considerable village, began to ascend the hills, and to enter a defile between them, where they open and shut into each other with easy and elegant swells and recesses, scarcely allowing the traveller to guess the direction of the road for a quarter of a mile together. Great quantities of fox-glove grows here, and we observed this beautiful plant continued to attend our progress through the whole, or by far the greater part, of our tour through Wales. What Providence has so widely disseminated, must be intended for the service of man; and yet it is not long since it was introduced into medicine; and even now its use and application are but imperfectly understood.

The views from the nature of the ground were confined to the scenery immediately beneath the eye. Much wood grows here, but chiefly of the coppice kind. The prevailing species, oak, ash, and hazel, large quantities of which are cut annually and charred for the iron furnaces in the vicinity. Hence, we meet with so little timber in this district. Wheat, barley, and natural grass continued to prevail; but we observed neither saintfoin

nor turneps between Gloucester and Ross. We met, however, several teams of oxen yoked two and two with bows, drawing very heavily-laden carts. Sometimes four yoke in one team with a horse for their leader. The manner of yoking these poor animals is rude and barbarous; but on expostulating with one of their drivers, who seemed to have as few ideas as his cattle, on the cruelty and folly of the practice, he asked, "Hoow else shoud thay be yoaked? Wee always uses 'em soa, and it doesena hurt 'em."

Extensive woods open to the left of Ross, and the beautiful spire of its church is visible a mile before we reach the town, the approach to which on this side is flat and little interesting, though some villages on the road-side are not destitute of beauty, and, being built with a reddish stone, have a singular and not unpleasing effect.

Drove up to the King's Arms Inn, and were much diverted by the attention which our carriage attracted; for we were followed by all the men, women, and children in the streets, an evident proof there is little travelling and less novelty in this place. To carry on the joke, we attempted to pass for strolling players; and eagerly enquired on alighting, if we could obtain permission to perform. Whether we did not observe a proper gravity, or our appearance did not favour the trick we were practising, must be left to those whom we addressed; but a laugh was all the reply we obtained, in which we heartily joined; and sat down to some refreshments, for which we were charged very moderately, compared with what we had experienced in the commencement of our tour.

> Here dwelt the man of Ross. O traveller! here
> Departed merit claims the rev'rend tear.
> Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
> With generous joy, he view'd his modest wealth.

It is impossible to reflect on the amiable character of Kyrle, who has gained the honourable appellation of the Man of Ross, without feeling the best emotions of the human heart excited; nor can a mind of any sensibility eye the spot which was the scene of his virtuous labours, without wishing to deserve the praise of beneficence. Several works and endowments at this place still attest his charity, and the prudent use he made of the humble means he possessed. To do good, a splendid fortune is less wanting than a proper disposition.

Walked round the church-yard, which, though it did not answer the sanguine expectations we had formed of the scenery it commands, from the hyperbolical descriptions we had read,

still must be confessed to enjoy an extensive and sweetly varied landscape. From this spot we looked down on the meandering Wye, whose banks here possess no picturesque beauty, and over a fine woodland scene of bounding hills.

The weather appearing favourable for an aquatic excursion, we engaged a pleasure-boat to carry us down the romantic Wye, to Monmouth, a course of twenty-five miles, and sent our carriage by the regular road, which is somewhat less than ten. It seems that two guineas is the regular price for this navigation; but besides this the boatmen expect a farther compliment; and as pleasure was our object, we did not incur the imputation of meanness to the poor fellows who accompanied us, who were three in number.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we embarked, and rowed down the stream; for the use of a sail was proscribed, on account of the danger from eddying winds; and indeed had any fears mixed with our sensations, enjoyment must have been very imperfect, and diminished the pleasure which this navigation is so well calculated to inspire: for how can words do justice to the majesty and beauty of the scenes which alternately or in rapid succession disclosed themselves in our progress! I must, however, attempt to say something; not from any vain hope that I am capable of exceeding or even equalling what has been written by others on the subject, but because my journal would be incomplete, if I did not describe every thing in my own words, and from my own feelings.

On embarking, the spire of Ross church presently towering over the trees that line the cemetery, makes a conspicuous object, while the houses that are built on the descending slope to the river, though not remarkable for their beauty or elegance, have something of a picturesque effect. Opposite are the ruins of Wilton castle, now converted into a dwelling-house. It was formerly the seat of the Greys, Barons of Wilton, who through a long and honourable line, distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

At this point, and for three or four miles lower down, the banks of the river are neither bold nor varied, and only rich meadows occupy the fore-ground; but in the distance, hills, woods, seats, and spires enliven the scene. The Wye soon bends, and we quickly pass Wilton bridge, whose key-stones lock into each other in a curious zig-zag manner, and must certainly add to the general strength of the pile.

Near this, a dealer in corn has erected an agreeable residence, and fringed it with willows, which certainly are little calculated for beauty though they may be for use. The weeping willow alone of the genus appears to advantage in a picture.

We now enter on delightful sylvan scenery, while the river appears land-locked at short distances, every reach presenting some new variety ; but the banks continue tame, and exhibit only a reddish loam.

Pass a ferry, and on the left Goodrich Castle soon opens and begins to display its ruined towers on a bold elevation, feathered with trees. On the left is Pencraig, proudly seated on an eminence ; and Germany House, the situation and accompaniments of which do credit to the taste and fortune of Mr. Robinson, an industrious and successful tradesman of London, who is the proprietor of the place. Nothing can be more charming than the view from this whimsically named residence ; every window must present a picture.

Approach Goodrich Castle, opposite to which the Wye forms a noble bay, while the steep and woody bank on which the castle stands gives a sublimity to the ruins themselves. Here, by an instantaneous movement, we united in desiring the boatmen to halt, that we might contemplate the beauty of the scene at leisure. Not satisfied with this, we landed at the ferry-house on the right, a very agreeable spot, and much resorted to by the inhabitants of Ross ; and having put our rowers in good humour by giving them some refreshment, we sent two of them forwards with the vessel, while under the guidance of the third we scrambled up the hill to the castle, whose origin it seems defies antiquarian research ; but which, after witnessing many a storm during the time it remained in the successive possession of the Marshalls, the Valences, and the Talbots, was at last totally ruined and dismantled by order of the Parliament in 1646 : but such is the strength and compactness of the masonry, that it seems likely to remain with little further alteration for ages. The site is now the property of Mrs. Griffin ; and we were pleased to observe, that some care is taken to preserve the still splendid remains from wanton dilapidation. The building forms a square of about 150 feet, or 600 feet in circumference, with a strong turret at each angle ; and having a deep trench cut out of the solid rock on every accessible quarter, it must have once been capable of making a good defence.

Not far from this, on the same side of the Wye, the seat of Mrs. Clarke, an old maiden lady, nearly 90 years of age, was indicated to us. She is lineally descended from the same stem with the Man of Ross, and possesses all the beneficence that adorned her illustrious relative. Of her charities and liberality we heard some splendid and praise-worthy instances. Such characters do honour to human nature. When will wealth and rank learn to dignify themselves by virtue, and such an amiable ex-

ample be no longer solitary, or an object of wonder! What are a splendid retinue, a luxurious table, and all the pleasures of dissipation, compared with the heart-felt joy of having a thousand voices to proclaim the praise of humanity and munificence! Part of this lady's domain was little productive to herself, but capable of being applied to many useful purposes. To young persons therefore, who had behaved well in their stations, and wished to settle, she allotted moderate portions of this land; and houses, gardens, and cultivation now cover a spot, which might otherwise have been doomed to waste and desolation.

Land round Ross lets high; but about Goodrich and its vicinity, it is scarcely on an average more than 20 shillings per acre. Ox teams are not unfrequent here, not so much in consequence of the superior advantages attending them, as from custom and habit. A prejudice against these valuable animals indeed seems never to have existed here; or we should scarcely expect that it would have given way, while it remains so strong in districts where there are many evidences of a more improved mode of cultivation. Red and white lammas grow luxuriantly, and some little spring wheat; but the soil in general is not much adapted to artificial grasses as to turneps, though no doubt both might be advantageously reared to a greater extent than they really are.

Having examined the remains of the prison, the chapel, the hall, and the keep, we bade a reluctant adieu to this enchanting spot, and walked down to our boat, which was waiting for us below the Priory farm, where we observed crosses erected as the ornaments of barns, and other sculptures about the dwelling-house, which undoubtedly belonged to the old but little noticed religious establishment, called Flanesford in the Monasticon. Its situation must have been truly delightful.

In the space of half a mile, passed through the three several counties of Monmouth, Gloucester, and Hereford, which are all said to unite lower down, at a single rock in the river, near Cold Well.

The scenery now began to grow more sylvan and picturesque than before, and the banks of the river more lofty and precipitous. The upper stratum appeared to be limestone, from the number of kilns scattered round, under which was a reddish stone adapted for building. Cottages erected casually in the most picturesque manner, here and there cover the steeps, and give an animation and interest to the scenery: for what real pleasure can arise from the contemplation of wild nature, however inviting her features, if the abodes of men and the comforts of society are excluded? Here we had the satisfaction to find that the poor man easily finds a site on which to build, and that he is allowed to enjoy the fruits of his industry and application; and surely it

is a narrow policy in the public or in individuals to keep wastes and forests unproductive and uninhabited. Agriculture is the only certain wealth, and men the only real power of states. Our laws, however, lay heavy taxes and restrictions on the one, and do little to encourage the increase of the latter.

Pass an iron-work called Bishop's Wood furnace, and observe several pigs of iron ready to be conveyed to the barges. The reach of water in which we were now sailing appeared land-locked by a hill thickly dotted with cottages; but it soon opened again, and exhibited new and not less attractive features.

In this track, and the same practice indeed prevails wherever mines abound, the wood is cut and charred every twelve years: hence, where the soil is favourable for vegetation, there is a constant softness and delicacy in the foliage and tendrils which wave round the rocks, in the most fantastic but enchanting style, or cover the surface of the earth with a profusion of verdure.

At the sequestered village of Lidbrook, we saw several coal-barges, a wharf and rail-road, and learned that the pits were at no great distance. Indeed, the natives of every age and sex have a peculiar look, which belongs to mining tracks; and much as we were charmed with the inanimate objects, there was something repulsive in the appearance of the natives in general who line the banks of the Wye. Children of nature, they are ignorant of refinement, and of that soft charm which polished manners is capable of throwing even over immoral actions. Not that the morals of these are more pure than in more frequented haunts; but that to all the bad propensities of our kind, they superadd a want of decency in their excesses.

A little lower down on the right stands Court-Field, an ancient pile, with an artificial ruin above, belonging to a branch of the Vaughan family, who trace their pedigree from a Wallian prince that lived thirteen centuries ago, and was cotemporary with the renowned British prince Arthur. Here the illustrious Henry V. who was born at Monmouth, is said to have been put to nurse under the care of the countess of Salisbury. When an infant, it seems he was weak and sickly, and this situation having the advantage of a pure and open air, was chosen with great propriety for his residence. One of the apartments in Court-Field still preserves the appellation of the King's chamber.

Lower down in the same parish, stands the church of Welch Bicknor, so called to distinguish it from another Bicknor on the opposite side of the river, about two miles below, and situated in Gloucestershire. The church of Welch Bicknor is one of the smallest I have ever yet seen; but it is neat and most delightfully situated. Belonging to it is a chalice bearing the date of 1176, on which much antequarian lore has been expended; but

I much doubt if the year and its real age correspond. I remember once, a valued friend at Reading, shewed me a stone in a wall with an earlier date than the introduction of Arabic figures would warrant, even had not the modern neatness of their shape evinced that some wag had been using his knife on the stone in question, on purpose to puzzle. The chalice is unquestionably ancient, but in no other respect is it an object of curiosity. Popular rumour says, that Henry V. was christened here; but on this story likewise little reliance is to be placed.

From the vicinity of this spot, which was enlivened by groups of hay-makers, among whom we thought we could recognize the parson of the parish, or perhaps the curate, setting his flock a laudable example of industry, we had a charming retrospective view of that part of the forest of Dean which is bounded by the Wye; and sailing down the stream amidst a succession of beauties, which it would be useless to enumerate, approach English Bicknor, as it is termed, where a conical triangular mount seemed to forbid our farther progress, and formed a noble termination to the reach before us.

As we advance, the scenery now becomes more sublime, and amidst the abrupt and amphitheatric cliffs at Coldwell, we pause to contemplate the majesty of nature. Here the mouldering perpendicular rocks, which assume the most fantastic forms, are clothed with a profusion of pendent foliage, and exhibit such a delicacy and variety of tints, that no efforts of art, even in miniature, can equal. Poor indeed are the works of man, compared with the surrounding objects. In some places, rocks of immense magnitude appear to have been detached from their native beds, and now repose in the stream; while others are constantly threatening a fall, and look as if ready to crush the humble cottages below, the inhabitants of which, from their position, can never see the cheering rays of the sun for at least four months in winter. At Coldwell we had completed half our course, and at this point it is usual to refresh.

Resuming our voyage, we continued to wind round Copet-hill, amidst such awful and majestic scenery that no pen can describe, no pencil can paint it to effect. At Symonds Gate Rocks, near the bend of the river, all that can agitate or astonish, seems to enter into the composition of the scene.

Reach the ferry called Hunts-holm Rope, which by water is no less than seven miles from Goodrich ferry, though only one by land. At this point the banks become low and verdant for some way; but hills of majestic size bound the near distance.

Pass Old Forge, where the river begins to wind again, and returns on the back of Symonds Gate Rocks, which have been already noticed. Reach Whitchurch, a village which contains

in itself every charm that can delight the lovers of sequestered nature. The church on the verge of the stream, is a very picturesque object.

Doward hill on the right, is sweetly sprinkled with cottages; but from what we heard, they are not all the abodes of innocence and simplicity. The scenery in this reach is still extremely grand, but it is less sublime than in the preceding.

In some places, as we approach the New Wear, the softer parts of the rocks being corroded by the hand of time, or washed away by the rains, what remains of them might be taken for architectural ruins. As we come down on the New Wear, which is about four miles from Symonds Gate Rocks, though the intervening promontory is only half a mile across, the river, which for some space, has spread out into a broader sheet, makes a sudden fall, and we passed through a lock erected on the left of the stream, not without some alarm, though probably without any real danger. It is impossible, however, to view the surrounding scenery without impressions of awe. Heavy masses of rocks rise perpendicularly from the water, here and there shaded with trees, which give a "browner horror" to the flood, while the cottages that seem to nestle under impending rocks, the iron-works in the vicinity, the coracles * flying backwards and forwards on the stream, the idea of seclusion from the rest of the world, and the prevailing silence, which is only occasionally broken by discordant sounds, all unite to produce in the reflecting

* The fishery here, which belongs to Mr. Partridge, of Monmouth, is wholly carried on by means of *coracles*, a very ancient kind of British vessel, broad at one end and rounded at the other, and only large enough to contain a single person. Its use seems now to be in a great measure confined to the Wye, and to some of the rivers in South Wales. It is composed of a slight frame of wicker-work round the edges, and of bent laths, intersecting each in the body, covered with pitched canvass. It has a cross bench or seat, and is so light that the owner can throw it over his shoulder, or place it inverted on his head, and carry it from place to place; of which we saw several instances in this navigation. Indeed, it is wonderful to observe the dexterity with which the fisherman manages it, by means of a paddle; and it is still more wonderful, when we consider its flimsy texture, that any person can feel secure in such a vehicle, in deep and sometimes rapid rivers. Yet notwithstanding its fragile appearance, it is recorded that an adventurous fellow, for a wager, once navigated a coracle from the New Wear, as far as Lundy island, at the mouth of the British Channel. In this voyage he spent a fortnight; and had not the weather been fine, he must inevitably have fallen a martyr to his temerity. On his return, he was received with as many congratulations by his acquaintances, as if he had performed the circumnavigation of the globe; and indeed the danger he incurred was much greater. The coracle used formerly to be made of leather, or at least covered with it, whence it is supposed to have derived its name.

The principal kinds of fish caught in the Wye, are salmon, gray-ling, trout, perch, eels, salmon pinks, chub, dace, &c.: we were told that it did not furnish pike.

mind, such mingled sensations as would be difficult to analyze or explain.

Proceeding on our voyage, sylvan swelling banks accompany us for some way, when the full-orbed moon, beginning to skirt the horizon, tinted with her silver rays every projecting mass, and threw a deeper shade on the cavities and recesses of the rocks. Nothing indeed could be more beautiful and serene than the evening, and every circumstance combined to give full effect to the charming views that surrounded us.

> ——————————— All was hush'd;
> Save ever and anon the thund'ring stroke
> That beats the fiery mass, while upwards rise
> The smoaky volumes, sparkling through the air.

Between the New Wear and Monmouth, the Wye continues to present a variety of new attractions, but the prevailing character of the scenery is softer and gradually less sublime. In the immediate vicinity of the Wear indeed, the rocks possessing a limestone quality, are more grotesque and fantastic than before; some of them appearing like the ruins of once magnificent castles, particularly towards Doward, which furnishes a charming contrast with the rich and beautiful enclosures at Hadnock on the opposite bank. At a place called Martin's Pool, the river is of great depth, and has scarcely any visible motion; while the deep umbrage on the banks, rendered the spot still more gloomy and solemn.

Pass the Lays-house, the elegant seat of Stephen Attlay, Esq. commanding the most enchanting views, and yet occupying a sweetly sheltered situation.

The Cymin hills on the left of Monmouth, now begin to open, and sailing amidst verdant meadows sloping to the water, we approach the turnpike road, where the river making an abrupt bend to the left, changes the sylvan hill which formed the foreground, into a delightful side screen, that accompanies our passage a considerable way.

Hadnock-house, the seat of the late Dr. Griffin, and built by an admiral of the same name, now appears in sight. It stands on the brow of one of those projecting eminences which bound the Wye, and possesses every charm that wood and water in their happiest distribution can bestow.

Not far below, on the opposite bank, stands the parish-church of Dixton, which in high floods is surrounded, and has more than once been in danger of being swept away by the water. It is a barn-looking building, and unworthy of the spot it occupies, if considered merely as a piece of architecture. We were informed that as the hero of the Nile was passing this place in a

boat about three years ago, in company with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, during the time of divine service, the news being communicated to the assembled congregation by the firing of some guns, they all rushed out of church, and left their astonished pastor, in order to have a glance at the defender of their country*.

From Hardwick, a straight reach of nearly two miles, terminated by Monmouth bridge, conducts to that town, amidst verdant woods and gently sloping banks, replete with rural scenery. It was nearly ten o'clock when we landed, which made this delightful voyage about seven hours, and it is impossible that the same space could have been filled with more interesting and commanding objects.

Our boatmen having attended us to the Beaufort Arms, took their leaves; and being ushered into an excellent room, and finding beds bespoke by the servant, who had arrived long before us, we soon sat down to an excellent supper, in which the delicate fish called here a sewin, formed a principal dish; and having gained good appetites, more ordinary fare would have been relished. An agreeable young lady of the neighbourhood, a friend of Mrs. ——'s, being apprised of her coming, favoured us with her company; and though we made the evening rather long, considering the early hour to which we limited our starting next morning, every thing was so pleasant that we disregarded sleep, and forgot the lapse of time.

* At the moment that I am revising these papers for the press, the body of this illustrious naval chief is lying in state at Greenwich, preparatory to a public funeral at St. Paul's. Never was concern more general or more deep than for his loss: his fall has been lamented by every class of the community, and his eulogy written by a thousand pens. From some charming lines dedicated to the memory of Nelson, by a young gentleman of Trinity college, Oxford, I am tempted to make an extract.

Oh! blest the hero! how extremely blest!
Who in the lap of Vict'ry sinks to rest.
What tho' he fell? his glories still survive,
And in the roll of fame for ever live.
A noble life a noble exit crowns,
While every breast his high achievements owns.
So the bright sun, the golden eye of day,
Sheds full refulgence in his ev'ning ray;
His flaming orb with no dark cloud o'ercast,
He shines in all his splendour to the last.
Why then lament th' illustrious hero dead?
For him no sighs be heav'd, no tears be shed!
Exult we rather in his glorious fate,
Who fought, subdu'd, and perish'd for the state.

FROM MONMOUTH TO CRICKHOWELL.

July 10. THE beams of the rising sun darting in at my chamber windows, and the soft serenity of the sky giving the fallacious promise of a fine day, I started from bed at five o'clock, and being joined by Mr. F. we took a walk round Monmouth, an ancient and respectable town, situate at the conflux of the Wye and Munnow, whence it derives its name. Most of the houses are white-washed, a practice which is general in this part of the kingdom, and which gives some degree of neatness and animation to buildings in themselves scarcely worthy of notice. Of the castle*, where Henry V. was born, very little now remains; but with a laudable pride the inhabitants have erected the statue of this great prince in front of the Town-hall, a very handsome structure, surmounted with a large gilt vane in form of a ship. The church is likewise a noble pile.

The situation of Monmouth is extremely pleasant, amidst an amphitheatre of hills, which bound it at a moderate distance. Very little trade is carried on here, and hence the natives possess only a mediocrity of fortune, and are satisfied with moderate accommodations. As a proof however, that they are not wholly destitute of taste, there are two booksellers in the place, one of whom is an author of some utility.

Walked down to the bridge over the Wye, an ancient pile of six large arches, with sharp projecting piers, well adapted for the impetuous stream, whose fury they were formed to withstand. A number of coracles were lying on the banks, of which we took some measurements and drawings. From hence we traced the Wye both above and below to some distance, and though its features are here mild, compared with what we had seen yesterday, they are uniformly charming. About a mile and a half each way from the bridge, the hills seem to close, and the water is lost behind them.

We had it originally in contemplation to continue the navigation of the Wye to Chepstow, and to visit Tintern Abbey; but this plan was given up, from an anxiety to reach the Principality as soon as possible, and to devote as much time as could be spared, to an examination of its various romantic beauties.

* Monmouth Castle was an important fortress at the time of the Norman conquest. As antiquities, however, are but an incidental part of our plan, we omit its particular history and revolutions.

In conformity to these views, we recommenced our journey about seven, and took the road to Lanarth, the seat of Mr. Jones, with whom some of the party were well acquainted, and where it was intended to breakfast. Lanarth indeed stands at the distance of less than a mile from the regular road to Abergavenny; and having a ready communication with it both advancing and retiring, we could not possibly have fixed on a more convenient place to halt at; and as circumstances fell out, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves on our good fortune, in having such an introduction to its worthy possessors.

After leaving Monmouth, we passed the curious old bridge over the Munnow, with an antique gateway over its centre; and gradually ascending the hill, surveyed with impressions of rapture the scenery in the vicinity of the town we had left, which, charmingly diversified as it is in itself, received an additional charm from the brilliancy of the morning sun, and the happy manner in which the light and shade fell on objects. Many seats are advantageously planted round, among the rest Troy-house, the once splendid mansion of the Dukes of Beaufort, now inhabited by tenants. On compairing this sweet situation with the country round Badmington, in Gloucestershire, the favourite residence of the family, we were struck with astonishment that the latter should have gained a preference. But the fact is, travellers are very inadequate judges in this respect. A country may possess every thing to delight the passing guest, but yet be very unpleasant or inconvenient for a constant abode. This observation I have often seen verified in regard to others, and my own experience convinces me of its truth.

Just as the vale of the Wye began to be lost to my view, I recollected the following elegant lines by Dr. Beddoes, and they speak what I felt on the occasion:

Farewell! thou dear to Fancy's eye!
Farewell, thy scenes, Arcadian Wye!
Back to the world, with footsteps slow,
From thy sequester'd glades I go;
And turn, by eve's protracted light,
To catch one last impressive sight,
That faithful mem'ry firm may hold
Thy blended forms of soft and bold;
And by thy images possest,
A sense serener sooth my breast.

Wye! by thy brink at Order's birth,
While fire-born vapours heav'd the earth,
In act on Albion's soil to trace,
A theatre of sylvan grace,
Presiding Nature chose her stand;
There high she wav'd her plastic wand,

Swift spreads the level, sinks the dell,
And rude emerging masses swell.
Fair thought on thought to being sprung,
Fond o'er her toil the sov'reign hung:
Last smote the rock, and bade THEE roll,
The SPIRIT of the perfect whole!
Then fled yon steep thy gushing tide,
And wheel'd far off his concave side:
O'er glooms unpierc'd pil'd crags ascend,
Dark o'er the deeps tall forests bend,
Slow steals the wave in silence by,
O'eraw'd as though a God were nigh.

Unscar'd by war, unstain'd by blood,
Through ages, VAGA! roll thy flood;
Nor e'er broad oak, that shrouds thy side,
Fell deed of midnight spoiler hide.
Cool in thy groves, a frequent guest,
May Innocence uninjur'd rest;
Untarnish'd Beauty round thy bed
Her rural bland enchantments spread;
There on the Muses' wandering child
Burst unimagin'd visions wild.
There he who shuns a brother's eye,
Sad outcast! and himself would fly,
Own some sweet moments of repose—
There breathe, deluded of his woes.

Drove through Wynastow and Dynastow, both prettily situated and graced with small neat churches. In front, the Blorange, the Sugar Loaf, and Skerrig Vawr, or the Holy Mountain, present their alpine crests, and accompany our progress for several miles. Not long after the former opened, the Black Mountains made their appearance, behind which Llantony Abbey is placed in the midst of sequestration and sterility.

The soil continues to be a reddish loam with clay; and the ground undulates with alternate dips and eminences in a very delightful style to the eye, though not to the mechanical traveller, who considers every inequelity of surface as a hindrance and a drawback. Indeed, Monmouthshire, which formerly belonged to Wales, is in the whole one of the most picturesque counties in the island, nor is its fertility inferior to the natural beauty of its landscapes. Hence, it is more frequently visited by persons of taste, and has been more frequently described than any other remote and rural district in the kingdom. But to attempt by description to give more than an outline of the features of a country, is to attempt what language is not capable of performing.

In our progress towards Lanarth, we passed several snug cottages, surrounded by orchards; and unfavourable as the season had been for the stores of Pomona, not quite destitute of her

gifts. Many of the peasants keep bees, and an air of comfort prevails round their habitations. Oxen are much used in agriculture. Pasture and natural grass far exceed the quantity of arable and sown fields. Lime is the most common manure, and it is not unfrequently laid on the land in alternate heaps with dung. Lammas wheat, peas, and beans, with a little barley, are the principal crops. All looked luxuriant, but this seems more owing to the natural goodness of the soil, than to any improved modes of cultivation. In employing oxen, however, the Monmouthshire farmers deserve more than common praise; but they yoke them in a manner that must not only be painful to the animal, but render half its strength useless. In this track, not only the churches, but the meanest cottages, and even the pigstyes, are white-washed. Artists I know reprobate this; but many things which look indifferent in a picture, are not unpleasant to the eye. I have always admired white houses in a landscape; they are at least more agreeable than flaring brick or rough stone; and as they can be seen at a greater distance, they indicate the abodes of men, and give more extensive animation to the scene.

Arrived at Lanarth court just as the family were preparing to sit down to breakfast; and the welcome we received, and the ride we had taken, made us truly enjoy that meal, which, notwithstanding the vicious refinements of fashion, has never yet been stained with excess, or given rise to a blush on the score of intemperance. Among various pieces of local information which Mr. Jones had the politeness to communicate, I learnt from him that land on an average does not let here for more than 20s. an acre; and at that rate it is certainly cheap, and provisions ought to be in proportion.

Though Lanarth is surrounded by commanding situations, and the amplitude of Mr. Jones's estate allowed him great choice of ground, he has erected a handsome new house on the site of the old one, preferring a calm scene, with a limited park-view from the principal front, to the ostentation of an elevated site. No expence, however, has been spared on the decoration of the house and the embellishment of the grounds; and it may truly be observed of this place, what Capability Brown said in a similar case, "that it is so pleasant within itself, no one can wish to look beyond it."

Clytha castle, a fanciful modern erection, makes a conspicuous object from Lanarth. It belongs to the same family, one of the most ancient in Wales, and which can prove its descent from one of the South-Wallian Princes. We were to have visited Clytha after breakfast; but the morn which promised so fair, had suddenly changed; and before eleven o'clock, the rain began to fall. This obliged us to deny ourselves the pleasure of excursing to any

distance, and to accept the pressing invitation of the family to stay dinner, that we might have a chance of making another stage with more favourable weather in the evening. In order, however, to fill up the interval, our hospitable friend drove us in his sociable to Pant y goitre, two or three miles distant, late the seat of Dr. Hooper deceased, whose live stock was selling off by auction. To me this was not uninteresting; and as the sale was well attended by the gentlemen in this part of Monmouthshire, we had an opportunity of meeting many pleasant people, as well as of seeing how a professed breeder's stock sold in this remote part of the kingdom. A very fine Yorkshire bull fetched no more than 10l. 5s. a Warwickshire cow in calf, with a considerable cast of the Dishley breed in her, sold for only 11l. The very best of the cows was knocked down at 16 guineas. A couple of Herefordshire oxen fetched 43l. 10s. the highest price given, and indeed the beasts well deserved it, being large and extremely well shaped. Another inferior couple went for 28l. and they were dear enough at that price. Among the sheep which were to be sold, though we did not wait till they were put up, we saw some of the Leicestershire breed, but few that would be called capital. One peculiarity in the farm lately occupied by Dr. Hooper, is a very large barn, composed of brick pillars, beams, and open spaces between them for the admission of air; the structure being intended for the securing of hay, instead of ricking it.

Returned to Lanarth, and soon sat down to a sumptuous dinner. In the dessert, were melons, ices, &c. General Sir G. Boughton and several neighbouring gentlemen were of the party. The conversation ran chiefly on the subject of Lord Melville, and the Catholic emancipation as it is called. In regard to Lord Melville's business, there was some unanimity of opinion, and therefore little room for discussion. Several persons warmly advocated the cause of the Catholics; but though I trust I have as much liberality as others, and should be happy to see the English Catholics allowed the enjoyment of the elective franchise, and some other rights and immunities which can no longer be justly denied them, I argued against the policy of the latter identifying themselves with the Irish Romanists, and against the length to which they carried their common claims. I observed, that government must take care not to lose or neglect friends by attempting to bring over opponents; and though I might be inclined as an individual, to concede every thing short of a seat in the cabinet or in parliament to the professors of the Roman faith; yet while tests were thought necessary to be imposed on the members of the national church, I did not see why Catholics could expect to be relieved from them; particularly, as long as

they maintained the supremacy of the pope in spirituals, which cannot entirely be separated from temporals.

This introduced some quotations from the Bishop of Llandaff's late charge to his clergy on the Catholic question. The liberal bias of that venerable prelate is well known; but we understood that his sentiments on this subject did not strictly accord with those of his clergy, in this part of his diocese at least. I have ever been adverse to bishops dabbling in politics; if an exception could be made, I would do it in favour of the enlightened and liberal Dr. Watson: but more than once his best friends have had occasion to regret, that he did not confine his charges to what was properly episcopal, and that he was not more cautious in giving the sanction of his authority to schemes of untried policy, with which he had little concern.

The rain ceasing, and the sun again appearing, we ordered our carriage to be got ready; and taking our leave of the Lanarth family with the strongest impressions of esteem and respect, proceeded towards Abergavenny. The hills which had so long presented themselves in front, now began to shew an opening between them, through which the Uske winds; and after passing Colebrook park, an assemblage of rural beauties, we soon entered the charming vale in which Abergavenny and Crickhowell lie, on the banks of the Uske.

Approach the base of the Blorange, on which are some iron-works that employ many hands, and are found so productive, that in one instance the rent has been raised from 60l. to 5000l. a year. This mountain, which is deep, massy, and verdant, bounds the view on the left; while the Sugar-loaf, a hill that receives its appellation from its conical figure, towers on the right of the road, but is soon lost behind other hills, though of apparently inferior elevation and magnitude.

Pass Mr. Ewer's farm at Hardwicke, lying at the very foot of the Blorange mountains. This gentleman has gained much distinction for his oxen and his superior breed of pigs, which have procured him several premiums from the Bath Agricultural Society. It always gives me pleasure to find and to record the name of a benefactor to the community, and as such I consider Mr. Ewer.

The inclosures here, and generally throughout Monmouthshire, are small and commodious for occupation. No doubt some land is lost by the multiplicity of hedges, but if these are properly managed, the injury thus sustained is more than counterbalanced by other important advantages. In this drive we observed a considerable number of walnut and Spanish chesnut trees, both too little cultivated, though extremely profitable.

Enter the neat town of Abergavenny, while the long vale in

which it stands was finely illumined by an evening sun, which heightened the beauty of the picture. The streets are too narrow, as is usual in old towns; but we noticed several modern houses, which would have done credit to a larger and more opulent place. It is washed by the Uske, and the beauty of the vicinity has induced several persons of moderate fortune to make this their residence. Various neat boxes adorn the environs.

Visited the ruins of the castle, of which only fragments remain; but a terrace walk, conducted round the site it occupied, commanding the charming vale through which the Uske meanders, shews much taste, and must be an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants. Here we first heard the Welsh language spoken in the streets; a convincing proof, had we been ignorant of its geographic position, that we were approaching the principality.

Stopped only a short time at the inn to water our horses. The landlord appeared to be a good-natured original character. With some difficulty traced out the post-office, into which we put letters for our friends, to advertise them of our progress, and where they were to direct to us in reply. There are few who set out on a journey of any distance, that do not leave behind them some one who is anxious to hear of their welfare, and who is glad to be able to trace out an intended route on a map or in a Book of the Roads. Nor are there many who can leave home without feeling at each remove the lengthened chain of affection, and that their heart, untravelled, still returns to the objects on which it doats. The reader will perceive that this idea is taken from Goldsmith, and its truth will be confirmed by every feeling mind.

Proceeding to Crickhowell, distant six miles, we passed between elegant screens of luxuriant hanging-woods, which, on the right, in some places formed an embowering shade; while on the left were meadows watered by the rapid Uske, and backed by massy hills. This scenery continued the greatest part of the road; except that in one or two places, the fires of iron-works on the left, amidst the falling shades of eve, gave an impressive grandeur to the landscape.

At the distance of about two miles and a half from Crickhowell stands a stone to mark the entrance into Wales. It receives the appellation of the County-stone, and divides Monmouthshire from Brecon. The first house in the principality from this approach is called Sunny Bank, and it appears to have received an appropriate name. Cross the little river Grunny, which falls into the Uske at no great distance. A little farther, in the middle of a corn-field, we perceived a rude pillar, composed of a single stone, apparently not less than ten feet high. This is probably druidical; but we did not alight to examine it.

Looked in vain for for Dany house, formerly the residence of the ingenious Mr. Skrine; and were afterwards informed, that since the death of that gentleman the spot had undergone various changes. As a tourist, Mr. Skrine ranks high for fidelity of description, and we regretted that it was not in our power to visit a place that seems to have been endeared to his breast. Dany park may perhaps in time lose its name; but Skrine deserves to be remembered, and his fame will long give an interest to the spot.

Drove into Crickhowell by moonlight; and on stopping at the Bear, the only inn it affords, if it deserves the name of an inn, we had the mortification to hear that there was not a single bed unoccupied in the house; nay more, we found there would be some difficulty in obtaining comfortable refreshments for ourselves, or a stable for our horses. At our very entrance into Wales, where we anticipated nothing but pleasure, though we had made our minds up to be satisfied with moderate accommodations, and to take things as we found them, this circumstance gave occasion to gloomy presages as to the future; and the servant, who had been in Wales before, and who rather reluctantly untertook the expedition, seemed to enjoy our disappointment, and roundly told us that this was only the beginning of what we had a right to expect in such a country, whither he would not send a jackass that he valued. All this we heard with good humour; and having determined to submit to what appeared unavoidable, we began to alight, and to take our chance. Sir Walter James, who was in the house on a fishing scheme, seeing our perplexity, advised us to return to Abergavenny, as there was no probability of our finding beds otherwise nearer than Brecon; and our horses were incapable of reaching that place without rest. The baronet, however, who was going to bed, kindly and politely offered us the use of his room below stairs; and having found a place for our horses, we resolved rather to sleep in chairs than to leave the house before morning. Accordingly we ordered supper, the best that the inn could furnish; and after waiting two hours, an old cock, which probably was alive when we entered the house, was served up to us, with et-cæteras not worth naming. We tried to laugh away the time, and were contriving the position of the chairs that were to supply the place of beds, when we were informed, that, by some domestic arrangements, two beds were at our service, if we could consent to take them such as they were. This offer was not to be refused; and to do the people of the house justice, they had used every exertion in their power to accommodate us; having not only made up two comfortable beds, but sent for a plaisterer to mend some cracks in the walls of one of the apartments. The room where we supped exhaled no very

pleasant effluvia; and on enquiring into the cause, the girl who waited on us, with perhaps more truth than delicacy observed, that it must arise from the feet of some gentlemen, who had just pulled off their boots, and were gone to bed. In a land of simplicity, such plainness is not thought offensive, and we smiled at our informant's *naïveté*, for we will not call it indecency. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning before we could retire to rest; and wearied as we were with the bustle of the day, sleep soon closed our eyes, and we forgot that we did not repose on beds of down.

FROM CRICKHOWELL TO BRECON.

July 11. EARLY rising being an indispensable obligation in our preconcerted plan, I was up at 5 o'clock, and soon after six the other two gentlemen made their appearance, though we had agreed to breakfast before we recommenced our tour.

Our first object was to visit the castle, of which some picturesque fragments remain, clasped with ivy. The whole site may be easily traced, and the keep, raised on a lofty artificial elevation, must have been a place of great strength. The surrounding buildings are evidently erected with the stones purloined from this ancient fortress. Among the other antiquities of the place, are a fine old tower and gateway towards the public street, of curious but elegant architecture, and formerly belonging to a religious house. The bridge of fourteen arches over the Uske, connecting Crickhowell with the neighbouring village of Llangattock, also deserves notice. On the whole, however, this place is sufficiently mean; but the surrounding country is picturesque and lovely beyond description, and the sides of the hills on both sides are thick-studded with seats and cottages. Among the former, those of Admiral Gell, Captain Fredericks, and Mr. Everest, are the most elegant and advantageously situated. Sir William Ouseley's romantic cottage on the Llangattock side deserves notice from the talents of its possessor. Had the pleasure of meeting that distinguished Oriental scholar, who kindly invited me to visit him. Near his house, he told me, are some natural caverns of great extent, on the sides of the hills. Much iron ore is dug from the bowels of the mountains to the left of Crickhowell, which is either manufactured into pigs on the spot, or conveyed to proper points by rail and tram-ways. Large villages in consequence are rising on spots once unvisited and almost inaccessible.

Paid our respects to Mr Everest, who lamented the inconveniences to which we had been exposed last night, which he would

have been happy to have obviated by furnishing us with beds. It was our wish, however, as far as possible, to avoid the interruption of visiting, and merely to make passing calls on such of our friends as lay in our way. This gentleman, whose seat is excellently designed and charmingly situated, possesses an exquisite taste in drawing, and obligingly shewed us some performances of his own in this line, as well as others by the most eminent masters. We were obliged to decline his cordial invitation to pass the day with him.

On our return to the inn from our morning perambulation, we had the farther pleasure of an agreeable conversation with the Rev. Mr. Paine, who favoured us with much useful information relative to our intended tour. On remarking that every thing in this part of the country looked white, he said the same observation had been made by a Welsh bard of the sixth century, in these terms: "The women are chaste, the men brave, and the houses white."

While discoursing with this worthy and well-informed divine, we were joined by Admiral Gell, who was well acquainted with some of our party. He is a tall robust figure, in whose air resolution is marked, but who affects so little of the consequence that is borrowed from externals, that he might have passed for an honest Welsh farmer. Fishing being his favourite amusement, his round hat was bound with hooks and lines, and the whole of his dress set fashion at defiance, and borrowed as little from the uniform of his profession. Though advanced in years, he seems to possess health and spirits, and by his ludicrous observations on the tour in which we were engaged, kept us in a roar of laughter. Though some of the expletives of language are too apt to fall from his lips, when he is in a good humour, there is neither malignity nor bitterness in his heart; and we heard many anecdotes of his charitable disposition, which would have done honour to an ampler fortune. In a word, he is a very worthy character, loved even for his oddities by his friends, and venerated by the poor, to whom he is a liberal benefactor.

In such society having passed a very pleasant hour, we ordered the carriage, and on settling the bill found it more moderate than what we had yet experienced. Had the house indeed been less full of guests, allured to this place by the purity of the air and the pleasure of fishing, we should have had little occasion to complain of our entertainment in any respect; but in Wales, where the public-houses have a bustle for three months in the summer, and nine months desertion, except on the most public roads, it would be absurd to expect the comforts that such establishments commonly afford in England.

Took the road towards Brecon. A naked hill on the right

has the appearance of a truncated cone: on its summit is an ancient encampment. In front, the hills seem tossed about in pleasing confusion; but are cultivated in some places to the very top, in others are naked and precipitous. In passing, again admired Mr. Everest's house, which stands about half a mile from Crickhowell on the right, about half way up the side of the hill, which gives it the command of views of almost matchless beauty. Indeed the whole course of the Uske is pregnant with charms; but in the vicinity of Crickhowell, they appear more concentrated.

Before us, the Myath now opened, a green hill from which the landscape is beautiful and well-varied. In this track, the turnep husbandry has long been successfully introduced. Indeed the Brecknock Agricultural Society may be reckoned one of the oldest in the kingdom, having been established upwards of half a century ago; and its effects are sufficiently visible, though much still remains to be done even in the best-cultivated spots.

Proceed towards Brecon, with the Cwmddw hills in view. Made a digression about half a mile from the road to the old castle of Tretower, which stands in a retired spot on the right, and, though of eminent beauty even in its present very dilapidated state, is not so frequently visited as more obtrusive but less interesting objects. The ivy clasps its rifled towers, of which only one remains in tolerable preservation; and whence the croaking raven, perched on its highest pinnacle, seemed to warn us of the danger of a near approach. In the area, which is of considerable extent, I found the deadly nightshade, the houndstongue, henbane, mullein, some species of polygonum, fever-few, maiden-hair, and pellitory of the wall. A farm-house and its appendages are formed out of some of the mouldering walls on the east; but the modern buildings seem quite lost in the superior extent of this fortress, though it is by no means so large as many in Wales.

Ascend the Bwlch hills, on the brow of which stands a public-house of the same name; and crossing the ascent, catch a view of Llangors pool, a fine sheet of water, bending in a semicircular direction along the base of one of the hills on the right, and extending about three miles in length in a rich expanded vale. It abounds in pike, perch, and trout. The country-people have a tradition that a large city was swallowed up here by an earthquake; and we are farther told, that before the Normans ravaged this country in 1030, the water of the pool assumed alternately a miraculous green or red colour.

On the left the Buckland hills, overtopped by the highest point of the Beacons near Brecon, present their green undulating fronts; while several handsome seats enliven the fore-ground, particularly Buckland house, an elegant fabric, delightfully placed on a knoll, on the left of the Uske, Maesmaur on the other side of that river,

and Tallylynn, adjoining Llangorsepool, which seems to belong to it.

Baited our horses and refreshed ourselves at the new inn, of the village of Bwlch. It is a comfortable house, and the people are extremely obliging, and deserving of encouragement. I therefore recommend every traveller to taste the ale, bacon, and bread which are sold here: they are the best of the kind I ever met with in any country. Here we observed an instance of Welsh economy: the spout of the pump was broke off or lost; but a piece of an old hat bent into form, supplied its place!

In this part of Brecknockshire, we were told that a couple of fowls at the present season were worth 2s; but as a proof of the prevailing use of tea, a pound of butter fetched thirteen-pence. Trout sells at six-pence a pound; beef and mutton at eight-pence, and veal from five-pence to six-pence. Arable land may be worth on an average about 20s. an acre. Large farms are rather uncommon. The usual run is from 20l. to 50l, and from that to 100l. a year. Hence, though few are rich, many keep themselves independent, and the poors' rates are proportionably low. The Brecknock little farmer works hard, but he works for himself, and is satisfied with what he can command. All seem employed: but there is little stimulus to great exertion of body or of mind; for where luxuries are unknown, and capitals small, and wants easily supplied, severe labour or diligent application are seldom found. The women, however, have every appearance of being industrious; they knit while they are walking, and spin while they are nursing. Since we left Gloucester, we have seen few handsome faces: the females early become haggard; and though generally well formed, they are seldom striking. Their eyes are their best features. We observed several mothers with children in their arms, who would have passed for grand-dams in England. Young girls frequently ride astride, and passed us without any confusion; a proof that the practice is not uncommon. Here we noticed three yoke of oxen, and a horse for their leader, drawing a swing plough over light wheat fallows; and in another place, three horses at length were employed in the same service.

As we advance, the Beacon hills open in various fantastic shapes, and exhibit several sinuosities and beautiful basons in their sides, while their apex is truncated and abrupt. Pass Llansanfraed, whose church has a singular kind of a cupola tower. From this spot, the Uske appears in all its beauty; and Buckland house, the seat of Mr. Gwynne, presents, with its accompaniments, one of the most charming residences that fancy could conceive.

The Uske now attended us the greatest part of the way to

Brecon. When swelled by torrents from the hills, of which there are sufficient evidences in the dry pebbly channels at this season, it must be a noble stream. Its banks, however, possess none of the bold features of the Wye, but it is much more rapid, and therefore incapable of navigation. To supply this defect, the Brecon canal accompanies its progress; and in one place crosses its bed on a series of brick arches.

The road from Crickhowell to Brecon, in general does credit to its managers; but at the distance of little more than a mile from the latter, it approaches so near the canal as to be actually dangerous, for want of a fence. Surely this should be remedied.

Brecon, the country town, makes no great show at any distance; but from the inequality of the ground on which it is built, and the mixture it exhibits of modern buildings, dismantled towers, and other ruins, its internal is sufficiently striking. It was formerly well walled, and had four gates. At present, it consists of three principal streets; but they are in most places too narrow, and except at our entrance, we saw few houses that might be called handsome. Its two old churches, and its different bridges, give it some degree of distinction. It also boasts of the ruins of a castle, from which the whole town may be advantageously viewed. Of this but some detached fragments remain, and among these, various ugly cottages are erected. A tennis-court, however, is formed in one of its angles; and an undershot water-mill, probably an original appendage, adjoins the site. Within this fortress, Stafford, duke of Buckingham, and Morton, bishop of Ely, concerted the union of the two houses of York and Lancaster, in consequence of which Henry VII. was elevated to the throne of England. A new military depot, capable of containing 16,000 stand of arms, is established here.

On the banks of the Uske, amidst the solemn gloom of trees, may be traced the venerable and extensive ruins of a Benedictine priory, founded in the reign of Henry I.; and on the east of the town stands the college, once a Dominican priory, now a collegiate church, with a dean and other dignitaries. Of this establishment the unfortunate Dr. Dodd was a prebend; and he has recorded his connection with the place by some beautiful lines, entitled "Pious Memory," descriptive of the custom of decking the recent graves with flowers, which prevails in this vicinity, though not generally, as has been insinuated, throughout the principality.

At Brecon, the Romans undoubtedly had a station, as appears from various coins and inscriptions which have been occasionally found here.

The Golden Lion at this place is negligently, not to say uncivilly conducted. None of the family made their appearance;

and the waiter was such a mixture of bustle, forgetfulness, and stupidity, that it was impossible to know what to make of him. On my hinting the oddity of his manner to the chamber-maid, and asking if he was not in love, "Lord, sir," said she, "that is *impossible*; he is a *married* man, and has children." "I beg his and your pardon," replied I, "you have given me a sufficient reason for his not being in love: *married* people are seldom troubled with that passion." "No, to be sure," was her answer."

FROM BRECON TO LLANDOVERY.

July 12. THE morning being fine, we early quitted the arms of Morpheus, and were ready to start soon after six o'clock. It was our wish to have proceeded by Bualt and Rhayadar to the Hafod Arms, at the Devil's bridge, and then direct to Aberystwith; but after collecting and comparing the information of several persons acquainted with that route, we gave up the plan as impracticable, on account of the badness of the roads. To what cause this neglect to provide for the public, and indeed individual convenience, is to be ascribed, we are unable to determine; but surely it is impolitic to throw difficulties in the way of those who come to spend their money in the country, and who ask no favours, but good words and civil treatment. The landlord at Brecon declared, that if we attempted to proceed by Bualt, our carriage would inevitably be broken to pieces, and that four horses were necessary to draw any carriage. As this is the direct road from many parts of England to Aberystwith, which is yearly rising into fashionable notice, it is not probable that any difficulty will long exist to drive travellers round by Llandovery and Llampeter, which was the route we were obliged to take; a circumstance which in the end we did not regret, as expedition was less an object, than to see as much of the country as possible.

We left Brecon, by crossing the stately bridge over the Uske on its southern side; and a little way farther passed the Arrow, at this season a very scanty stream. The Beacon hills, reckoned the highest in South Wales, which had caught our attention yesterday long before we reached Brecon, now seemed to accompany our progress. Indeed we had in various instances before noticed this deception; for the roads in Wales, generally winding round the bases of the hills, and following the course of the vales, mountains of any magnitude are thrown into such different perspectives as we advance, that they apparently change their position.

Between Llanspyddad and Penpont, the scenery is truly enchanting. The Uske, frequently visible from the road, flows on the right, amidst oaks of the most vivid green, which feather down the hills from the bottom to the very summit. All the rudeness of nature, and the asperities of surface, are concealed; while for the space of about a mile, every combination of wood, water, and figure of ground, as viewed from the road, unites to constitute the highest perfection of landscape. In majesty and sublimity, the banks of the Wye infinitely surpass this; but in point of beauty, we had seen nothing comparable to this scene; which was farther enlivened by the melody of birds, that seemed enamoured of the spot.

At Penpont is a good house, belonging to the family of Williams; but it is less happily placed than it might have been, where there are so many inviting situations. On taking a retrospective view from this point, the vale through which the Uske winds, presents a long and beautiful vista; but in this light, the morning sun rendered objects indistinct.

After passing Penpont, the country assumed a more steril aspect, and the soil evidently changed for the worse. Oats and barley now in some measure supplanted wheat and beans, or were intermixed with them; and the hills had nothing attractive in their form or appearance, except that they generally allowed cultivation, which, though it increased their value, diminished their picturesque effect.

Breakfasted at Trecastle, about eleven miles from Brecknock. It was once a place of some consequence, but is now dwindled to a miserable village. It is surrounded by wild mountains, but standing on the Uske, receives some advantages from that circumstance. Here stood a castle, the site of which is now covered with turf, and cattle were grazing upon it in social peace. The Welsh language is universally spoken by the inhabitants; and we were told that not above one in a hundred understands English.

We found the inn very comfortable, and it was undergoing some repairs and improvements, which will render it still more commodious. I walked into the kitchen, which was well stocked with bacon and hung beef; yet we found it difficult to procure a few eggs. They are probably considered as superfluities at the breakfast table, in this part of the country.

Walked round the village, and descended by a lane lined by some wretched cottages, to the Uske, which had accompanied us so long. Here we witnessed a Welsh washing by the side of the stream.

A kettle placed on two stones was kept boiling by a fire of sticks, and one woman was attending to this department. Another was stamping with her naked feet in a large tub, filled with

clothes; and a third was beating the linen on a wooden horse with a beetle, and occasionally rinsing it in the running stream. As we approached, they were singing very merrily, but they ceased on seeing us; and when they perceived that one of the party was *taking them off*, or in other words making a sketch of the scene, it was with some difficulty we could get them to resume their occupations. The only dress they wore, was a striped flannel petticoat, a shift, and a black beaver hat. This mode of washing in the rivers, which is prevalent in Wales, must tend very much to domestic comfort; for nothing is more unpleasant in families of moderate fortune than the frequent return of washing week, when mistress thinks herself privileged to be out of humour, if the weather is not favourable, and master must put up with any thing he can find, because "the washing is about."

In our way between Brecon and Trecastle, we met many of the country people going to market at the former place. One person perhaps was driving a small flock of Welsh sheep, another a herd of pigs, which are a neat but small breed, generally brindled and spotted with black, with moderately pendulous ears. Nothing can be more agreeable than the bacon of this country: it has seldom more fat on it than is common on mutton, and its flavour is delicious. We noticed likewise several persons, carrying each a calf before him on a small horse; while others had a few fat sheep, or a calf or two, placed on a sledge of singular construction. The shafts resemble those of a cart, but their extremities trail on the ground, and from them a few upright poles proceed, bound a-top by a cross bar, which keeps the live or dead stook from being thrown out into the road, or, as some would say, from being spilt. These machines are very cheap, and may be drawn wherever a horse can go.

The country waggons in Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire are uniformly long and narrow, and are not ill adapted to the nature of the roads. They have an inelegant appearance; and some of them are open on the sides of the bed, or rather sparred. These last are extremely light, and well calculated for carrying hay or corn. Panniers also are in common use. The horses are small and very sure-footed, and generally not ill made. Droves of black cattle and horses began now to meet us in their way to England. It seems to be a profitable speculation to deal in these animals. The poor Welsh farmer depends more on his live stock to pay his rent, than on the produce of the earth, which seldom furnishes more than a subsistence for himself and his family.

Leaving Trecastle, we at the same time desert the vale of the Uske, and soon after pass the village of Llwyel, in the church-yard of which are a great number of small plank stores, placed at the head

and foot of the graves, uninscribed and white-washed. This is a singular, but a decent custom, and as strongly evinces the affection of the living for their deceased relations, as the most splendid monuments would do.

At no great distance beyond, we entered a charming woody dingle, of considerable depth, with a brawling brook on our left, which works its way over a rugged bed of rocks; while the road is carried along the side of the slope, in some places very precipitous, and covered with oaks of great beauty. Here, in driving down a steep of the Cwmdwr hills with too much rapidity, the foresprings of the carriage partially gave way; and as the day was fine, we determined to send it on by the servant to Llandovery, and walk the distance of about seven miles at our leisure. Being provided with fishing tackle, we amused ourselves with fishing in the Gwyddrch, which devolving from the hills, and receiving several tributary brooks, works its noisy way by the side of the road, till it falls into the Towey, a little below Llandovery. Caught some salmon pinks, with which and trout the torrent abounds. On the rocks through which the road is cut, found several curious plants, the natives of Alpine tracks.

Enter Caermarthenshire about the fifth mile-stone from Llandovery; and finding one or two who could speak English, among a groupe of peasants who were taking their frugal dinner of oat-cakes and cheese, we entered into conversation with them; and for a taste of their cakes, which they very politely offered us, we gave them a trifle to purchase drink, which it was evident they did not expect. The Welsh, as we found on various occasions, especially among the lower classes, seem ashamed of having it suspected that they set their attentions to sale. They accept with an amiable reluctance, what is offered with delicacy and generosity; and this trait in their character is so delightful, that we blushed for the selfishness of our own countrymen, when contrasted with the manners of the peasantry of the principality. In wishing to be civil, the Welsh are perhaps too inquisitive; but if they sometimes ask too many questions, they are never tired of giving answers, when you appear to interest yourself about their welfare, or evince a partiality for their country. They are fond of being noticed by persons who appear their superiors; and would, I am convinced, do more for a kind word, than would be done in some countries for money. Of their inquisitive disposition, and the little intercourse they have in this quarter with strangers, we had in this walk a convincing proof. The only lady in our party had gone on a little before us, and in short, was not in sight of her friends, when she was accosted in English by a Welshman, who seemed declining into the vale of years; who having eyed her dress and appearance with apparent astonishment, asked what

brought her there, what she was doing, if she had any body belonging to her, if she was married, or single, where she came from, and whither she was going? Not in the least alarmed, she answered him without reserve, and put some questions to him in return; but our coming up put an end to the Welshman's conversation, as he seemed to fear he had been too free in talking to a person who he found had a carriage gone forward, and three gentlemen to protect her.

The narrow vale of the Gwyddrch continues, though with diminished beauty, and several transverse breaks successively open in the bounding hills, the channel of wintery torrents, and at present of babbling brooks, till we come within a mile of Llandovery; when a noble plain discloses itself to the view, stretching to the right and the left farther than the eye can reach, through which the pastoral Towey winds its way, and gives name to the vale.

During this long walk I botanized not without success, but lamented that I had forgot to bring a box with me, to secure such plants as I might judge worthy of being examined at leisure, or even of being transplanted into England. The whole way, the road undulating with the hills, which sometimes advanced and sometimes retired, only shewed itself in short reaches, which invited our advance by uncertainty, and frequently rewarded it by unexpected turns and objects.

Hay-making had not yet commenced in this district. Oats and barley, the chief crops, looked well; lime continued to be the common manure; and the houses still white-washed; an operation which seems to be repeated annually, though the natives are by no means remarkable for cleanliness. The roofs of the buildings, particularly cottages, we observed to be much flatter here than in England, and in general much more pituresque. There is something very tasteful in a flattish projecting roof, in which respects we might imitate the Welsh to advantage. Nor would white-washing both internally and externally, be less conducive to health than it is to the beauty of the landscape. But on this subject I have already touched, in defiance of the dogmas of painters, who must allow me to claim the liberty I give.

Reached Llandovery about four o'clock, and were pleased to hear that the carriage had received much less damage than we had apprehended. Though we had only travelled twenty miles this day, it was agreed that we should lodge here, send the servant forward with our horses to Llampeter, and take post-horses in the morning to that place, in order that we might be able to reach Aberystwith, a stage of twenty-five miles farther, with our own.

Llandovery, which stands on the Bran, near the head of the upper vale of Towey, is an insignificant place, and very irregu-

larly built; but the situation, being encompassed by streams which all fall into the river Towey; about a mile below, is as delightful as the heart could wish. For fishing, nothing can be more eligible; and we eat some fine specimens of the produce of its streams, both at dinner and supper. On an eminence, between the Bran and Erveny, are the remains of a small castle, which before the invention of artillery must have been of some strength. The ruins of the keep are still very massy, and are likely to stand for some centuries more, if left solely to the hand of time. It seems the Romans had a station near this place.

There is only one inn at Llandovery, but that inn is excellently conducted by Mr. Edwards; and it is to be lamented, that the road from hence to Llampeter is so indifferent, that few have the resolution to take this agreeable route to Aberystwith. Between Brecon and Llandovery, the roads are equal to any in the kingdom; and we were informed that the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, were so far awakened to a sense of their interest and their duty, that they had indicted that to Llampeter.

After dinner, while my friends were employed in fishing, I took a walk to Abercrychan church, which stands on a hill about a mile off. In the cemetry I found various inscriptions, some in English, some in Welsh. As a specimen, I subjoin one in each language.

ON TWO CHILDREN OF EVAN JONES.

O am Galon i Glodfori
Ac am Galon i Ufurddhau
Ac am Galon i foliannu
Yr Jesu tirion fy'n rhyddhau
Fe rhyddaodd ddau frawd oi cystudd
Au chwaei fychan or in llc
Genaue Plant perffeithiant
Mewn Gogoniani yn y ne,

ON A HARPER,

Whose inscription states that he had the honour of being employed by her present Majesty Queen Charlotte, and that he died in 1789, aged 78.

Farewell my Friends, I am gone
To life eternally,
I have paid the debt that you do owe,
And all will follow me:
For when the day of judgment comes,
The righteous shew their face;
I hope all nations will provide,
For 'tis a heavenly race.——AMEN.

In regard to the Welsh epitaph I do not pretend to judge; but I think it will be allowed, that the one in English is *equal*

in point of *elegance*, to what our stone-cutters generally produce for the edification of the ignorant, and the amusement of the learned.

Divine service is performed at this church, and indeed in most places in Caermarthenshire, alternately in Welsh and English. It is to be regretted, however, that English should not be more commonly used; for notwithstanding the merit of the Welsh bards, and the attachment of the natives to their original tongue, its prevalence must ever be a bar to the general improvement of the country, and to the interest of individuals. They who can talk only a local and almost obsolete dialect, must of necessity be confined to the spot where they were born; and in consequence contract notions as confined as their situation. They are precluded from launching into the world, and from improving their circumstances; for even in the humble situation of a servant, few will be inclined to employ them, if they are unable to speak the language of the country where they reside. In short, I am convinced that till the Irish, the Welsh, and the Scotch Highlanders lose their original tongues, which are all dialects of the Celtic, they must remain far behind the rest of their fellow subjects, in all the arts that embellish life, and render it delightful. At this time, there is scarcely a book of any real value written or printed in either of the Celtic dialects; and what must be the situation of that people in regard to mental improvements, who are cut off from every source of rational information, and have their knowledge confined to a few old ballads of their bards, and to uncertain records relative to their sanguinary chieftains, whose memory had better be lost?

At Llandovery we noticed some farther instances of Welsh economy, and we might add filthiness. Over the window of my bed-chamber, some domestic pigeons had a place to roost in: their dung fell on the frame, and had attracted so little regard, that it was likely in time to obscure the light. Yet this house was on the whole a very good one; and had the cause of our disgust been pointed out (which we were unwilling to do, lest we should wound feelings disposed to oblige), there can be no doubt that the offensive sight would have been removed, and not been suffered again to accumulate.

I know not if I should notice an incident here, which the fastidious will call indelicate. There is a bank at Llandovery, and a Welsh cow appears well engraven on one corner of the paper, perhaps the arms of the town, or the crest of the proprietor. A wag, and we suspect a worthless one, seeing the poor cow solitary, had introduced a bull making love to her on one of these notes, which accidentally fell into our hands at Brecon; and when we were changing it here, to pay the bill at the inn, the ludicrous circum-

stance was discovered, and we blushed as we offered it in payment; but conscious that we were innocent of the addition, the matter passed over on our part, and was not remarked on the part of the landlord. Had a woman been concerned, so accurate was the delineation, it would have been impossible to have put the note into her hands.

FROM LLANDOVERY TO ABERYSTWITH.

July 13. WITH four post-horses to our carriage, we started this morning a little before six o'clock, and in somewhat less than four hours (and it was hard work for the poor beasts,) we reached Llampeter to breakfast, a distance of only twenty miles. The morning was overcast, and mists floated on the tops of the hills. We enjoyed, however, a delightful view of the vale of Towy, as we ascended the first hill from Llandovery, in which Glanbran park and house, and Abercrychan church, formed distinguished objects. The hill opposite to us is called the Forest, as we were told, and probably it might have been so at some remote period, but now scarcely a bush diversifies the sterility of its surface.

Observed some flax growing on the cultivated side of the hill as we began to ascend, and tolerably fine barley and oats, but very little wheat is produced here. In this district, lime is commonly spread on natural grass, as a manure. The Welsh seem to know the use and value of lime much better than the English.

In this whole stage, a succession of barren hills are the prominent feature in the landscape, with some spots or patches forced into cultivation, which yield a scanty crop of oats and barley. Potatoes are pretty abundant near the thinly scattered and miserable cottages that are seen from the road; but few other culinary vegetables are to be found.

The greatest part of the hills in this morning's drive, bid defiance to agriculture, being covered with rocks and loose stones. They are interesting, however, to the sportsman, as they are plentifully stocked with grouse, black-game, and wheat-ears. The rocks, and indeed the soil likewise, have a slaty appearance; and in one place we observed a slate quarry, which appeared to be worked with great care. Lord Cawdor is a principal proprietor in this track.

In an opening of some extent between the different ranges of hills, we caught a favourable view of the village of Cynyil Gaio, and its picturesque church on the right; while lower down the vale on the left, was the elegant seat of Mr. Williams, the representative for the county.

Pass the Cothi, a small but rapid stream, and crossing another

eminence, ford the Turrock, a river of some importance, even at this season. Turf is generally burnt here, and its smell in some places is powerfully oppressive to strangers of delicate nerves. We met several carts and sledges laden with this kind of fuel for the winter's supply.

The only house of refreshment in this almost desolate route, which is laid down in no book of roads we have seen, is the New Inn, about eight miles from Llampeter. The houses of the natives are wretched beyond description. They have singular chimneys or rather openings in the roof, constructed of a kind of crate work covered with straw, and bound round with twisted ropes of the same material. They are universally thatched, and the walls are frequently of mud. In fact, poverty and sterility every where presented their most forbidding aspects; and it was with pleasure, that, on gaining the summit of the Llampeter mountain, we looked down on the fertile vale of the Tivy, which lay like a map before us. About half a mile from Llampeter, we crossed the Tivy by an old and ill constructed stone bridge of two arches. The Tivy is a fine river, and produces abundance of fish, particularly excellent trout. It forms the boundary between Caermarthen and Cardigan-shires. Here we observed several coracles, of the same construction as on the Wye.

On one of the hills in this stage, it should be remarked, we were entertained by the sight of a man standing on a ridge of rocks, and calling his cows together to be milked. He had a peculiar note; and it seems the poor animals obey it, when uttered by a known voice.

The fences in this mountainous track, where cultivation is at all attempted, are composed of turfs, intermixed with large unshapen stones. Quicksets, elder, hazel, birch, and furze have been all tried, but with very little success. The soil is too poor, and the aspect too exposed, for trees or shrubs of any kind to thrive.

Breakfast at the Black Lion in Llampeter, a decent house, where a chaise or two is now kept, and where endeavours are made to accommodate the public—may success attend them! The town is small, and contains a mixture of slated and thatched houses, though it is probable the former would be cheapest. A large old seat belonging to the Lloyds, is the only ornament of the place, and this seems hastening to decay. Except indeed for about a mile on each side of the town, where a genial soil invites cultivation, bleak and barren mountains surround it, and render the contrast more striking. Yet in this sequestered place, we found several gentlemen from England on fishing schemes, who appear pleased to saunter life away on the banks of the Tivy, during the day, and with potations of Welsh ale, to lull their

senses into oblivion for the night. But, *de gustibus non disputandum*, "as the man said when he kissed his cow."

Proceeding on our journey, we gained the next hill, from whence the vale of the Tivy displays itself to the greatestadvantage. It is full of enclosures, hedge-rows, corn and grass fields, bounded by a various outline of naked hills, which strikingly contrast with the fertility below. Heath, fern, and turf or peat, with patches of cultivation on the slopes and in the hollows of the hills, which last are dotted with sheep and cattle, continue till we pass the fourth mile-stone, when a glorious view of the rich triangular vale of Ayron bursts at once on the sight, the heights round which are feathered down with extensive woods, chiefly oak, from more than half way up to the level of the plain. This agreeable feature was wanting to complete the beauty of the vales of Towy and Tivy; for to give fertility and cultivation their full effect, every appearance of their opposites must be excluded from the scene; at least, they should not fall under the eye at the same instant.

Take the road which leads to Aberayron, distant thirteen miles from Llampeter. To adopt this route, though five miles farther round than through the village of Llanlir, we were induced by the superior beauty of the scenery, and the avoidance of a long and steep ascent of two miles which we saw on our right; and for this circuitous way we were amply repaid by a variety of attractive objects, which were constantly presenting themselves.

Leaving the open part of the vale of the Ayron, a small but cheerful stream, we entered a defile about half a mile wide, which taking a winding direction, continued the whole of the drive to Aberayron, exhibiting a succession of beauties. In our progress down this charming vale we passed the village of Ystrad, in the cemetry of whose church stands a remarkably large yew tree, of great beauty and age. In this vicinity the cottages improve; and the misery and desolation which we had witnessed in the morning, are agreeably exchanged for the appearance of comfort and content. Some of the dwellings of the peasantry were extremely picturesque, and happily situated; but we could not help observing in several instances the singular absurdity of white-washing the slates, which in themselves are beautiful beyond what most countries produce.

About two miles from Aberayron, the elegant modern seat of Colonel Lewis shews itself, standing on a fine plain, where the vale is somewhat more expanded, as if to make room for the embellishments which are here so happily applied. It is backed by a hanging wood of oak, and in front has a lawn of moderate extent. The road on its left, by which we were passing along the side of the steep, is cut through a rock, with fine pendent

woods both above and below. Nature here has done so much to render the scenery illustrious, that art is little wanted; yet it is not always called in where it might be of service. At the bottom of the precipice on our right, which turns the head giddy to contemplate, as there is no fence to guard the passenger from accident, rolls the silver Ayron, which falls into the bay of Cardigan, whose expanse begins to open as we proceed amidst this sublime scenery. We had indeed for some time been sensible of our approach to the sea by the peculiar freshness of the air; and at last I was gratified with the sight of that world of wonders, which from early habits and recollections must ever to me be productive of pleasingly painful sensations.

Being still sixteen miles from Aberystwith, where we intended to take a late dinner, we found it necessary to halt for a couple of hours at the little inn of the little village of Aberayron, kept by a very sensible and civil woman of the name of Felix, who obligingly furnished us in writing with a few colloquial phrases and forms of salutation in Welsh. The situation of her house is delightful, and we were not sorry that circumstances had arisen to make us decide in favour of this interesting route. Were it for no other purpose, every traveller of taste ought to pass this way for the sake of Colonel Lewis's seat, to which we were told he had given the name of Clanchairon, instead of Llanerchairon, its ancient Welsh appellation; an alteration that does not seem to please those who are attached to original orthography, and who fancy that their language is the most expressive of all others.

Here we saw the women, with long cloaks and red silk handkerchiefs under their black beaver hats, employed in making hay under a burning sun, though they would have been sufficiently warm in their shift sleeves. But the costume here is in a great measure independent of seasons: it seems to be neither too hot in summer, nor too cold in winter.

About Aberayron, and indeed all along the coast, it is said that smuggling prevails, to the injury of the revenue, and the destruction of health and morals. Over several doors, in the course of this day's ride, we observed the initials of the inhabiter's name, with the addition of SHOP-KEEPER, in characters more rude and uncouth even than the *Egyptian*, which *decorate*, or *deform* the signs of the citizens of London. This, we were informed, was meant to indicate a dealer in prohibited commodities. It is a lamentable circumstance, that the lower classes do not consider themselves as guilty of any crime when they are defrauding government; while immense profits, with the probability of escaping detection, tempt numbers to engage in this illicit traffic.

We had frequently been remarking, that hitherto we had not seen a beggar in Wales. Even voluntary bounty had been re-

ceived with apparent pain, though with gratitude. Here, however, we saw a man, almost blind and double with age, who seemed by his manner, to implore our charity; and if ever misery had a claim to relief, his appearance gave a sanction to this painful privilege. He did not supplicate in vain; but it was done without importunity or even articulating a word; and had we been unfeeling enough to deny the humble boon which he probably expected, I have no doubt he would have moved on as quickly as age and infirmity would allow, without deigning a second time to put himself in a begging attitude. I admire this independent spirit in the Welsh: I have witnessed the same among the Scotch; but in England it is almost extinct, and never can be revived, while *legalized* beggary, under the name of poor's rates, remains the order of the day.

The road from Aberayron towards Aberystwith, takes the direction of the coast, which generally forms a bold outline, with occasional promontories and bays. On setting out we ascended a long hill, in constant view of the sea, though gradually retiring from it by the elevation we had gained; and over the expanse on the left, which was as smooth as glass, we saw several coasting vessels, apparently without motion, as there was scarcely a breath of air to curl the surface of the water. From this point too, the mountains in North-Wales began to shew their giant heads, and we could distinctly discern Cader Idris, besides the nearer Plinlimmon, the pride of Cardiganshire.

We now began gradually to retire from the sea, and proceeded over a track destitute of trees, but producing in many places excellent barley, oats, and some wheat. The soil is loamy, with a substratum of slate, and the prevailing manure on the coast is sea-weed. From the highest part of this road we had a sea scape over the whole bay of Cardigan, with its bounding points; and from our own observations, could easily give credit to the tradition of the natives, who speak of a well inhabited country stretching far into the Irish sea, which has long since by gradual encroachments been swept away. Of a district formerly celebrated for its hundred towns, only a few miserable villages now remain. It is probable indeed that the whole bay of Cardigan was once a spacious plain, and that the sea advanced, till it was stopped by the hills which now bound the shore.

Descending from the summit we had gained, we reached Llanrhysted, a village lying in a quiet vale, watered by a small stream, and separated from the sea by an intervening hill. Here is a larger church than is usually seen in Wales, with a tower much more ancient than the body of the building. It was indeed conventual; for it formerly belonged to an ancient monastery, of which few memorials remain.

While we halted at the miserable inn of the place to water our horses, the superior appearance of the church induced us to take a walk round the cemetry, in order to make our remarks on the few tombs that are erected there; and it is with a melancholy reflection on life I noticed, that not one person whose memory they record, had reached the age of more than thirty-three. Notwithstanding all that is said of the purity of the air in mountainous countries, and of Wales in particular, life is evidently not prolonged by the climate beyond the common date, even if it reaches so far; and as we had almost universally observed, people look old and wrinkled before their time. It must be allowed, however, that the inscriptions on tombstones would be an uncertain criterion of longevity, without supplementary evidence, as the affection of parents, more frequently than the duty of children, raises the sepulchral monument or the recording stone. But the fact is, that the Welsh, from the most authentic accounts, are more liable to mortal diseases at an early period of life, than their neighbours the English; and that a low diet and a moist atmosphere, predispose them to pulmonary complaints and intermittents, beyond what is found in champaign and rich countries.

The ascent from Llanrhysted is long and circuitous, and we were nearly an hour before we reached the highest pitch of the road, near which, on the left, we made a digression to see two upright stones, called by the country people, "The man and his wife." They are between six and seven feet in height above the surface of the ground, and between ten and twelve feet in circumference, and standing at the distance of thirteen paces from each other. Two other stones of inferior dimensions lie near them, which have probably been thrown from this perpendicular position. The whole groupe is evidently Druidical; and though the situation is elevated, they stand in a little hollow of the hill, which excludes every view from the spot, except towards the east.

The greatest part of this drive presented nothing but barren hills on the side screens and the fore-ground, with very few houses and little cultivation; but in the back-ground of the landscape, there is a most glorious scene of a tumultuous ocean of hills, among which Plinlimmon on one hand, and Cader Idris on the other, towered in all their majesty. The former may easily be distinguished by its long ridge, somewhat resembling the back of a horse, the latter by its two conical points. Inferior hills, or rather mountains, crowded round the feet of those mighty sovereigns, and seemed to acknowledge their supremacy. The beams of the evening sun, which had sunk too low behind the hill on our left to have his disc any longer visible to us, sweetly illumined the projecting masses of Plinlimmon, which appeared at no

great distance; while a deep, but well defined, shade was thrown over its hollows and recesses. Except in mountainous countries, this delightful mixture of light and shade can no where be witnessed.

About the fifth mile-stone from Aberystwith, the landscape is almost boundless, and may be truly called sublime. Here the road, after undulating up and down, makes a determined descent, and brings us to the vale of the Ystwith, which river we cross by an excellent modern bridge of one arch. Again we began to ascend, and winding round the back of the hill which separates the Rhaidol from the Ystwith, by a road partly cut with infinite labour out of the solid rock, we at length reached the turnpike, from whence there is a charming view of Aberystwith, lying full before us, at the distance of a mile, with the Rhaidol flowing on our right. This river we crossed by a commodious bridge, just before we entered the town, and saw it winding round the bottom of a sloping semi-circular hill to meet the Ystwith, when both mix with the tide.

The approach to Aberystwith is certainly very striking, and raises expectations which the interior is not calculated to gratify. It stands on a considerable elevation between two bold promontories; and as we advance, it is constantly disclosing some new feature. The fragments of the castle open on the left, with some picturesque effect, before we reach the bridge, and by the bend which the road takes here, are thrown into various perspective.

The situation of the town is not unpleasant, and the air is reckoned pure. The beach is level and inviting, and from it the extremities of the bay of Cardigan may be traced. The houses are built of a dark slaty stone, which, though extremely durable and easy to work, gives it a gloomy appearance; and in spite of the partiality of the Welsh for white-washing, they generally neglect it here, or confine it to the roof, where it might very well be dispensed with.

When I complained of the dusky hue of the houses to one of the most intelligent among the inhabitants of the place, and expressed my wish to see them white-washed, the only answer was, "La, sir, would it not be a shame to conceal such beautiful stone as this?"—Habit reconciles them to what no stranger can view with pleasure, and they see beauty where others observe nothing but deformity.

Accommodations suited to moderate fortunes, may be obtained in this place without difficulty; and though the surrounding scenery is neither rich nor grand, the vicinity is not absolutely destitute of attractions, particularly in summer. In winter, it is never thought of as a place of public resort; and it is probably less frequented in the bathing season than it would otherwise be,

were the direct communication with various parts of England rendered more safe and pleasant to the traveller. In particular, the road from Brecon through Bualt and Rhaiader, should be immediately opened for the easy passage of carriages. This would not only shorten the distance from several points of approach, but would give strangers an opportunity of visiting Hafod and the Devil's Bridge, in their way to the place.

The public walks are traced with considerable taste and effect, amidst the ruins of the old castle; and as the sea-breezes may be enjoyed here without interruption, this is the favourite lounge for visitors. The Castle House, as it is called, built by Uvedale Price, Esq. who has so freely ridiculed the *false* taste of others, is a most striking specimen of his *own*. This, however, is the principal edifice in the town. But while these sheets are preparing for the press, a correspondent* has informed me, that public rooms and a theatre are erecting here; and that from the influx of company during the last season, Aberystwith promises fair to be the first bathing station in South Wales. To render it agreeable, however, to persons of fortune, the houses in general must be improved, the streets widened and better paved, and their slopes and asperities softened, or removed.

Put up at the Talbot, kept by Mr. Jones, an attentive and well-behaved man, who during the bathing season keeps an excellent ordinary, and is generally able to accommodate strangers with private lodgings, who dislike the bustle of an inn. The Gogerthan Arms is likewise a good and well-conducted house, and commands its share of custom.

Weary with the long journey we had made this day, we took only a general perambulation of the town, and being resolved to spend next day here, which was Sunday, we early resigned ourselves into the arms of sleep.

ABERYSTWITH, AND ITS ENVIRONS, WITH SKETCHES OF CAMBRIAN CUSTOMS, &c.

July 14. HAVING engaged horses the evening before, I was up early, and set out with another gentleman of the party on an excursion round the environs of Aberystwith. I will not

* Aberystwith, September 10, 1805. "The crowds of company that have flocked to this romantic shore, during this season, have been great beyond precedent. Many new houses have been built for their accommodation; and a subscription has been entered into to erect rooms on the walks near the sea, which are to be ready for the reception of company next summer. Cards and assemblies three times a week. Plays every night; and it is intended to build a new and elegant theatre, on a scale."

attempt on this occasion regularity of description; but notice, as they occur to my mind, places and objects that attracted my attention, or fell under my view.

Plas Grug was the first place we visited. It stands on the banks of the Rhydol, not far from Aberystwith, and is recorded as one of the seats of Owen Glendower. A square embattled tower still remains very perfect, and there are other considerable fragments of the ruins of this fortified mansion, which must have been very extensive. We were told of a subterraneous communication between this place and Llanbadarn Fawr, but no person could indicate its commencement or its termination.

Llanbadarn Fawr, about the distance of a mile from Aberystwith, and still the parish church, is supposed to be one of the most ancient sees in Wales; for here Paturnus, in the sixth century, founded a monastery and a bishopric, since united to St. David's.

The present church is large and cruciform, and bears many traces of a high antiquity. It is surrounded by a considerable village, and the parish is of great extent, including Aberystwith, which has only a chapel of ease.

From hence we made a digression to Gogerthan, one of the seats of Pryse Pryse, Esq. It is distant three miles from Aberystwith, and stands in a lawn between two very lofty mountains, one of which is feathered down from top to bottom with various kinds of pines and other evergreens, while the other is principally covered with oak. A small river runs through the lawn near the house, whose banks are fringed with a variety of beautiful wild flowers.

Having heard much of the beauty of Lodge park, belonging to the same gentleman, we proceeded to visit it. A broad winding path through a wood from the right of the road to Machynlleth, conducts to the house, which stands on a bold eminence, and commands some of the finest views in the world. It is astonishing that such a delightful spot has not been more frequently visited by travellers. In this park are some valuable mines, and in particular one of silver, which has produced a considerable quantity of that precious metal within the last thirty years. The ore, however, is not sufficiently rich to yield any great profit to the proprietor, or perhaps the mine may not be skilfully worked.

Highly gratified with the views from this place, we directed our course to Moelynis, or the barren isle, and rightly it is named, for it scarcely produces any thing except rabbits, and foxes to prey upon them. This extensive track of land, however, seems capable of being reclaimed and improved; and at some distant period, it probably was equal in value to any in Cardiganshire.

It is wholly surrounded by the sea and the rivers Dovey and Lerry, with only one entrance by a stone bridge. The Dovey separates it from North Wales.

We now rode along the sands to Borth, once a Roman station, but now a miserable fishing and smuggling cottage. This is a fashionable ride for the company at Aberystwith; and where the influence of sea breezes is desirable, it can no where be more fully enjoyed.

Returning to our inn with good appetites, we found our friends ready at the breakfast-table; and during that repast we entertained them with our morning's adventure. Nothing but Welsh horses could have carried us so far in so short a time, over such a country; and even with all the confidence we reposed in these sure-footed animals, it was sometimes difficult to divest ourselves of fear.

I now prepared to attend divine service in the chapel of Aberystwith, which was built about twenty years ago, and stands within the precincts of the old castle. It possesses little elegance, though it is sufficiently large and commodious. The gallery was erected at the sole expence of Mrs. Pryse, who lies buried in the chancel of Llanbadarn Fawr, with a handsome monument over the spot, erected by her grandson, the present Pryse Pryse, Esq. The inscription is said to have been written by the late Dr. Thomas King, chancellor and prebendary of Lincoln; and it does justice to the character of a very worthy woman, who practised every christian virtue.

The service was performed with due solemnity; but notwithstanding the permanent population of the place is about two thousand, scarcely one person in twenty attended. In fact, Methodism and sectarianism of every kind prevail at Aberystwith, as in most other places in Wales; and the established church is in a great measure deserted.

On returning, I had the pleasure to see an old friend looking out at one of the windows of the Gogerthan Arms; and as he happened to be disengaged, I immediately added him to our party for the day, to the great satisfaction of my friends, who were pleased to enjoy the company of a gentleman who had resided for many years in Wales, and who, to a turn for investigation, united a disposition to communicate any information that we could wish, in regard to the place, and the general manners and customs of the people. It is to him that I owe whatever interest the remainder of this day's journal may be found to possess.

In regard to the Welsh mode of courtship, among the peasantry, about which so much has been said *pro* and *con*, in the counties of Cardigan, Caernarvon, and Merioneth at least, the following he affirmed to be a fact. When two young persons have

agreed to visit each other, the woman soon receives her admirer into her chamber, and they court sitting or lying on her bed. The natural consequence is, that the female becomes pregnant; and it is seldom that a marriage takes place without that being the case. To the honour, however, of the Welsh gallants, it must be confessed, that they very rarely desert the woman who has made them happy; nor does either sex feel any impropriety in the practice to which we have referred. To a stranger, a Welsh female would be as reserved as any woman on earth could be: she knows he is not to be trusted; and the most arrant clown of her own country would be preferred to a London beau. As wives, they are generally faithful, dutiful, and affectionate.

When it is settled that a wedding is to take place, a few days previous to its solemnization, the parents of the parties have what they call a bidding, or meeting of their friends, at their separate houses. If they are persons of any respectability, the numbers that attend on this occasion is astonishing.

Where the intended bride lives, great numbers of women, as well as men, make their appearance; the former generally come on horseback, and bring various gifts with them ;—some a cheese, others a pot of butter, flour, sugar, tea, &c. The women have an apartment to themselves, where they are entertained with tea ; while the men take hearty potations of cwrw, smoke their pipes, and leave such a sum of money as they chuse, or can afford. At the bridegroom's, it is chiefly men who attend, and after being entertained in a similar manner, they make some pecuniary presents and retire. Twenty, thirty, or forty pounds are sometimes collected on these occasions between the contracting parties, and this helps to establish them in life.

On the night previous to the wedding, a few of the young man's companions proceed to the bride's house, to see if she is safe, when her friends conceal her for a time, either by dressing her in man's apparel, or by putting her into some obscure place; but after some pretended difficulty, she is at length discovered, when they sit down and spend the evening merrily, and then depart. Next morning, however, they return again, and demand the bride, which is done by repeating many lines of Welsh poetry. A kind of refusal is made by the father in a similar strain ; but his consent being at last obtained, the girl is mounted on a horse, behind one of her young male friends, who sets off with her full speed to the church where the marriage ceremony is to be performed, followed by a numerous concourse of people. The bridegroom is sure to be in readiness to meet her at the church door, with his attendants, when the clergyman joins them together according to the established ritual, except that when he comes to the words, "with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I

thee endow," the bridegroom puts his hands into his pockets, and produces what money he has about him, which he gives with the ring to the clergyman. The latter takes his fee, and delivers the remainder to the bride. After this, the ceremony concludes at the altar in the usual form.

When a person dies, there are people sit up every night with the corpse till the funeral takes place, the night before which is called "the watch night," when the chamber is illuminated, and a number of friends and neighbours continue in it till morning. The company assemble early, frequently to the number of two or three hundred or more who follow the corpse, to the place of interment, some on horseback, others on foot. When arrived at the cemetery, they place the body on a bier, and a number of persons walk before it bare-headed, singing proper psalms for the occasion, till it is set down in the chancel. The nearest relations then kneel round the coffin, till the service is ended, when the same take it up and carry it to the grave. This must be a trying scene for affection to bear; but the most tender hearts are reconciled to it through habit, and it certainly is more decent than the custom which prevails in England, of trusting the remains of those whom we loved most, to indifferent and hireling hands.

The small-pox sometimes breaks out with great virulence among the country people, and sweeps off great numbers. Nevertheless they have an aversion in general to inoculation, and vaccination is too little understood as yet to be commonly introduced. They have likewise something of a predestinarian principle, which renders them indifferent about approaching the infected, whether dead or alive; and this, added to the old prejudices in favour of warmth and a close air in the chamber of the deceased, tends very much to spread the devastating power of this cruel malady. Nothing but legislative provisions can extirpate the small-pox; but, alas! the health of the subject is the last object that engages a statesman's attention.

The natives of both sexes amoung the mountains on the sea-coast of Cardiganshire, and probably in other places, are much addicted to sea-bathing, during the light summer nights. The manner of their collecting together, is by blowing horns the whole way as they advance towards the deep. When arrived on the beach, they strip, and take a promiscuous plunge without any ceremony. This kind of ablution is generally performed on Saturdays, in order that they may enjoy rest the next day. It is generally day-light before they return to their homes, and the noise they make is sure to disturb those who are not engaged in these aquatic orgies.

Foxes abound among the mountains, and as it is impossible to

pursue them in the usual way by hunting*, about the times the lambs are dropt in the spring, it is usual for the whole country to rise by the signal of horns, and with guns, dogs, forks, and other weapons, to destroy as many of these crafty and noxious animals as come within their reach. Hunting on foot indeed is the usual practice in Wales; and is certainly safest and best; for few would have the resolution to ride after hounds in such a country as this.

By far the greatest part of the lower orders, both in towns and in the country, are Dissenters, and consequently are little addicted to any public amusements; but if an itinerant preacher visits them, they immediately leave their pursuits, and crowd to hear him from every quarter. The annual meetings of the Methodists, called Associations, are attended by a vast number of preachers. These meetings are circular. Last year they were held at Aberystwith, when it was computed that nearly ten thousand persons were collected together. A stage was erected for the ministers on the marsh adjoining the town; and business of all kinds was suspended during the stay of those pious fanatics. Lately the sect of Methodists, called Jumpers, prevailed, as being most extravagant and best suited to make an impression on weak and vulgar minds. While the preacher among these ignorant enthusiasts is delivering his discourse, the congregation keep holding up their hands, and waving them about in a frenzied mood; but no sooner has he finished than they instantly begin jumping, hand in hand, with the first person they can lay hold of, generally, however, a young man with a young woman; and this exercise they continue with horrid screams and noise till they are quite exhausted, and perhaps fall down in a kind of trance. Others clap their hands sometimes over their heads, and sometimes against their sides; and it is nothing unusual for a party of three or four to link arm in arm, and turn round with such velocity, that they soon become giddy. Once when a preacher was asked if the Jumpers were actuated by joy or sorrow, he replied, "both;" and desired the person who put the question "to go home, and read the scriptures." In a word, the stories we heard of these people from the most credible authorities, would stagger the belief of strangers; but as enthusiasm is a powerful source of love, these exercises are not often *barren*.

A great number of pigs are bred in Cardiganshire and in the adjoining counties, which are usually purchased by dealers from Bristol. When one of these chapmen arrives, he goes to the

* We were told, however, that Pryse Pryse, Esq. keeps a small pack of fox-hounds at Gogerthan, and hunts with all the animation of a keen sportsman, amidst mountains and precipices, where almost every step is neck or nothing.

clerk of the parish, who on the first Sunday after, as soon as service is ended, gets on a stone or some other elevated place, and proclaims where and when the dealer is to be met with, and how long he is to stay. The country people who have pigs to dispose of, attend to the intimation, bring their property to the spot appointed; and when the pig-merchant has laid out all his money, he draws off his bargains, and makes the best of his way to England, by crossing either the Old or the New Passage over the Severn.

At Aberystwith a custom-house has been erected, in consequence of the increasing trade. The exports are oak bark, birch ditto, oak timber, lead ore, black jack, copper ore, iron, corn, butter, poultry, slates, and Welsh ale. The imports are chiefly balk, deals, hemp, pitch, tar, rosin, Russia iron, groceries, flax, porter, cyder, wine, brandy, rum, Geneva, &c. The vessels from this port trade to Ireland, Liverpool, Bristol, and some few to London.

The months of August and September may be called the harvest season of the fishermen, particularly for herrings, which are sometimes caught in immense quantities in the bay of Cardigan. Numbers are immediately conveyed from thence into North Wales and Shropshire on horses; the rest are salted, and together with potatoes, constitute the principal food of the labouring poor during winter.

The value of land in these parts varies extremely, according to its locality. In the more fruitful vales near towns, it is worth 3l. per acre; but land of the same quality at a distance from them, lets only from 15s. to 25s. The sheep-walks on the hills may be worth from 6d. to 9d. per acre; and the average price of land by the year throughout Cardiganshire, cannot exceed 5s. per acre; perhaps 4s. 9d. would be nearer the truth. It should be observed, however, that many of the mountains bid defiance to cultivation; and that they furnish only a miserable subsistence for a few sheep, which, as well as their lambs, are exposed to many dangers.

Cardiganshire is rich in mines, particularly in lead. The veins of this ore run directly East and West, or North and South, generally the former; so that when a mine is discovered, a compass is used to direct the workmen. When the ore is brought up, it is separated from the stone and earth, and washed quite clean. It is then beaten into a coarse powder, and being afterwards put into bags, is exported to Bristol, where it is smelted. The present price is about 18l. per ton.

The principal mines now working in this vicinity, are Cwmystwith, belonging to Sir Thomas Bonsall; Cluernog and Cwmsumlog, the property of Mr. Pryse, of Gogerthan: the latter is

the mine from which Sir Hugh Middleton, who brought the New River to London, derived the wealth that enabled him to perform that vast design. Those who rent mines, commonly pay a duty to the proprietor of the land of a guinea per ton. Silver ore is found here, of which my friend furnished me with specimens; and I have seen a very handsome and large service of plate, belonging to a gentleman in England, which was wholly fabricated from the ore dug in this district, on his own estate.

In the evening my friend invited us to attend a meeting of the Jumpers; but as they had, it seems, performed their orgies in a village at some distance the same afternoon, to our great disappointment, they did not exhibit. One of the teachers, however, was employed in catechising the children, where their parents attended. The former were seated round benches, in a wretched hovel, the doors and windows of which were open. At the entrance stood several persons of both sexes and of all ages, busily engaged in conversation; but as they talked only Welsh, it was impossible for me to gain any new information. In order to observe its effect, I addressed Mrs. ——— in the Greek epigram, παντα γελως, &c.; when a lively boy about fourteen, who was listening, turned to an elderly woman with marks of astonishment, and seemed to think the language I spoke was more uncouth than I considered his to be.

From this place we proceeded to the mall on the castle hill, which was pretty full of company; and as the evening was fine, we moved round in the circle till ten o'clock, when all, as by mutual consent, retired to their respective homes. The most beautiful woman that we had seen in Wales, was walking in the groupe: she was a native of this place, and came under the description of a widow bewitched.

FROM ABERYSTWITH TO THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE AND HAFOD, AND BACK TO THE HAFOD ARMS.

July 15. CALLED up by my friend whom I had met yesterday, at an early hour, in order that we might spend a little more time together, before we parted to meet perhaps no more. I walked with him to the bathing-machines, which are at no great distance from the two principal inns * of the place; and in their vicinity indeed the greatest part of the new houses in Aberystwith have been built, or are now building. The machines are of the usual form; constructed of wood, topped in a pavilion shape, and running on four wheels. Three or four are allotted in one quarter to the ladies; and as many in another to the gentlemen.

* Aberystwith is governed by a mayor. Its burgesses, together with those of Cardigan, return one Member to the Imperial Parliament.

Falls of the Rhydol and Monach, at the Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire.

quarter to the ladies, and as many in another to the gentlemen. Nothing can be more favourable than this spot for bathing, and as the tide is little mixed with fresh water, it must of necessity be strongly impregnated with saline particles. After all that can be said, however, in favour of fresh or salt water immersion, it is probable that a few dips to clean the skin would be sufficient for every purpose of health; and that the other good effects supposed to result from this practice, must be ascribed to change of scene and air, which are often more salutary than all the aids of medicine. I intended to have bathed myself this morning, but the air was cold, and being somewhat indisposed from incessant fatigue, I thought it safest to desist.

In this morning's ramble we met several children with the small-pox on them, neither shunning the crowd, nor being shunned by them. It is a pity that this dangerous confidence is so far indulged: many lives are annually lost by it. But the greatest plague on the coast is smuggling, and more victims of both sexes fall by drinking spirituous liquors than by natural diseases. Where good brandy can be purchased for 2s. per bottle, it is not easy for the poor, the profligate, and the wretched to resist the temptation which lures them to destruction.

Several circumstances conspired to delay us in Aberystwith till after breakfast; and it was 10 o'clock before we were ready to start. At last bidding adieu to my intelligent friend,

> Who fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
> Gives to St. David one true Briton more,

we crossed the bridge over the Rhaidol by which we had entered Aberystwith, and retracing our steps for more than a mile, took the road which leads to one of the greatest wonders in Wales—the falls of the Rhaidol and the Monach.

In our way, met several women, barefooted, going to Aberystwith market. This economical practice is very prevalent. The ascent was long, but it afforded a very favourable view of the vale of the Rhaidol; and from two or three points, we could look down from the ridge along which the road runs, at once on the Rhaidol and Ystwith. We skirted the hills, however, that bounded the former, observing all the windings of the vale, and the different figures it assumed as the bases of the hills projected or retired. In general it is sufficiently fertile; and even the sides of the hills are enclosed and cultivated a great way up. Oats, barley, potatoes, and a little wheat, were the crops that fell under our notice. The soil is ill adapted for any other kind of grain or roots; and few attempts appear to be made for its melioration. An agricultural society indeed is established in

Cardiganshire, under the active patronage of the principal gentlemen of landed property; and the premiums they offer are extremely well adapted to the country; but there is a visible want of energy among the Welch farmers, and they are too much wedded to old habits to contemplate any new schemes with satisfaction. Ignorance will ever despise what it does not understand. All the patriotic exertions of Mr. Johnes, the lord-lieutenant of the county, have little effect on his wealthy neighbours; but he perseveres, and his example will not be wholly lost.

As we advanced, in the foreground and on the left were waves of hills, rising one above another to the bases of Plinlimmon, which exhibit unvarying sterility, and are used only as sheep-walks. Took the new road, which is more picturesque than the old, as it keeps in sight of the Rhaidol; but being formed of broken slates, the substratum of numerous hills in this track, it will be very unpleasant till they are better pulverized. The slates, which separate without labour, and may be procured without difficulty, in some places lie edgeways and vertical, in others with an inclination to the east, and sometimes to the west. If it were possible to remove one of these schistus hills to the vicinity of London, its fee-simple would be worth more than the whole county of Cardigan.

Admired the beauty of the sheep and lambs on this alpine track; they were the only living objects before us: but we were astonished to see folds placed where it was impossible the dung of these valuable animals could be converted to any use. Whereas, had the folds been judiciously erected, and shifted from time to time, patches of arable might have been obtained, and the barren wastes gradually reclaimed. Where the art of folding is not understood, it is impossible to expect agricultural improvements.

Till we had passed the ninth mile-stone from Aberystwith, we had perceived no particularly striking features, no grand display of nature; but we now began to approach the Devil's bridge, when the vale of the Rhaidol began to contract, and the banks to become more woody and abrupt. At length, the road winding round the back of a craggy hill, brought us at once in view of the falls of the Rhaidol, which thundering through a deep chasm between two rocky hills, whose almost perpendicular sides are covered with oak coppice wood, works its noisy way to the bottom over stones of enormous magnitude, and there meeting the foamy current of the Monach, which falls from an enormous height, makes a sudden and determined bend to the right. Every circumstance that enters into the composition of this scene, is calculated to inspire fear and horror. Where the eye cannot fathom depths, and noise is heard without being able

to trace its cause, fancy is no longer under the controul of judgment, and it creates terrors of its own; at least this is the impression I felt on the first opening of this awful scene. My head grew giddy, and I was glad to turn my eyes from the spot, though I could not shut my ears against the appalling sounds. But as yet we had not seen half the wonders of this place. Alighting at the Hafod Arms, we descended a few yards towards the Devil's bridge, consisting of two arches, built the one over the other*, and springing from two perpendicular rocks, between which the Monach tumbles from one ledge of rocks to another in broken cascades, a perpendicular height of not less than 200 feet; while from the top of the bridge to the surface of the water on the north-east side, is a frightful distance of 114 feet more. From the bridge, however, impending trees of the most luxuriant foliage, forbid our seeing much of the water. It is only to be caught in glances as it bounds from one ledge of rocks to another; and uncertainty being thus added to the other attributes of the spot, constitutes a new source of sublimity.

Adventurous visitors descend an abrupt and dangerous precipice on the right of the bridge; but except a peep through the arch, there is little on this side to reward their toil and risques. While we were standing here, however, a young lady, the daughter of a senator, slid down between two gentlemen with more resolution than prudence; and on being dragged up in a similar manner, she fainted away, and was some time before she recovered.

We were satisfied with the experiment which we had seen made by others; and under the conduct of a little girl, we pursued a winding path through the woods on the left, and soon arrived at a ledge of rocks, from whence the greatest part of the falls may be viewed at once in all their grandeur; but as few can overcome the impression of fear which this station excites, or have the temerity to encounter difficulties and dangers without some more laudable object, the prudent pause at the spot where these begin, though in consequence they see the different cataracts less distinctly. Where security is wanting, it is impossible to be at ease; or rather where fear begins, pleasure must end. If the falls of the Monach and the Rhaidol are worth visiting, and if they continue to attract the notice of strangers, it would be politic as well as grateful to render them as safe and accessible as possible. A few posts and rails to fence against accidents, and a little labour to cut steps out of the precipitous rock, would

* The building of the first bridge is ascribed to the monks of Strata Florida, about the year 1087: the upper arch was added in 1753, at the expence of the county, in order to render the approach on both sides more level and secure.

enable parties to descend together, instead of this undertaking being left, as it is at present, to those who have most nerves and least brains. As for the natives, they never think of such an expedition, unless they are paid for it: they smile, and justly smile, at the risques we run to gratify a vacant curiosity.

Ascending again from the contemplation of this sublime scene, to which neither the pen nor the pencil can do adequate justice, we were next conducted by another winding path to the right of the former, admidst the thick shade of trees, to the falls of the Rhaidol. In our way, cross two rivulets, which fall from a great height in gentle cascades; and as they may be viewed in perfect security, they were at least more attractive than their neighbours of mighty fame, though still without a name, and hitherto without a recording pen. Descending by a circuitous route, the track becomes more precipitous, and the difficulties increase; but to those who possess sufficient resolution, it may be desirable when the river is low, to descend to the rocky bed of the Rhaidol, and to advance up to the brink of the immense and unfathomable bason, into which it devolves its tide, with a noise which at first stupifies and confounds. Rocks of vast magnitude lie scattered about in the channel, and nature looks again reduced to her original chaos.

On our return from this expedition, we met another party just arrived at the inn, who were waiting for our guide. Among the rest was a gentleman of Christ Church, Oxford, with whom I had some conversation on our mutual plan of tourification. In wild and distant countries, I have more than once observed, that travellers instantly become familiar. Where one must in general depend on the society he takes with him, every incidental rencountre with persons similarly circumstanced, is recorded among the *agrémens* of the day.

After taking some refreshment, and bespeaking beds for the night, we procured a ticket, which is granted at this house, to visit Hafod, the far-famed residence and the sole creation of Thomas Johnes, Esq. representative and lord-lieutenant of the county of Cardigan. It is distant about five miles from the Devil's bridge, and is only to be seen from twelve to two; but though it was already the latter hour, trusting to a letter of introduction, we flattered ourselves that we should be allowed an extension of the indulgence; and in the sequel we were not disappointed.

The commencement of the road towards Hafod from the Devil's bridge, is awfully grand. It runs by the precipice that bounds the Monach, just where it is hastening to a fall; and being destitute of a fence, which in this country seems disregarded even round the finest seats, the appearance is too dangerous to be contemplated with pleasure.

Ascending, as is usual in the principality, at the beginning of every stage, we wound round the base of a long hill, shagged with rocks, and destitute of cultivation, but affording the finest sheep-walks that we had yet beheld. The opposite hills were nearly of the same character, and were thickly dotted with the woolly race.

When about half way to Hafod, the road begins to decline, and the eye darts over a mountainous and waste country, where not a tree is to be seen, and scarcely a human habitation enlivens the prospect. At length some stone walls and young plantations of larches, which do not seem to answer so well as the public spirit and patriotic intention of the planter deserves, convince us, steril and dreary as the aspect of the surrounding scenery continues, that we are approaching Hafod. Passing a common gate, with an ordinary cottage lodge (for the transitions here are never so quick as to offend by sudden contrasts,) we descend towards the vale of the Ystwith; and by degrees a scene of sylvan beauty opens, which appears the effect of enchantment, and we are ready to doubt the evidence of our senses. Both sides of the mountain which bound the silvery Ystwith, are feathered down from top to bottom with plantations of luxuriant oaks, intermixed with birch and ash, whose diversity of tints increase the beauty of the picture.

As we advance, a forced crop of oats was seen on each side of the road; for the natural sterility of the soil prevails over all the arts of improvements, which taste, judgment, and expence can apply. Passing a second gate with a lodge, somewhat more ornamented than the first, we catch a view of the church, proudly seated on our right, amidst a number of fine trees; and soon entered a wood, whose over-reaching branches exclude the beams of the sun, and produce all the obscurity of sylvan beauty. Far below, rolls the Ystwith; and hills rise above to a giddy height. I could not help shuddering as I contemplated the unguarded steep on our left, and the danger which might arise from a sudden start of the horses; but we had not long to indulge such reflections, before the scene became more open, and the road making a bend to the right, soon brought us in sight of the mansion, when a burst of beauty almost unrivalled, astonished and delighted the eye.

Hafod is built in a chaste modern gothic style, and perfectly assimilates with the character of the country in which it is placed. It stands on a fine knoll on the right of the river, where the vale of the Ystwith expands to a moderate breadth. Above it, rises a steep and deeply wooded hill; and beyond the Ystwith, which here spreads into a broad sheet with a pebbly channel, rises another hill, majestic, sylvan, and elegant in its out-

line. The offices lie behind the house, and are wholly concealed by plantations. Viewed from the mansion, which is built of Portland stone, with turrets and painted windows, and is only two stories high, the valley seems to close at both ends, and aptly represents an *oasis* amidst a surrounding desert.

Delivering our letter of introduction, accompanied with a request, that Mr. Johnes would give himself no farther trouble than to accede his permission to see the interior of the house at an irregular hour, which he readily granted, we were ushered into the hall. This contains some antique statues and copies, as well as pictures. We then passed through the music-room, the drawing-room, dining-room, &c. each of which possesses its appropriate beauties, and is replete with works of art. To particularize every thing deserving notice in this splendid seat, would carry me beyond the limits prescribed. The ante-library is a singularly elegant apartment, with two beautiful windows of painted glass, from a Flemish convent. The library itself is one of the most superb octagonal rooms in the kingdom; and is filled with many choice and valuable books. From this is a communication with the conservatory, which is three hundred feet long, and replete with the most curious plants; but strangers, without a special permission, are not allowed to examine them, for reasons assigned us.

Mr. Johnes is not only a man of taste, but possesses also distinguished literary talents. His translation of Froissart's Chronicle at once reflects honour on his talents and munificence. The Hafod press may justly vie with the most celebrated in the kingdom. Miss Johnes, an only daughter, about twenty-one years of age, and heiress to these fair domains, is said likewise to possess a very cultivated mind, with great goodness of heart and sweetness of temper. We saw her in an open carriage as we approached the house, and breathed a wish for her felicity, which the character we had heard of her involuntarily prompted.

Leaving the house, over which we had been conducted with great civility by the house-keeper, a sensible woman, we passed over a lawn, where the mowers were at work, towards the gardens. These are pleasantly and advantageously situated on a level plain near the Ystwith, and contain every appendage for furnishing the dessert.

The road now conducted us to an elegant bridge, which spans the Ystwith; and we were about to enter the walks, which are carried through the woods, along the slopes of the hills, and open the most brilliant views, when looking at our watches, we were reminded, that we had not time to take the round of the plantations, much as we wished it; we therefore advanced only

a little way, and hastening to our carriage, returned by the same road we had come, to the Hafod Arms, at the Devil's bridge.

We were informed on the spot that colonel Johnes seldom is absent from Hafod more than six weeks in the year; but charming as his seat is, and endeared as it must be to him by being the work of his own hands, its solitude, and its distance from any practicable society, must be drawbacks, for which, in my estimation, nothing can compensate. The idea of destitution rushed so strongly on my mind, though surrounded by every thing that art and nature could produce, that I sighed to behold once more the busy haunts of men, the cheerful village, or the cultivated farm. The distance from Hafod to Aberystwith, the nearest town of any note, is not less than sixteen miles; yet dreary and difficult as the road is, we were told, that it was usual for a servant to go and return on horseback, in little more than four hours.

The evening being very fine, we walked out, and amused ourselves with throwing stones from the bridge into the chasm and cataract below, and listening to the hollow melancholy sound they produced as they happened to bound from ledge to ledge, or to plunge into the basons worn by the incessant action of the water. Nature was hushed in every other quarter; but the falls of the Rhandol and the Monach know no repose, nor can stillness ever visit their confines. Even at this season, their roaring was stunning to the ear; and what dreadful uproar must they produce, when swelled by wintery torrents, and the impetuous tide is struggling within its rocky barriers! Than such a scene, nothing can be more solemn: I can fancy all its power!

FROM THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE TO LANIDLOES.

July 16. BEFORE breakfast I employed myself in transcribing my notes of yesterday, which the rapidity of the objects that fell under my notice had prevented me from doing. While thus engaged, the two other gentlemen of the party descended to the falls of the Rhaidol, opposite the window where I sat, and began angling for trout, in one of the most awful situations that ever was witnessed by man. I could see them standing on the rocks in the bed of the river, reduced to the size of pigmies, and their fishing-rods to little more than straws. Such were the effects of distance and position! One of them, who is the least inclined to be nervous of almost any man I know, assured me, that on approaching the immense and nearly unfathomable bason into which the Rhaidol falls, and throwing in his line, the blackness of the water, the noise and other circumstances of the place, so overcame him, that he began to grow giddy, and was glad to return.

From the bow window of the principal room at the Hafod Arms the scene is inexpressibly grand. All the principal features of the junction of the Rhaidol and Monach may be seen at one view, and the cataracts of the former are full in front. To those who love the roaring and dashing of water, and the rude sublimities of nature, there cannot be a retreat more inviting than this. Finding an *album** in the room, in which several visitors had recorded their sentiments and feelings, I was induced to add mine in the following hasty lines.

With mingl'd fear and solemn awe impress,
The Pont ar Fynach struck my anxious breast.
No scenes are these to sooth the troubl'd mind—
No charms in solitude my soul can find:
To softer views I turn with wearied eye—
For peopl'd tracks I heave the heart-felt sigh.
The majesty of rocks, the torrent's roar,
A moment please or agitate—no more;
But milder nature, deck'd by tasteful art,
For ever holds her empire o'er the heart.

Once in twenty years, the coppice wood, which adds so much to the beauty of this spot, is cut for charcoal and other purposes; but how this can be done amidst such precipices is appalling to conceive!

In company with Mrs. —— I was induced by the representations of the landlord and his offered guidance, to attempt a descent to the falls of the Monach by a route little used and not much known, winding behind the Hafod Arms. This is more circuitous and perhaps is less difficult, but the gratification we received was not equal to the fatigue we underwent, in wading through mire and dirt nearly as far as Llyn Vat's cave, as it is called; a traditional personage, who is said to have followed the vocation of a robber, and to have lodged here in a place almost inaccessible, and certainly uninhabitable in its present state. Whatever his crimes might have been, he did daily penance for them, if he sought for shelter here.

Just as I got to the inn from this expedition, which I would not advise any person to repeat, I was honoured with a call from colonel Johnes of Hafod, who politely and hospitably invited me to spend a day or two with him. I had to lament that it was not in my power to accept his obliging invitation on this occasion. We had made a resolution before we started, to decline all visits to friends, except such as might be wholly incidental, and not likely to interrupt our progress.

* I have since been informed by a friend that the *album* at the Devil's bridge was stolen, to the great regret of the landlord.

At the Hafod Arms, is an orphan girl of about twelve years of age, who acts as guide to the Rhaidol and the Monach. "She was left destitute six years ago," said the landlady, "and when we came here we found her in the house, and she has remained with us ever since. She has a head like a little goat." And well might this be said, for she clambers over precipices with the indifference of a mountain goat; while her modest diffidence, and her unprotected situation, entitle her to the humanity and attention of every person who invites her services.

I pointed out to the landlord the benefit which would result to the public and to himself, if he could contrive to render the descents to the falls of the Rhaidol and the Monach more easy and secure, by posts and rails in some places, and by cutting steps out of the rock in others. He thanked me for the hint; and promised that he would exert himself to get this plan carried into execution. For the sake of all parties, I wish he may succeed: he is a very obliging man, and his house is as comfortable as can reasonably be expected in such a situation.

Desirous of seeing as much of the country as possible, instead of returning by Aberystwith, the nearest way into North Wales, we took the more circuitous route by Llanidloes, distant from the Hafod Arms about twenty miles.

Crossing the Devil's bridge, for some time we followed the course of the Rhaidol, which was working its turbulent way on our left, through deep chasms in the rocks. Passed through the village of Yspyttyr Enwyn, in the cemetery of which we noticed some ancient pillars; and winding round the naked bases of Plinlimmon by a road formed with much judgment and expence, in one place, we crossed a part of that mountain, and met the carriage on the other side. We had once thought of ascending the summit of Plinlimmon, but were dissuaded by a gentleman who had often made the experiment, and who assured us, that there was nothing very interesting to be seen, even if the clouds and mists should happen to allow a view, which is always doubtful. The whole scenery is described as being inexpressibly wild; and on account of the bogs and the danger of being lost, it is never safe to attempt the ascent without a guide. Yet naked and uninviting as Plinlimmon appears, it has stronger claims to regard than any other mountain in Wales. It gives rise to no less than five rivers, whence its appellation, and three of these are of no small consequence; the Rhaidol, the Wye, and the Severn. The two last rise at no great distance from each other, but pursuing different courses, soon acquire a different character.

As we proceed, hills rise beyond hills in endless succession, from which devolve many wintery torrents, some of which are

not yet dry; and except that at the beginning of this stage, we saw some patches of oats, for many miles successively, neither the signs of cultivation, nor even a solitary cottage, cheered the dreary landscape. The whole track round Plinlimmon seemed doomed to unalterable sterility; and even the sheep that pick their scanty food in this district, are more diminutive than any we had yet seen. Yet their flesh is reckoned the sweetest and best of any in Wales, a country proverbially famous for its excellent mutton.

About the end of the sixth mile from the Hafod Arms, we entered Montgomeryshire, separated from Cardigan by a small brook; and following the course of the Wye, which rises on this side of Plinlimmon, and in the course of a few miles is swelled by tributary streams to a respectable river, we proceed amidst a continuation of the same alpine scenery to Llangerrig, where the vale of the Wye begins to expand; and delighted the eye with returning verdure, though but partial, and with human habitations, wretched as they are.

In travelling about fifteen miles, we did not meet with a single house where refreshments of any kind could be obtained. Just before we reached Llangerrig, we attempted to procure a little water for our exhausted horses from a farm-house near the road; and though the inhabitants, as we conjectured from the extent of the premises, were in a superior situation to many of their neighbours, it shocked us to observe their miserable state of living and accommodation. The water from which they had the kindness to fill a bucket with a ladle, ran from the hills into the dwelling-house, and was received into a hole in the floor of mud, from whence there was a channel to convey it out of the dwelling. The apartments were few in number, gloomy, dirty, and almost destitute of furniture. It was with difficulty we could make any of the family, which consisted only of women, understand what we wanted. At last an old woman, probably the mistress of the house, who alone at first made her appearance, or seemed willing to be seen, comprehended our signs, and set about answering them. But though the young women avoided us, no sooner did they perceive that we were mounted, and driving on, than they sallied out, and peeped at us over the walls and through a broken hedge, as if the sight of a carriage passing this way had been a wonder; and indeed we have reason to believe that this is a curiosity at least, and to be seen only during a short space in summer.

They all seemed to be employed in spinning, and in dying, as we heard the wheels going briskly in an inner room, and saw some blue yarn still dripping wet from the vat, hanging up against the eaves of the house to dry.

While we made a short halt at Llangerrig, the church invited our examination. Its tower is ancient, and its font, of which we took a drawing, is remarkable for its tracery and its elegance. The floor was strewed with loose earth, and as shutters were put up as a protection for the windows (a common practice in Wales,) a kind of darkness visible pervaded this sacred edifice. The *tout-ensemble* was a mixture of meanness and negligence; yet this is the mother church to seven others, and the parish extends about ten miles each way.

In the cemetery we observed several recent graves stuck full of box, and others of older date with small stones in mosaic work, representing a coffin, with head and tail upright stones. Both the prayer-book and the bible were in Welsh, in which language alone the service was performed. As the English, however, is yearly making a greater progress in Wales, and as it would tend much to the improvement of the county and the interest of the people, to lose their native tongue, it surely would be proper to have prayers occasionally in English, and to circulate religious tracts among the common people in that language. But on this subject, I have delivered my opinion before, and I know that I am treading on dangerous ground.

In this vicinity, noticed some curious plants of the vetch kind, and by the road-side, the viola tricolor and lutea, and other pansies in all the variety of blended tints and in the greatest profusion.

After leaving Llangerrig, the soil began to improve, and we were delighted to behold native woods of oak and birch, fine fields of oats, rye, and barley. Indeed many charming spots presented themselves in the vale leading to Llanidloes, which contrasted with the environs of Plinlimmon, appeared like so many gardens of Eden. Long pieces of flannel stretched on the racks, convinced us that we were now travelling through a country where that manufacture, one of the greatest in Wales, is extensively pursued. Many hands are employed, particularly females, in producing this useful kind of cloth, which not only serves the natives for their entire dress, but is exported in considerable quantities to England and other countries.

Llanidloes, standing in a pretty fertile vale, is rather a neat Welsh town, having its four principal streets crossing each other at right angles. It is surrounded on three sides by the Severn, which rising about ten miles higher up from a small lake in Plinlimmon, has already acquired some magnitude, and produces trout, and at some seasons, salmon.

The church is a new edifice, and possesses some elegance; but the market-house, an ugly old wooden pile, standing in the centre of the town, is a disgrace to the place, and disfigures the symmetry of its plan. The old houses in general are constructed

of wood frames filled up with mortar; but the new ones are of brick, in the modern taste. The streets are filthy to an extreme degree; but it would be singular to find a house in Wales without dung-heaps before the door Whether they believe in the old proverb, "that where there is muck there is money," I know not, but certain I am, that they act as if they did.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when we entered Llanidloes, which we found in the bustle of preparation on account of a large fair that was to be held there next day, and were glad to be able to secure accommodations for the night. While our dinner, or rather supper, was getting ready at the New Inn, we perambulated the town; and after enjoying a comfortable repast, being weary with the fatigues of the day, we early retired to rest, having previously agreed to start very early next morning. Indeed, we had no occasion to be called, as the noise of Welshmen over their cups of ale, the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep, which were continually entering the town, kept us more awake than we could have wished, and made us leave our beds with less reluctance than we should otherwise have done.

FROM LLANIDLOES TO MACHYNLLETH AND MALLWYD.

July 17. THIS morning we were in the carriage by five o'clock, in order that we might be able to take a stage of twenty miles to Machynlleth before breakfast. To get up early is no doubt salutary; but in the raw air of a hilly country, to attempt so much, without any refreshment, is by no means advisable. I felt the ill effects of the practice myself, and I wish to caution others.

Owing to the number of ascents and the execrable badness of the roads, we were obliged to have an additional pair of horses for the first twelve miles. The post-boy assured us, that carriages did not pass six times this way, in the course of a whole summer; and though it must be allowed, that nature has been extremely unfavourable, it is scandalous to exact tolls on a road scarcely passable, and where little regard is paid to the safety of the passenger. We observed the track of a wheel so very near the edge of a perpendicular precipice of giddy depth, that I now shudder at the recollection; and had it not been for the native politeness of a Welshman, who was driving his cart before us in a similar situation, in voluntarily turning aside, and exposing himself to the possibility of danger, that we might escape it, we should have been under the necessity of remaining behind him for not less than half a mile, or have run the risque of

being dashed to pieces, by tumbling at least fifty feet into a rocky stream below. It is with pleasure I record this incident, as it does credit to Cambrian civility. If the natives, however, who are habituated to dangers, do not see and feel the same cause for alarm as Englishmen do, the trustees of public roads are not less bound to provide against what is probable, though it may be of rare occurrence. I trust, therefore, that such of them as may happen to read this, will listen to the earnest representations of a man who admires their country and their character, and who is well convinced they would find it for the interest of the community to which they belong, to remove every impediment to safe and agreeable travelling in these romantic regions.

When we commenced our journey, the fogs were so heavy, that we could catch only near views of the country through which we were passing. Crossing the Severn, a giant even in its infancy, we began to ascend between hedge-rows of birch and hazel, and fields waving with wheat, oats, and rye. In the country through which we had lately passed, wheat had been rare, and we regarded its appearance as a sufficient evidence of the fertility of the environs of Llanidloes.

The hills which we now gained began to be covered with fern, and only allowed patches of oats in the hollows, and on the lower slopes. The substratum of slate which had prevailed so long, began to change to a slaty gravel, excellently adapted for making or repairing roads, but much less applied to this useful purpose than it ought.

By the time that we reached the seventh mile-stone, the fogs began to disperse, or to envelope only the heads of the loftiest mountains; and we looked over an alpine track of sheep-downs, intermingled with morasses, from whence peat and turf are dug for fuel. On gaining the summit of one of the different eminences, which lay on the road, and rendered our progress extremely slow, we beheld on the left a pretty extensive lake, with finely indented shores, but destitute of foliage, and surrounded in the distance by rugged mountainous scenery, the abode of grouse and black game. This lake gives rise to the Bachwy river, which falls into the Severn.

Before we reached the twelfth mile-stone on this unfrequented road, we had gained the greatest height in the stage, and enjoyed a striking view of rugged hills, abrupt and precipitous, and towering one behind another. At this point, we must have stood many hundred feet above the level of Llanidloes. Our progress, owing to a succession of hills, had not exceeded three miles an hour.

About the fifteenth mile-stone, with sudden descents in the

interval, and by a road carried along the very edge of a precipice, we arrived at land susceptible of full cultivation, and producing barley. Oats and rye had been seen higher up.

At a small pot-house within five miles of Machynlleth, and the only one in this long and dreary stage, we endeavoured to obtain a little hay and water for our horses. Not a word of English could any person in the family speak, and *dim Saesonig* was the only answer we could obtain to our various enquiries. Their looks, however, indicated civility and a readiness to oblige. When we pointed to the well and to the horses, they understood our meaning, and brought us a wide brass pan, full of water, out of which unusual vessel the horses drank, though not without indications of fear from the sound it made against their bits. Hay, however, was not to be found on the premises, and we were obliged to proceed without any refreshments for ourselves, as we could not drink *cwrw* in the morning.

The only amusement we had in this dull track, was in meeting groupes of Welshmen and women, riding, walking, or driving cattle to Llanidloes fair. In such a barren and apparently uninhabited country, it was astonishing to see such numbers pouring down from the mountains. They looked as if they had dropt from the clouds, for scarcely a single farm was to be seen from the road. The costume was evidently changed from what we had noticed in Caermarthen and Cardigan-shires, and was much less picturesque. Long blue cloaks were now universal, instead of the *wittle*; but the black beaver hat, and the striped flannel petticoat, prevail over the whole principality. The head was less muffled up, and the red silk handkerchief began to disappear among the females. Blue was the general colour worn by both sexes, even down to the stockings; and this predilection in favour of blue may be said to belong to all the Welsh counties.

Children are dressed in a striped flannel gown or frock, with sleeves, sitting close to the waist and pinned before. A beautiful little girl of about twelve years of age, dressed in this costume, walked bare-footed for upwards of half a mile, in order to open a gate for us on a wild common near a few houses; and though she received with pleasure the little gratuity we made her, she did not put herself into an asking attitude, nor sink the native dignity of her race. She had the finest eyes and the most interesting face that could be conceived, and her whole form was shaped by the hands of the graces. The flannel frock was evidently the whole of her dress, and it shewed her shape to great advantage. It reminded us, that beauty when unadorned attracts the most.

About four miles from Machynlleth we entered a pleasing vale, watered by a brook which falls into the Dyfi; and by a

good and level road proceed, amidst woods, corn-fields, and farms, to that neat and delightfully situated town. It stands on the river Dyfi, in a vale hemmed in by rocky hills in the distance, which are partly covered with verdure, and contains some respectable looking houses, and some genteel inhabitants. This was a Roman station; and in the vicinity are the remains of one of the forts, and some of the private edifices of that nation. Some coins of Augustus and Tiberius have been found near the site of the fort. An old building was pointed out in which Owen Glendower assembled the nobility and gentry of Wales in 1402, and narrowly escaped assassination from Sir David Gam, who attended on the occasion. Here Glendower exercised his first acts of royalty, and was acknowledged as a prince. The senate-house, however, is now converted into a stable and a butcher's shop, and except a spacious door way, bears no traces of its former honourable destination.

We put up at the Unicorn inn, near the centre of the town, and found it comfortable and cheap. Here we breakfasted or rather lunched, as it was eleven o'clock when we entered the place; and having tasted nothing, though we had been travelling from five in the morning, we were quite exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

After some rest and refreshment, we made a perambulation of the town, in which the flannel manufacture is extensively carried on; and about three o'clock took our departure from Machynlleth, proceeding along the road to the right of the Dyfi, which sometimes receding and sometimes advancing, accompanied us to Mallwyd, distant about twelve miles.

This is one of the most pleasant and easy stages which we had found in Wales, and the fineness of the evening threw a lustre over objects, which under any circumstances must be viewed with delight. For several miles we travelled between hedge-rows, with the Dyfi meandering below us on the left amidst fertile meadows, while corn and grass-fields every where surrounded us, and even the hills were rounded, verdant, and beautiful, though not strikingly picturesque. In a word, the vale of the Dyfi waves with corn and smiles in cultivation; and no contrast could be stronger than between this stage and the preceding. Oats and rye, however, are the prevailing crops: there is but little wheat or barley.

Whether we look backwards or forwards, as we approach the sixth mile-stone the scenery is enchanting, and we paused to contemplate it. Here the side screens present either verdant woods or downy hills, while the vista of the vale unites a great variety of charming features. A little farther, we catch a view of one of the peaks of Cader Idris, over a break of the intervening

mountains. The vale now begins to contract; and as we came in sight of the village of Mallwyd, the mountains seem to close round in such a manner, as to forbid our farther progress, or at least to leave it uncertain through which pass the road may take its direction.

Several gentlemen's seats adorn this fine vale, among the rest that of Sir John Dashwood King, Bart. at Aberhiriath, a situation even superior to his fine residence at West-Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire.

Arrive at Mallwyd, whose church has a boarded tower, bearing the date of 1640, in which are cut some suitable inscriptions, such as SOLI DEO SACRUM, through the wood of which it is built, with longer or shorter slits or perforations, as the shape of the letters require, and of sufficient magnitude to be legible in passing.

Driving up to the inn, the sign of which is the Cross Foxes, (this is the Watkin arms) we had the satisfaction to learn, that we could be accommodated with lodgings, which, had we arrived a little later, would have been difficult, if not impossible, and we should have found it very unpleasant to proceed farther, particularly as no proper accommodations could have been found nearer than Dolgellau. Here several roads intersect each other, which shews the propriety, and even the necessity, of a house of accommodation on the spot.

After dinner, two of the party amused themselves with angling in the Dyfi, in which they met with but indifferent success; while Mrs. —— and myself walked round the village, which is charmingly situated, and entering the church-yard, I took a near inspection of a famous old yew-tree, which had arrested my attention in passing to the inn. The trunk is very short, though of great thickness, and is surrounded with a stone seat for the village sages to rest on. A little above this seat, ten principal branches proceed from the same stock, and spreading in a circular direction, occupy a diameter of twenty-four paces in their utmost expansion, making a circumference of little less than two hundred and twenty feet. This amazing tree, which is still flourishing in all its parts, rises to a very great height, and is unquestionably the finest I ever saw. That at Aldworth in Berkshire, though its trunk is about nine yards in compass, is by no means comparable to this, except that it may be in superior antiquity.

We were waited on by one of the daughters of the widowed landlady of the inn, a young girl of about seventeen, who, without being beautiful, was extremely interesting and agreeable, on account of the innocence and simplicity of her manner, and the

traits of intellect which she possessed. On asking her in a jocular way if she had ever been at the top of Cader Idris, or if any people of the country ever thought of such an expedition, she answered in the negative. "Do you not laugh at us," said I, "for coming so far to look at mountains, cataracts, and rocks, which you would be glad to get rid off?" "No," replied she, without hesitation, "we are very glad to see you." This sensible answer gave me a favourable opinion of her understanding, and in a desultory conversation with her, she confirmed our prepossession. On enquiring if she was most partial to the Welsh or the English languages (for she spoke the latter with great correctness,) she declared, that she preferred English, because there were few books in Welsh worth reading. In this too she was right; and did I know how to send her some books fit for her use, I should feel a sincere pleasure in shewing her this proof of my remembrance. She is one of those few whom in my journey of life I have found qualified to please as soon as known. Her mind is superior to her situation, yet she evinced no symptoms of discontent. May Providence watch over her, and make her as happy as she appears to be amiable!

FROM MALLWYD TO DOLGELLAU.

July 18. IT was seven o'clock before we were ready to depart from Mallwyd. The morning was brilliant, and we resolved to reach Dolgellau before breakfast. Passed a steep bridge over the Dyfi, with parapets scarcely a foot high, which can be no security. After proceeding about half a mile farther, with a fine terrace view of the river, we crossed it a second time by an excellent stone bridge, and then winding round the bases of the mountains which towered on our left, came to the romantic but miserable little town of Dinas Mawddwy, situated at the entrance of the narrow pass which leads to Dolgellau. Through this town, which contains nothing better than an ale-house, lies the nearest road from Machynlleth to Bala, which runs on the left of the river, whereas we had travelled along that on the right. Here, and indeed in other parts of Wales, we observed the roofs of the houses beautifully sprinkled with stone-crop, whose yellow blossoms, at this time in the highest perfection, rendered the most homely cots agreeable to the eye. The church of Dinas Mawddwy is a handsome structure, and the town itself was formerly of more consequence than at present.

Turning short to the left up the pass, between winding and craggy mountains of all shapes and hues, in the sides of which are deep ravines, the beds of torrents, not yet wholly dry, while springs descend from every lateral opening, and uniting form a

brawling brook, we proceed along a road where a few cultivated spots in the bottom of the vale, finely contrast with the unvarying sterility that reigns above, where sheep, picking their scanty fare on the highest ridges, appear only like white spots.

Beginning to ascend, the pass still becomes more contracted, and naked rocks above environ us. The ascent, which is gradual, continues for more than a mile; and on gaining its summit, the eye darts over a succession of mountains, vast and of undefinable shape.

We now sunk to a lower level, though the road is still very elevated, and at length Cader Idris, which had been concealed by intervening masses, opens on our left. It towers sublime among the subject mountains, that seem to retire, in order to allow its base more room to stand, and to display their sovereign to more effect. Yet I must confess that I expected to see something still more grand; and lofty as it is, I looked for an object of superior majesty. It stands on a broad rocky base with a gradual ascent to its brow; when the peaks lift themselves to appearance at once, abrupt, picturesque, and distinct. Professing myself an admirer of beauty rather than sublimity—of the rounded and verdant hill, rather than the shapeless and towering mountain, I contemplated Cader Idris more as an object of curiosity than of pleasure; and as the day was very hot, determined to abandon the design I had once formed of ascending to its summit, whatever the rest of the party might do. I have ever been of opinion, that difficulty is not to be encountered for the pleasure of overcoming it, except when duty or honour command. The task is not worth performing, that is productive of no advantage to ourselves or others.

Amidst the continuous rocks which scarcely allow a rood of unmixed verdure, the road now descends towards Dolgellau, which opened on the view about a mile off, in the vale at the foot of Cader Idris. This town, whose rugged style of architecture excellently assimilates with the character of the surrounding country, is washed by the rivers Aran and Mawddach, which uniting falls into the sea at Barmouth. It contains few good houses, though it is the place where the summer assizes for the county is held: the streets are irregular, and it has little to recommend it, except the beauty of the wide and fertile vale in which it stands. Though it is the grand thoroughfare on this side to the regular parts of North Wales, it has only one inn, the Golden Lion, and that is not only indifferent in its accommodations, but conducted with apparent negligence and want of civility. Instead of being received as welcome guests, we seemed to be treated like intruders; but this is too common in Wales, though here we felt the justice of the remark with peculiar force. When we set out on our tour, we made up our minds to every necessary privation in regard

to comforts we had been accustomed to; but we expected civility and attention would compensate for them, and even in this expectation we were sometimes disappointed.

The church is the only building in Dolgellau that deserves notice; it is a modern and not inelegant pile, erected in the Grecian rather than the Gothic stile, though perhaps it would puzzle an architect to say what style predominated. We visited it under the guidance of the parish clerk, a man not destitute of intelligence and information. It is of great breadth in comparison to its length; and the side aisles are supported by four wooden pillars on the right, and as many on the left; the roof is covered with boards, the sound from which essentially assists the voice of the speaker; and the seats, which are plain benches with rails and upright backs, being perfectly uniform, give the whole a neat and decent appearance. Here all sit on an equality; and in the presence of God it is right and proper that human distinctions for the moment should cease. The only antique monument that Dolgellau boasts of, is that of an armed knight, with a dog at his feet, with an inscription on his shield—*Hic jacet Mauric, filius Ynyr Vychan.*

I had much conversation with the parish clerk, and from him and others I collected the following information. Farms in this vicinity are very small, running from 20l. to 50l. per annum, some lower: few leases are granted, and little grain of any kind is produced here. Oats, rye, and some barley are the only corn crops: grass likewise is scarce, and hay is either housed, or placed under thatched roofs, supported by four strong posts. The gusts of wind from the mountains would lift and disperse a common Welsh hay-rick, if it were not thus secured. Potatoes are raised in some abundance; but both here and in other parts of Wales, I observed a most culpable inattention to horticulture in general. Even where the poor might have had gardens, or where they actually do enjoy this advantage, they wholly overlook it, through indolence or ignorance; and in the little enclosures round their cottages, we see nothing beyond a few potatoes, and often nothing but weeds; even the proverbial national leek is a rare plant. As for cabbages, carrots, turnips, &c. and all the little vegetable luxuries of labourers in other countries, they must be purchased, or done without. Where land is cheap, and where small spots might with industry be reclaimed, however poor the soil, it is astonishing that rewards and encouragements are not more frequently held out to the lower classes, in order to induce them to raise wholesome and necessary vegetables for their own use. It is equally delightful to the eye and to the heart, to behold cottage comforts; and if these pages should ever be read by the friends and patrons of Welsh agricultural societies, I hope

they will think with me, that they could not dispose of small premiums better than in encouraging the enclosure and cultivation of gardens. There is indeed an agricultural society in Merionethshire; but I believe its premiums are chiefly confined to other objects; though it is properly declared in the rules of the society, "that whatsoever may have a tendency to promote the general prosperity and improvement of the county of Merioneth, its agriculture and manufacture, shall be deemed worthy objects of attention:" and surely the melioration of the state of the poor, is the first object that ought to engage the regard of the judicious and the humane. The following beautiful picture is seldom realized:

——————At eve new labours prest,
For then their little garden grounds were drest;
Scanty and narrow slips of earth 'tis true,
Yet there their comforts, there their treasures grew:
The white rose and the red, and pink so sweet,
Herbs for each day, and fruit for sabbath treat:
The currant bush, and gooseberry so fine,
Affording summer fruit and winter wine;
The cooling apple too, and juicy pear,
And pea for beauty, and for use, were there;
And formal box, and bloomy thrift were seen,
Bord'ring the flower-bed, and the path-way green;
And elder flowers, to make fair maids more fair;
The glossy berry still the matron's care,
In dark drear nights to give, when spirits fail,
A cheerful drop to thaw the gossip's tale.

PRATT.

But with the same author I cannot refrain from exclaiming,

O give the heirs of poverty their cots,
Attach them fondly to their native spots;
Amidst their thorny paths entwine a flower,—
Their's soft submission, thine attemper'd power;
Force them no more like banish'd men to roam,
But give to each that balm of life, a home!
A home though rocking in the mountain's brow,
Or plac'd obscure in woodland vale below.

The poor's rates run very high in this part of Wales, particularly in towns; and they certainly would be infinitely more oppressive, were not the occupation of lands so much subdivided, or were the prevailing custom of throwing several small into one large farm suddenly to take place. Rye and barley are chiefly used for bread. Fish, which is excellent and cheap, delicate mountain mutton, well-flavoured bacon, and poultry, are to be found at most of the inns; but a piece of beef is a rarity. The

sheep, and young horned cattle especially, are sold in great numbers to drovers; from breeding these the rents are chiefly paid.

Flannel is the common manufacture, and a considerable number of hands are employed in this branch in and about Dolgellau, which contains nearly three thousand inhabitants. We found that the usual prejudices against machinery prevailed here in all their inveteracy. Those who have weak eyes are always pained to behold the light!

I regretted to learn that the use of oxen for draught and other purposes began to decline in Merionethshire, and that horses increased: this will tend to make and keep the country still more poor. Sir Robert Vaughan, M. P. for the county, a very respectable gentleman, who resides at the very beautiful seat called Nannau hall in this vicinity, is the great patron and pattern of agriculture; but a few solitary examples cannot influence a whole district.

Called on Mr. Williams, the bookseller, stationer, and printer of the place, and purchased a Welsh grammar and vocabulary: he was pleased to find that I could pronounce some of the Welsh words better than the generality of strangers; and this compliment I had received from others. Except the *ll* there are few words but what an Englishman might easily master: that seems to bid defiance to all but native organs.

Some years ago, I was informed, not a person in Dolgellau could tell an English traveller the road he was to take; but now our language is commonly understood, and spoke by considerable numbers: divine service, however, is rarely performed in it; an omission that should be rectified wherever any tolerable number of the congregation understand it, in order to render its use still more general.

At Mr. Williams's I saw a pretty good collection of tours through Wales, but it seems the natives are not much pleased with any of them. Tourists who intend to publish, as was justly observed, pick up at random and set down at a venture all they hear; some are indolent, some inattentive, some credulous, and some write only to amuse. The Welsh do not like to have their peculiarities recorded, or to have reflections passed on their mode of acting or thinking; yet surely they ought to take in good part what is intended for their welfare, and learn to mend what may not have struck them as an impropriety or a disadvantage, till it was pointed out to them. I trust that my avowed object will justify my sincerity and plain-dealing: I wish not to please, but to profit.

Had an interview with the Cader Idris guide, one of the most original characters I ever met with. On his introduction he de-

livered the following hand-bill, of which he is not a little proud, a proof that vanity, like a gudgeon, will swallow any bait.

"*Lege, aspice Conductorem, et ride.*

"ROBERT EDWARDS,

"Second son of the celebrated tanner, William Edwards, ap Griffith, ap Morgan, ap David, ap Owen, ap Llewellyn, ap Cadwaladar; great, great, great grandson of an ILLEGITIMATE daughter of an illustrious hero (no less famed for his irresistible prowess, when mildly approaching under the velvet standards of the lovely VENUS, than when sternly advancing with the terrible banners of the bloody MARS,) SIR RICE ap THOMAS!!!* by Anne, alias Catherine, daughter of Howell, ap Jenkin, of Ynys-y-maengwyn; who was the thirteenth in descent from Cadwgan, a lineal descendant of Bleddyn, ap Cynfyn, PRINCE of POWYS. Since his NATIVITY full two and eighty times hath the sun rolled to his summer solstice†; fifty years was he HOST of the HEN and CHICKENS ale-house, Pen-y-bont, twenty of which he was apparitor to the late right reverend Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of Bangor, and his predecessors: by chance made a glover, by genius a fly-dresser and angler. Is now by the ALL DIVINE assistance CONDUCTOR to, and over the most tremendous mountain CADER IDRIS, to the stupendous cataracts of CAIN and MOWDDACH, and to the enchanting cascades of DOL-Y MELYNLLYN with all its beautiful romantic scenery; GUIDE-GENERAL, and MAGNIFICENT EXPOUNDER of all the natural and artificial curiosities of NORTH WALES; PROFESSOR of GRAND and BOMBASTIC lexicographical words; knight of the most anomalous, whimsical, (yet perhaps happy,) order of HAIR-BRAINED INEXPLICABLES."

He is a little slender man, about five feet four inches in height, and notwithstanding his very advanced age, hopped and skipped about the room with all the vivacity and agility of a school-boy. The manner in which he expresses himself is as droll as his appearance. He is rather too free in his use of the expletives of language, namely swearing; but I dare say the poor old creature only wishes to be laughed at, and to amuse his employers, which he never fails to do. He was dressed in a blue coat with yellow buttons, a pair of old boots, and a cocked hat and feather of enormous size. This last appendage or covering to his head, was assumed in consequence of his finding that we travelled in a carriage; for according to some regulations drawn up by a wag

* Vide Cambrian Register for 1795.

† He will be 82, March 1805.

of the place, the grand military cocked hat is only to be worn when he attends peers, bishops, members of parliament, and other distinguished personages. His whole air was military, though he had never been a soldier.

He procured us several little horses, that we might accompany him on a tour of the neighbouring curiosities, particularly to the falls of the Cain and the Mawddach; but not being able to collect a sufficient number for the whole party, I gave up my pretensions to one of them, and amused myself in near perambulations with Mrs. —— before dinner. Nothing, however, amused us so much as to to see the guide *en militaire*, with a long white rod in his hand, like another Merlin, setting out on a full canter from the door of the inn, on his Welsh poney, followed by my two friends, who could scarcely keep their seats for laughter, or indeed keep pace with him any part of the way, as they afterwards assured me. Had not the animals been very sure-footed under such a helter skelter conductor, and in such a country, a broken limb was the smallest evil that might reasonably be expected; but fortunately they arrived safe, and spoke highly of the entertainment which the guide had furnished them, by the quaintness of his observations, and the vivacity of his manner. Finding that the inhabitants of a farm-house where he had been used to procure some refreshments, were all gone to attend a mountain preacher, he consigned them to all the devils of Teneriffe; and could scarcely be restrained from forcing his way in at a window, to see if any cwrw or bread and cheese were *comeatable*.

While seated at dinner, a harper, named Reynolds, and the first we had met with, began playing some of his country airs at the door, and produced excellent music; we ordered him into the room, and were much pleased with his performance.

The day was so extremely, and indeed so oppressively hot, that we all agreed to abandon the thoughts of mounting to the summit of Cader Idris; but when the evening began to grow more cool, attended by the guide-general, we walked two or three miles along the Towyn road, to have a nearer view of that celebrated mountain. The point emphatically named *Cader*, appears to the eye below, little superior in height to the *saddle;* but the third point or apex, which has a name expressive of its sterility, is neither equal in height nor in beauty to the other two. Cader is computed to be two thousand eight hundred and fifty feet perpendicular height above Dolgellan, and is the commencement of a chain of primitive mountains, extending in a north-east direction. The primitive mountains are composed of siliceous porphyry, quartz, and felspar: they are encircled by inferior mountains, producing slate; beyond which, of still lower height, are limestone hills. This arrangement of nature seems to pre-

vail in mountainous countries: at least the same has been observed to be the case among the Alps.

The Prince of Wales is lord of the manor in the neighbourhood of Cader Idris. On its highest peak some artillery-men had lately been employed in raising a small temporary stone pillar, probably for the purpose of the trigonometrical survey which is carrying on through the kingdom.

Having ascended as far as the small lake called Llyn a Gader, it is usual for those who intend to reach the summit of Cader Idris, to quit the direct road. In this pleasant lake we saw a profusion of the Lobelia Dortmanna, and some other aquatic plants.

Passed two cottage females milking their cows at the very foot of the mountain, close by their paternal cottage. On making signs, they handed us a bason of milk, for which, when a pecuniary compliment was offered, though the milk was intended for sale at Dolgellau, our acknowledgment was at first declined with a sweetness of manner that would have been looked for in vain from the polish of fashion. Never shall I forget the blush, the smile, the diffident look which one of them displayed; they are written on my very heart. There is something peculiarly attractive in the modesty of the young Welsh-women, and the disinterestedness of the natives who live remote from places of public resort, is inexpressibly delightful. At inns, and in towns generally, their original character is obliterated; and they become selfish, venal, and unprincipled as in other places.

During this excursion, we were highly entertained with the conversation of our guide, who walked on with all the alertness of a boy. It seems he had once a large family of sons and daughters, but they were now reduced to two girls by a second marriage: several of his sons had served in his Majesty's navy, and two or three of them died in the West Indies. "I had no end of money," said the old man, "which was due to them; they killed themselves drinking new rum. D—n it," added he, "if I had had the same opportunities, I believe I should have done the same." If age has few enjoyments, its feelings are too obtunded to suffer much: he talked with as much indifference about the loss of his children, as he would of so many sheep.

His account of the jumpers in this neighbourhood was very free, and probably just. "They are a set of *fornicatoring* sons of b——s," said he. It seems they once attempted to exhibit their orgies in Dolgellau, but the great mass of the inhabitants being uninfected with fanaticism, some of the young fellows of the town began jumping and howling with them, particularly with the female devotees, and put them completely out of countenance.

If folly e'er can be abash'd,
It must be ridicul'd or lash'd.

Our guide talked much of *curosity-men*, as he pronounced it, meaning those who were hunting after wonders; and enumerated among his followers some of the first names in science and literature; among the rest, many years ago, Sir Joseph Banks, and the late Earl of Bristol. From the remarks which the latter made on the appearances which the summit of Cader Idris exhibited, it is evident that he considered some of the productions found there, of volcanic origin, though naturalists in general are of a contrary opinion. Lord Bristol, however, having examined with much attention mount Vesuvius, and being an excellent judge, and a discriminating observer of whatever fell under his notice, must be allowed to bear great weight in decisions of this kind: I have had more than one opportunity of admiring his sagacity, the universality of his knowledge, and the goodness of his heart; and am happy, now he is no more, to give this testimony in his favour. That he was eccentric, cannot be denied; but his taste, and love of virtue will long be acknowledged. Edwards, however, did not only talk of great men whom he had attended, he shewed us written testimonials in his favour from some living *curosity-men* of the highest reputation. He wished, likewise, to procure a certificate from us, and we handed him one, in just terms of commendation, but signed by the most ridiculous names that could be invented. This mark of our approbation made him quite happy, and we parted in perfect good humour, and bade him what we considered as a last adieu.

FROM DOLGELLAU TO BEDDGELERT.

July 19. As our next stage was pretty long, we agreed to breakfast before we started, and no sooner were we up than we found the guide-general ready to pay his respects to us, and to see us again. He had brought a fine nosegay for Mrs. ———, which was accepted in the spirit it was offered. At parting he held out his hand to me with a "God bless you, I hope we shall meet once more." Poor old creature! his age, his figure, his vivacity, were all calculated to inspire interest, and the tear stood in my eye as I bade him farewell. May his evening of life be yet long and serene; and may the angel of peace smile on him at his departing hour!

Proceeding on our journey towards Caernarvon, where we purposed to spend the evening of Sunday, we crossed the Aran by a good bridge of seven arches, close to Dolgellau; and turning to the left, soon reached the village of Llanelltyd, amidst trees and corn fields, wherever the rocks would allow the hand of diligent cultivation room to apply. Nature indeed seems forced here into a kind of barren fertility; for except along the vales, there is

not a sufficiency of soil to produce corn, while manure is scarce, and rocks appear scattered over the surface of the ground for many miles together. Llanelltyd, however, is a pleasant situation, and may be considered as the port of Dolgellau, as the Mawddach here will bear vessels of considerable burden.

It should be observed once for all, that in Wales every vale, every dingle, has its brook or its river, and that those streams which have run farthest, do not always give name to the river which falls into the sea. Hence, and from the winding direction of the hills, strangers are often at a loss, without consulting an accurate map, to know what river they are crossing or tracing.

Passing a modern bridge over the Mawddach at Llanelltyd, we took the road to the right, along the base of rocky hills, the river flowing below us; while the cliffs seemed to impend over our heads, and to threaten us with instant destruction. The character of this pass is peculiarly wild and terrific; and the effect is much increased by the river being tossed from one rocky barrier to another across the narrow vale, and sometimes touching the bottom of the unguarded precipice, through the slope of which the road is cut. Amidst these convulsions of nature, in a spot where several defiles in the hills meet, oaks of the greatest luxuriance and beauty cover the bottoms, and rise a considerable way up the sides of the hills. The scene was so unexpected, that it made a strong impression, and attracted more notice than it would otherwise have done. It looked like a consecrated grove of the Druids.

Soon after catch a view of Dolymelynlynn cottage, the property of Mr. Maddocks, but inhabited by Mr. Woodcock. It is partly situated amidst plantations or natural groves of oak, backed by rugged and almost perpendicular rocks; but its distance from any practicable neighbourhood must adapt it alone for those who are very happy in themselves, or for those who are disgusted with and wish to shun the world. A cottage in Wales for a winter residence is almost as appalling to the heart as a solitary cell in a prison! In summer, with agreeable society, it may do very well.

Quit the carriage after crossing a bridge, and ascend on the left by a convenient foot-path, cut through woods and rocks, in order to view the celebrated falls of Dolymelynlynn.

After proceeding some way, and catching a partial view of the cascade, we crossed an alpine bridge thrown over the stream from rock to rock; and pursuing the windings of a rugged path on the right, reach the very top of the rocks from which the river precipitates itself. Here, seated on a mass of stone, we looked down on the cascade, which being parted by an obstructing and projecting rock in the centre, falls in two distinct sheets; but

afterwards concentrating itself, tumbles into a deep and large bason, in one sheet of foam with stunning sound. Near the bottom of the fall, several pedestrian artists from the metropolis happened to have taken their station; and it is probable, from our position, that we assisted to enliven their drawings.

Here the *myrica gale* grows in such abundance, that the air at this season was perfumed by its scent; and had not the length of our day's journey warned us to hasten our departure, we could have spent some hours in this delightful retreat, forgetful of the world and forgotten. Every cascade in Wales has its appropriate features and peculiar scenery: to draughstmen they are all interesting; but the sight of a few is sufficient for the traveller, and will give him a very good idea of all the rest. No doubt there are several in the more wild and interior parts of the country, which are little noticed and have never been described, which are equally as well worth visiting as those which are taken in routine. A series of drawings and engravings of all the principal cascades in the British isles would be a good speculation.

Resuming our journey, we proceed along the side of a hill, partly covered with wood and partly barren rocks, by a good but unfenced road towards the declivity; an omission which, we had frequently noticed, was too prevalent in the principality, even in situations where the expence could be no object.

Ascend a long acclivity amidst rocks and thickly scattered stones, where the eye was only occasionally relieved by trees or verdure of any kind. Such immense quantities of rocks and stones surrounded us on this elevated road, that it appeared as if Nature had collected materials for erecting a palace, and afterwards desisted from the design. Whole cities might be built from these quarries above ground, if the expression is allowable.

Proceed towards the village of Trawsfynydd, observing on our left Harlech mountain, on one side of which, though concealed from our view, stands the castle of that name, reputed one of the finest ruins in Wales. We lament that it was too much out of the route we had chosen to visit it. Several other mountains of the most rocky and rugged aspect appeared in the circumference. In a drive of several miles, we saw only few patches of oats and rough grass, with houses or rather cots piled up of the shapeless stones of the vicinity. These, however, were "few and far between." Even sheep and cattle were thinly strewed.

Make a short halt at the public-house in Trawsfynydd, where we had more difficulty in finding water for our horses than the trifling refreshments we wanted for ourselves. Welsh only is spoken here. Several females crouded round us to offer stock-

ings for sale. The landlady, though she understood no English, from her being used to see an occasional stranger, acted as a kind of interpreter. She seemed to entertain a very high opinion of her ale, and pressed us to taste it. We had, however, discontinued its use, where porter could possibly be procured, and it was seldom in towns but that acceptable liquor could be had.

Beyond this village, patches of oats, coarse grass lay fit for the scythe and some natural oaks intermixed with rocks and stones, which seem as if they had fallen from heaven in a shower, are seen all around us; while in the distance in front rise stupendous hills, surmounted by Snowdon, not yet divested of his veil of clouds, and fill the mind and the eye with the various masses and forms which they present. Though at a considerable distance, their immense magnitude, and the favourable effects of light and shade, bring them almost immediately under our view.

In the course of this stage, we observed a poor woman dipping a child into a brook strongly tinctured with iron, as was visible from the oozing of the water on the sides of the road. From her dipping it a certain number of times, we concluded she was performing some stuperstitious rite or observance; but we had no opportunity of satisfying our curiosity in this respect.

The road now makes a determined descent to the vale of Festiniog, and entering defiles amidst woods and rocks, we soon reach the village of Maentwrog, where there is a tolerably good inn; and passing an excellent bridge over the Dwyryd, by a moderate ascent come to Tan-y Bwlch, at whose pleasant inn we stopped to dinner. Here we found two Cambridge gentlemen, who had first fallen in with us at Brecon, and afterwards on several parts of our journey, though pedestrians, arrived before us. They had crossed the mountains by a nearer route.

From the inn, where several ineffectual manœuvres were played off to detain us for the night, as they did not happen to be full of company at this time, we had a delightful view of the vale of Festiniog, which is mentioned by lord Lyttelton in such rapturous terms, and has been described with due praise by Mr. Pratt and others. It is watered by the Dwyryd river and other small streams, which fall from the bounding hills, and unite with the former. At the bottom of the valley, which is only about three miles long and one broad, the Dwyryd receives the tide, and expands into a wide channel called Traeth-Bychan, and flowing through the sandy estuary of Traeth Bach, falls into the bay of Cardigan. In the meadows here some were engaged in cutting, others in making hay; and the enchantment of the spot,

from which all disagreeable objects are excluded, added to the bustle of rustic employment, threw a fascination over the scene, and almost inclined us to loiter beyond the time that we judged it prudent to proceed. Tan-y Bwlch hall, the seat of Mr. Oakley, overlooking the sweet vale of Festiniog, is picturesquely placed, well wooded, and one of the most delightful residences that can be conceived.

This place is eighteen miles from Dolgellau; and at setting out in the morning we had resolved to sleep at Beddgelert, which is between eight and nine miles farther, though charged ten, and probably it is not much less than that distance. Parties, however, were mentioned as having left Tan-y Bwlch before us with the same intention; and we were given to understand, that under such circumstances, it would be impossible to procure lodgings. Perceiving the motive, we were not deterred; and after resting about two hours, we ordered the horses to be got ready, and resumed our tour.

A rapid ascent from Tan-y Bwlch, with oak groves on the left, and a bold acclivity on the other hand, takes us to the top of an eminence, from whence we caught a glimpse of Crickieth castle on one side, and of Snowdon on the other.

The soil for many miles is poor and gravelly, and the rocks appeared from their burnt colour, as if they had borne the action of fire; but chemists ascribe this to the air acting upon the iron, with which they are impregnated. Slate had either disappeared, or had been of such a mixed character, that it was difficult to recognize it; but in this drive it was again discovered of the finest colour and the most beautiful texture.

In the bogs in this alpine tract saw plenty of the Lancastrian asphodel and Dutch myrtle.

Transitions were extremely rapid, which originated from the road being obliged to take a winding direction among the masses of rocks, continually threatening to intercept our progress; but the prevailing character of the country was uniformly the same: naked and lofty mountains in the distance, and in the foreground scattered rocks, sometimes shaded by fern or varied by a few stunted oaks, and frequently producing nothing but the lichens that covered them.

Come in sight of Traeth Mawr, a level track of sea marshes, extending to the vicinity of Pont Aberglasslyn, and forming an irregular outline, according as the mountains advance or recede from the coast. Just as we turn an angle of this track, the scenery becomes inexpressibly grand. Snowdon towers sublime amidst his subject mountains, still capped with clouds; while rocks and precipices, vast, shapeless, and impending over the road in the most frightful manner, fill the mind with awe and wonder.

Yet steril as this district is, it is not wholly uninhabited. In sheltered recesses among the gigantic rocks, which line the road, and sometimes on their very tops, cottages are erected, and little spots reclaimed for potatoes, the only vegetable on which the Welsh peasantry seem to set any value. Certain it is, however, that the proprietors of the soil, or rather of the rocks, might not only embellish their estates, but enrich their posterity, by dropping acorns in suitable places; as oaks grow spontaneously in many spots equally as unpromising as those under consideration, which still remain a blot on the face of nature, and apparently shut out from her care. Wherever fern and heath grow, there oaks might be expected to thrive. This hint is intended for the proprietors of land!

Enter a narrow rocky pass properly secured towards the declivity; a circumstance which I mention with pleasure, and which we witnessed in many instances in this part of the country. Here oaks began to sprinkle and diversify the rocks; a convincing proof, that they might be reared with advantage in other situations of a similar description.

Hitherto the roads had been tolerably good, and were conducted with much taste; but about three miles from Beddgelert they became so rough, narrow, and steep, that we were all obliged to alight and walk. This neglect is the more culpable, as the materials are excellent, and greater difficulties in many places have been removed than present themselves on the spot I allude to. A single blast of gunpowder would sometimes remove a rock that encroaches too much on the carriage-way, and throwing materials into a hollow which had been taken from a rise, would in many places render those roads excellent, which are now almost impassable.

The Traeth Mawr appears now to be hemmed in on every side by grotesque and majestic rocks, amidst which we descend to the Pont Aberglasslyn, which unites Caernarvon to Merionethshire. It consists of a single arch, which springs on both sides from a projecting rock impending over the stream, which latter works its noisy way amidst huge stones and rocks, but without the magnificence of cascades to please the eye, or the uncertain profundity of the Monach to appal the heart. But, if the water here has a tamer character than at the Devil's bridge in Cardiganshire, and if the bridge itself is less sublime, what words can I find to describe the majesty of the accompaniments! Below the bridge is a celebrated salmon-leap, where we saw men standing with spears, to strike at such fishes as might come within their reach. Above it, we contemplate a pass so narrow and so grand, that the mind is awed as we enter it. Rugged perpendicular rocks, about seven or eight hundred feet in height, rise on both sides,

without the smallest verdure to shade their asperities; while the bottom allows only a space for a brawling torrent, and a narrow road cut out of the cliff, and winding to the right of the stream. Along this singular road, and amidst objects the most striking I had ever seen, we drove towards the hotel at Beddgelert, pleasantly situated on the left of the road, where the pass has expanded to a little plain, round which several cottages and farms are scattered, enriched on all sides by rocks and mountains, except where a defile allows a passage towards Bettws and Caernarvon. So formidable indeed is the pass of Pont Aberglasslyn, and so easily would a small number of men oppose an immense host once cooped into this defile, that we were no longer at a loss to account for the resistance the Welsh made in this part of the country to the invaders, who at different periods assailed them.

At this season of the year it would have been a prudent precaution to have forwarded a messenger to secure lodgings at Beddgelert, as there is only one house of accommodation here, and no other nearer than Caernarvon, though this is the grand route of travellers. Once more, however, fortune befriended us, and we found excellent lodgings at the GOAT, an elegant new built house, with the appropriate motto under its sign, PATRIA MEA PETRA; *my country is a rock.*

From hence an excursion is often made to the summit of Snowdon, distant about seven miles, three of which may be taken on horseback. On enquiring, however, we found that the easiest and most advisable point of ascent would be from the Saracen's Head, a small public-house, about five miles off, on the road to Caernarvon, where a guide resides, and the distance to the top of the mountain does not exceed four miles, three of which a horse can travel with safety. This determined our party to adopt that route in preference to the other; and though only one of us had the resolution to think of attempting to behold the sun rising from this prince of Welsh mountains, and who politely yielded to the general wish, all were anxious to devote the morning to the arduous task, and to prepare ourselves for it by rest and refreshments in the morning, before we left the hotel.

The gentlemen whom we had met more than once, were again arrived here before us, and occupied an adjoining parlour. While supper was getting ready, one of them, who was an excellent performer on the German flute, which formed part of his viaticum, went out into the area before the house, and produced some of the sweetest notes that were ever heard in the vale of Beddgelert. The evening was calm, and the surrounding echoes from the hills reverberated the notes so as to form a concert from a single instrument.

At supper we had the company of a gentleman just arrived from Ireland, who was proceeding to Tenby, the place of his residence, and who favoured us with comparative statements of the advantages which South Wales enjoyed over the northern division of the principality. He confirmed, from his own knowledge and observation, several extraordinary customs which exist among the Wallians, recorded by tourists, particularly by Mr. Pratt; and strengthened my conviction of the truth of the opinion I had already formed, that few persons reach longevity in this country; but on the contrary, that great numbers are carried off in early youth by pulmonary consumption. The air here in winter is too sharp for constitutions of any delicacy; and continually climbing precipices and mountains brings on a spitting of blood, which frequently terminates in the most fatal and most melancholy of all human maladies.

The landlord here, who has the merit of paying every possible attention to his guests, and ever waits on them, when the female who usually discharges this office, is otherwise engaged, informed us that Sir Robert Williams, M. P. for the county, a man respected and beloved by all who know him, and with whom I have had the happiness to spend some agreeable hours; as captain of a corps of volunteers, called "the Snowdon Rangers," lately had them reviewed on the top of that mountain, when, to the astonishment of strangers, they performed their manœuvres and evolutions with as much precision and indifference, as if they had been on level ground.

BEDDGELERT AND ITS ENVIRONS.

July 20. HITHERTO we had been favoured with such fine weather, that in the course of twelve days, and travelling early and late, we had never once had occasion to unfurl our umbrellas on account of the rain, though we had sometimes done so to shield us from the sun; but this morning, when we got up at an early hour, as had been agreed on, we had the mortification to find that a deep mist hung on the hills, and that there was every indication of a wet day. The night had been excessively hot and sultry; and whether from this cause, or the confined situation of this romantic place, all of us complained of languor and depression of spirits. Finding it impossible to ascend Snowdon with any chance of enjoying its landscapes, we resolved to wait here till we saw how the day would turn out; and while my friends revisited Pont Aberglasslyn, in order to fish for salmon, I walked round the narrow limits of the vale of Beddgelert, and picked up what incidental information my opportunities would allow.

In this little plain is an almost exhausted turbary, but still some peat and turf are dug here. The best land lets at twenty shillings an acre; but the average of the neighbourhood is from half a crown to five shillings, with unlimited right of common on the mountains, which produce little to the nominal proprietor, except where mines have been discovered and worked to advantage. Several attempts have been made to procure copper near Pont Aberglasslyn, but the ore is not reckoned very rich. Similar trials have been made near the very summit of Snowdon, as well as among the other mountains, and not wholly without success; but Anglesea, for the richness and value of its copper, is still unrivalled. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that several valuable metals are concealed in the bowels of these steril regions. Nothing is made in vain: and where nature has been most unpropitious externally, she often contains hidden treasures, which compensate for her other defects.

Examined the neat little church of Beddgelert, with a single bell in its steeple, as is usual in Wales, except in towns. Tradition says, that it was erected on the spot where Llewellyn raised a tomb to the memory of his favourite grey-hound, which still gives name to the village. The story of this dog savours of the marvellous, and I will not detain my readers to repeat it. Here once stood a monastery, one of the oldest religious houses in Wales; and at no great distance up the vale of Gwy-nant is a lofty rock, called Dinas Emrys, where Vortigern is supposed to have retreated and secured himself, after he found the impolicy of calling in the treacherous Saxons, who were first his auxiliaries and then his masters.

In this perambulation, I had to regret that many of the rocks which surround Beddgelert, which had once been covered with oaks, from the effects of dissipation or a want of taste, are now consigned to the axe. One proprietor, however, is raising new plantations on his estate; and it is to be wished, that others may imitate such a laudable example. We have undoubted evidence, that Snowdonia was once a forest: at present, except in the vales, scarcely a tree is to be seen.

The goats, which are less numerous than we expected to find them, and which generally keep in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, are said to be very destructive to young trees, by barking them in winter, and browsing them in summer. They sometimes descend during night into the vales, and commit their depredations; hence, though private property, they are proscribed in many places, and killed without mercy. I saw several men with each a goat on his back coming down from the mountains, but could not learn for what purpose they had been

caught. Wherever they abound, they increase the beauty of the landscape; and I would restrain, but not extirpate them.

Purchased a few crystals, &c. which are found pretty plentifully in Snowdonia, of the widow of the late guide from Beddgelert. She had a tolerable collection of crystals, spars, and minerals, picked up by her late husband in his various rambles among the mountains, but none of them arranged, or particularly curious. They serve, however, to amuse loiterers at this solitary place; and a few shillings are not ill expended in purchasing some of them as a memorial of the spot, and as an encouragement to civility and honest industry. A widow with a young family has always claims to attention: and it seems her husband in some measure fell a martyr to his too frequent journeys up Snowdon, which threw him into a decline.

The young women in this part of the country have a peculiarity in wearing black stockings without feet, except a loop passing over the second toe, which keeps them in their place. We observed several females passing and re-passing, with baskets on their backs fastened by a strap over their shoulders, and carrying heavy loads of turf for their winter fuel. In fact, the women perform many of the most laborious offices; while the men, in places where there are neither mines nor manufactures, saunter away their time in idleness, or muddle their brains with ale, a heady pernicious liquor, which seldom agrees with strangers, and which kills many of the natives every year.

The state of the atmosphere still forbidding an attempt to ascend Snowdon, each of us amused ourselves according to our respective tastes; in hopes that when the sun reached the meridian, the day would take some determined character. It did so; for about noon, the rains began to fall in torrents; and we no longer entertained the thought or the wish of quitting our present comfortable quarters. A gentleman, however, who had come to Beddgelert with an intention of ascending Snowdon from thence, was determined not to be disappointed by the weather from his design, though he must have known to a certainty, that he could see nothing more from the summit of the mountain than if he remained quietly in his chamber. In spite, however, of every obstacle of this kind, he set out on foot with an umbrella over his head, accompanied by the reluctant guide; while the rain descended in streams, and the mists floated down to the very foot of the hills. To use his own expression, "he was resolved to proceed, even if it should rain cats and dogs." How far he was gratified, I am unable to conjecture, except from circumstances; but that he received a thorough drenching, and that he will probably in consequence have reason to remember

Snowdon for some time, can be little doubted. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the vanity of having it to say, we have done something, when that something is neither necessary nor useful. To bid defiance to common sense and to the common maxim of the world, merely to excite the wonder of fools, and the laughter or the pity of the wise, is the most contemptible ambition that can actuate the human mind. It appears from incontestible evidence, that of numbers, who at different times have toiled up Snowdon, not one in three have enjoyed a clear and uninterrupted view from its top; and many have with difficulty been able to distinguish the guide, who was walking only a few paces before them.

Making a merit therefore of what we considered as prudence, we not only relinquished the thoughts of an ascent, but also of proceeding to Caernarvon, anxious as we all were to reach that place, in the expectation of finding letters at the post-office. Indeed we were thankful that we had obtained such comfortable lodgings and civil attendants, and resolved to make the best of the advantages which the situation furnished.

The most remarkable incident that fell under our notice in the afternoon of this day, when we were in search of any kind of adventure that would bestow a temporary amusement, was, the arrival of a party, in a post-chaise, of two gentlemen and as many ladies, three of whom were lame: yet all were animated alike with the ambition of hopping up to the top of Snowdon; and because they could not have that satisfaction on account of the rain, they spent their time in social drinking and singing, till they had scarcely among the four a leg to stand on, or a tongue to articulate a word.

We made a sumptuous dinner here, chiefly on salmon, which is sometimes sold so low as three farthings a pound, though the average price is about 4d. Fish indeed is the greatest blessing that belongs to Wales; for meat is as dear as in England, and therefore seldom falls to the lot of the poor. Our charges at Beddgelert were very moderate; and though we regretted being confined where so little was to be seen, we were perfectly satisfied with our entertainment.

FROM BEDDGELERT TO SNOWDON AND CAERNARVON.

July 21. EARLY this morning, the rain continued to descend in torrents; and the streams which we could have passed about four and twenty hours ago without wetting our feet, were now swelled to rivers, while cascades were formed in every ravine and precipice of the hills. Our prospect indeed was sufficiently gloomy, and our plan of operations was again disconcerted; but as what

is violent seldom lasts long, we anticipated fairer weather before noon; and by the time we had breakfasted, we had the satisfaction to see the clouds breaking in all directions, and drawing round the tops of the highest mountains. In some places a fleecy mantle was thrown over the higher slopes, which waved with every breath of wind; and the sun occasionally shooting a gleam through the gloom, gave a new and brilliant contrast to objects.

Under such circumstances we resumed our journey to Caernarvon, keeping along the bases of Snowdon, which in this quarter are detached rocks and massy hills. Some oats and grass were growing near the road; but sterility, which no art of man can conquer, prevailed as far as the eye could reach.

Passed the small lake of Llyn y Cader on the left, environed by grotesque masses of rocks; and soon after turning to the left, enter a narrow vale, and drive along the side of Llyn Cwellyn, a very pretty lake, nearly opposite to the centre of which stands the Saracen's Head, kept by the Snowdon guide.

Here we were induced to stop, though appearances were still unfavourable, in hopes that the mists which still hung thick on Snowdon might clear away as the sun reached the meridian, and allow us at last to ascend the glory of North Wales, with some chance of being gratified by the landscapes it affords The guide has the command of three small ponies, which we bargained for at 5*s*. each, nearly their value; and we found that the customary compliment to himself was half-a-guinea more, besides the expence of hiring a servant to hold the horses, when the steepness of the ascent renders it impossible to ride any farther, which is only within half a mile of the mountain's top.

Filled up the interval of expectation in walking along the banks of the lake, which is about a mile long and a quarter of a a mile in breadth. It is very deep in some parts, and produces trout and char. The latter we were informed, is caught only in one spot, and for a very few days annually, about the end of December.

A projecting rock in one place backs Llyn Cwellin in a very grand stile; but the general scenery is naked and uninteresting; at least it appeared so to us, enveloped as distant objects were in moving fogs.

From the Saracen's Head, the ascent to the summit of Snowdon is only four miles; and a road from thence has lately been made to bring down the copper ore on sledges, which is found at a great height in the mountains. These sledges, drawn by two horses, will carry six hundred weight; and we saw an old man of seventy, who is daily employed with a couple of poor animals in this toilsome occupation. The old man seemed asth-

matic, and well he might; for had not his lungs been uncommonly strong, he could not have stood so much climbing for half the time that he appears to have done.

The guide, who was not quite disinterested in his opinion, after being repeatedly appealed to, declared, that he thought the summit of Snowdon, or Y Wyddfa (the conspicuous) would be free from clouds before we reached it; and accordingly, having laid in such a stock of refreshments as the little inn afforded, we set out in a grand cavalcade, full of the wonders we were to behold, though not without a mixture of fear of disappointment. We had scarcely, however, gained the first ascent, when Mrs. —— began to grow faint and giddy; and as I was less enthusiastic than either of the other gentlemen, I requested they would proceed, and give me an accurate account of their expedition, while I engaged to take care of the lady till their return. In a short time, I had the satisfaction to see her perfectly recovered; and as we observed a number of persons pouring from the hills in every direction, and taking their course along the brow of the eminence on which we stood, by way of filling up our time, we resolved to join the train, in hopes that we might see a congregation of Jumpers. A civil old man from Caernarvon, whom we had seen playing the fiddle at the little inn, and who spoke English, now joined us, and informed us, that a meeting was to be held at a near house, which he pointed out, and that the persons assembling were of that fanatical class of Methodists, who occasionally betray the utmost extravagance during their devotions.

Just as we arrived at the place of assembly, which was wretched in the extreme, the preacher was beginning service, surrounded by as many hearers as possibly could be crowded into the hovel, or get near enough to catch the sound of his voice. He delivered a prayer with great fervour and fluency in the Welsh language; then a hymn was sung; and after that another prayer and a hymn preceded the sermon.

Though I scarcely knew a word of what was said, I was pleased with the preacher's manner and the devout deportment of his hearers. He was a venerable looking man, with the general pale complexion of a shoe-maker or taylor; and certainly spoke with an impressiveness, that convinced us he was in earnest himself; while it was evident, by the deep and protracted groans of his audience, that he was capable of exciting a correspondent feeling in others. He held a small bible in his left hand, opened towards the congregration, as if displaying the authority on which he spoke, and their interest in its promises and threats: the right hand he gently waved; and, in short, his whole figure and action were well calculated to command atten-

tion. I no longer wondered at the influence these illiterate teachers acquire over hearers still more illiterate; and as I consider it, "fas est et ab hoste doceri," I could wish that the clergy of the established church would imitate the warmth and energy which is so successful among the Methodists. What effects would not result from learning, talents, and animation! To persuade others, we must shew that we are persuaded ourselves. A dull monotony soon becomes tiresome; and if a congregation feel their pastor labouring as at a task, his arguments will have little weight to confirm or to reclaim.

Among these people prayers and psalm-singing appear to constitute the greatest part of the service. This arrangement too is extremely judicious, being well adapted to the class of persons who attend them; most of whom are much less likely to be influenced by argument than by devotional exercises, in which they can join.

I confess I should have been gratified to have had an ocular demonstration of the fanaticism of jumping, with which the service sometimes concludes: the place, however, was too crowded and too small to allow of such an exercise; and for the sake of sound religion and sound sense, I am glad to hear that this practice begins to decline. The followers of Westley, who are certainly the most rational body of Methodists, begin to have the ascendency over the disciples of Whitfield; and in time they will probably supersede them.

Finding that the service was protracted longer than we wished, we retired a few paces from the meeting, and, seated on a stone, I wrote the subsequent lines, which were inspired by my recent disappointment and by the religious exercises I had been attending.

> Snowdon! thy giddy heights in vain
> With fluttering heart I sought to gain.
> Too proud to sink, averse to soar,
> I love the smooth and level shore;
> Through life would keep the plainest road,
> And only mount to meet my God.

These lines I read to my amiable friend, and she participated very sincerely in the sentiment they expressed.

On returning to the Saracen's Head, we found the old man whom I have mentioned before, playing again on his fiddle to a company of idlers. We could distinguish Rule Britannia and Crazy Jane; but the tunes were principally Welsh. In England, it would be reckoned a profanation of the sabbath to play or to sing in public; but among those mountaineers, music is never out of season.

In four hours and a half from their setting out, our friends, who had ascended Y Wyddfa returned, amply recompensed, as they thought, for the toil they had undergone. But as one of them favoured me with minutes of his expedition, which were afterwards enlarged by oral communication, I will allow him to speak for himself, sensible that the spectator alone can give a just and vivid description of what must have powerfully struck the fancy.

"THE ASCENT OF SNOWDON.

"For the first mile and a half after we began to ascend from the guide's house, we travelled over a boggy turf, extremely swampy, and to a stranger, unsafe. When we advanced so far, that part of the mountain which was then in sight, assumed the decided figure of a cone, and became much more difficult of ascent, so much so, that it could only be effected on horse-back, by proceeding in a zig-zag direction along a beaten track composed of slaty materials, on which we continued climbing for nearly half an hour.

"By this time, we supposed that we had almost reached the apex of the mountain; but so various are the shapes which this immense object assumes from the different points of view, that the mind is often perplexed and dissatisfied with the deceptions which the eye has witnessed.

"Though the mists had hitherto been floating round us, our guide prognosticated our final success, and that we should be rewarded for our perseverance, by having a clear view of objects in a short space. His prediction was right: the wind rose, and as we proceeded, lifted up the canopy of clouds by degrees, as if unwilling to disclose at once the wonders which were gradually unfolding themselves to our admiring and astonished organs of sight. In proportion as we advanced, the mists receded; and the point which we had before considered as the termination of our journey, was only the first station that could be seen from below, and lay not very far beyond what our guide very jocularly called the Half-way House.

"The ground was now covered with a beautiful mossy turf; and for another mile the acclivity was more gentle, till at last we reached one of the most sublime scenes we had ever beheld. On looking towards the south and west, the bay of Caernarvon, the isle of Anglesea, and the Irish sea, bounded by the Wicklow mountains, presented an expansive and finely varied picture to the eye. The isle of Man was likewise dimly discerned in the blue expanse; and the beautiful bay of Cardigan with its indented shores, and all the intervening mountains, lakes, and rivers, were spread out like a map before our enraptured view.

On the east and part of the north quarter, the mists still intercepted the sight of objects; and in a very few minutes, by the rolling of the clouds, all that we had seen before vanished like enchantment. During the short time, however, that we enjoyed the sun, the various effects of light, shadow, and colours produced by the clouds passing over different parts, were beyond all description fine, and gave us a very distinct idea of the figure of various objects.

" After contemplating the grandeur of the scenery as long as the clouds and mists allowed a distant prospect, the guide invited us to advance a few steps farther, to behold a precipice of nearly five hundred yards, so perpendicular that it could not be approached without terror, at the bottom of which lie the two lakes, known by the names of Llyn Glas and Llyn Llwydaw, the former remarkable for its deep green hue, derived from its being impregnated with copper, some mines of which line its borders. This scene inspired fear more than pleasure: it might be called the sublime of terror; and this sensation was not a little increased by the guide's recital of an accident which happened near this spot, about two years and a half ago, which I shall relate nearly in his own words.

" On one side of Snowdon, is a place remarkable for the number of bee-hives kept there; and a man of the name of Howell Williams, whom we afterwards saw, having been promised a jug of honey from one of the owners of these thrifty insects, was on his way to receive it, and about to descend this precipice by the dangerous winding track, which the miners have cut, in order to enable them to bring the ore to the top, for its conveyance to the Caernarvon road. Alas! he had not descended many steps, before the snow, which had lately fallen in great quantities, gave way under his feet, and he was precipitated to the bottom, a distance of not less than four hundred yards, and in several places absolutely perpendicular. Two of this man's associates happening to pass this way a few minutes after, and who knew his destination, on arriving at the spot, and beholding his traces in the snow, exclaimed ' Poor Williams! he must be dashed to pieces.'

" When the guide had reached so far in his narrative, which froze us with horror, and made us shrink back by an involuntary impulse, a dark cloud enveloped us in its mantle, while the howling of the wind and the hoarse note of the cob, a bird frequenting these alpine heights, all conspired to give an additional impression to the scene.

" The guide continued his recital, and informed us, that the men descending with caution, in expectation of discovering the

mangled remains of their comrade, to their great astonishment found him on his legs, and in no respect materially injured, except that he had torn his hands, though protected by worsted gloves, by catching at the points of the rocks which fell within his reach, and which assisted to break his fall. So indifferent was he indeed to the singular horrors of his situation and his almost miraculous preservation, that he expressed more concern for the loss of his jug than for the accident that had happened to himself. In fact, nothing but the snow, which occasioned his slipping, could have saved him from destruction.

"We now learned that we had still half a mile to ascend on the margin of this frightful precipice over loose stones, among which we were obliged to clamber, having previously left our horses in the care of an attendant. Another gleam of sunshine visited us, but it was speedily lost in the surrounding vapours; and when we arrived on the apex of the mountain, which is only a few yards across, our vision was limited to a short distance, nor was there any apparent probability that the clouds would disperse. Here we observed a small pile of stones recently thrown up by some artillery-men employed by government; and also examined a rude circular piece of masonry, about twelve feet in diameter, erected as a temporary shelter for those whom curiosity might lead to visit Y Wyddfa.

"The only inconvenience we experienced on this lofty region, was an affection of the muscles of the face from the cold, and this was speedily removed by rubbing them with brandy.

"In a short time we descended to the spot where we had left our Cambrian ponies; and remounting them, we soon reached the Saracen's Head, without any accident or memorable occurrence."

My friends knowing my attachment to botany, brought me some plants which have been frequently noticed as growing on the very summit of Snowdon; and if they were pleased with their expedition, I was not less so with the manner in which I had spent the interval. I should in this place observe, that the perpendicular height of Snowdon above the level of the sea is computed at thirteen hundred yards.

It was nearly five in the afternoon before we left the house of the Snowdon guide on our way to Caernarvon, distant seven miles, where we were to dine; and feeling already the calls of hunger, we were little disposed to loiter by the way, particularly as our horses were fresh.

Near the outlet of Llyn Cwellyn, and fronted by a beetling and shaggy rock of a peculiar character, stands sweetly sheltered in a recess of the opposite hill, an elegant little fishing-box, belonging to Sir Robert Williams, Bart. The accompaniments

of a mill and a cascade, the latter of which appears perfectly natural, though it has received some touches from art, are extremely happy, and render the spot peculiarly attractive.

Beyond this the vale expands, and the hills in the foreground and on the sides begin to sink, a circumstance which filled me with the most pleasing emotions; for I was heartily tired of mountain scenery, and its attendant sterility, which had prevailed for the last hundred miles. To be hemmed in by mountains, and to behold nothing but rocks, torrents, precipices, and cascades in endless succession, may for a short time give pleasure to the stranger, from the mere effect of novelty; but the eye delights to dwell on milder scenes, and to contemplate fertility and beauty.

Pass through the pleasant village of Bettws Garmon; and in this vicinity observe increasing cultivation and the labours of agriculture, which had in a manner been suspended by the frowns of nature, in a great part of our Cambrian tour. The country over which the road now lay, was a succession of eminences and dips, undulating in a very happy stile; and the soil was rocky, but not unproductive. On the left, rose a very picturesque mountain at some distance, near the sea-coast; but in front, the country was champaign and open for many miles, a feature very rare in Welsh landscapes.

The high grounds in Anglesea, which are few in number, and therefore more easily distinguished, begin to appear as we advance; and from one of the eminences in the road, the whole island lay stretched out like a map before us; while the venerable and elegant towers of Caernarvon castle, according to the waving of the ground, sometimes emerged and sometimes retired from our sight.

Cross the little river Seiont, and enter Caernarvon, which stands sufficiently high above the shore, though apparently lower than the country behind. It is situated on the Menai; and independent of its castle, the most beautiful and magnificent ruin that can be imagined, is by far the handsomest town that we had seen in the principality. Nothing can be more lovely than its accompaniments; and were I inclined to retire from the busy world, here above all places in Wales would I fix my residence. The streets, though rather narrow, as is common in fortified towns, are well pitched, and kept tolerably clean: the houses are neat if not generally elegant, and there is an air of fashion and politeness among the inhabitants, whom we found in their Sunday apparel, that marks some little intercourse with the rest of mankind, and some knowledge of genteel life.

Drove to the hotel, an excellent house built by the earl of Uxbridge, just at the extremity of the town towards Bangor.

and commanding, or rather did command some charming views of the sea and of the isle of Anglesea. A row of trees, however, on the opposite side of the road are rapidly rising to intercept this delightful prospect. They were planted, as we were informed from pretty good authority, in party prejudice, and they thrive in spite of public malediction. Every person who stops at this house laments their existence, and would bless the blast that would level them with the ground.

Behind the hotel rises a rock of immense magnitude and height, which appears like a small island in the ocean, as it springs up at once from the plain. Near it stands another of inferior dimensions, but by no means inconsiderable. From the top to the former is a fine bird's eye view of the town, the castle, the Menai, the isle of Anglesea, and on a very clear day, the Wicklow mountains may be faintly discovered; while to the eastward the varied landscape, over the British Alps is no where to be seen to more advantage. Here I found some curious plants; but had not leisure at this time to pursue my enquiries, as the moment when dinner was to be ready was quickly approaching, and which did not come unwished for.

Being recommended to Mr. Wakeman, the master of the hotel, by one of his relations, who resides in a distant county, I soon found myself at home; and entering into conversation about mutual friends, made us forget the distance that divided us. At this place too I had the pleasure of finding a letter, which having some reason to expect, had filled my mind with previous solicitude. A little and tolerably pretty Welsh girl waited on us, and entertained us much by the affected civility and gentility of her manners; she wore silk stockings, which were a good excuse for short petticoats.

In the evening we made a perambulation of the town, and as the weather was fine, it was rather late before we returned to our inn. We walked round the castle, which has been so often described, that repetition becomes vapid; but certainly nothing can be finer than its hexagonal turrets springing from massy towers at the angles. A minute inspection of its beauties, however, was postponed till the morning, and we satisfied ourselves with a general survey.

On the adjoining quay, we found vast quantities of beautiful slates ready for exportation. Ships of three or four hundred tons burden can come up here with the tide; and there is a constant intercourse between this port and Ireland. The terrace walk under the castle walls, along the banks of the Menai, is one of the most beautiful promenades in the kingdom, and it was well filled this evening with genteel people as well as plebeians. Some of the young ladies, for beauty and elegance, would have done

no discredit to Hyde-park; and as it may be fairly presumed they are more innocent than many who tread that fashionable round, I will hope too they are more happy.

FROM CAERNARVON TO BANGOR FERRY.

July 22. EARLY this morning, the sky was overcast and the air cool; but nevertheless I resolved to employ my time before breakfast, in examining the ruins of the ancient Segontium, which lie about half a mile south of the modern Caernarvon. This seems to have been a principal station of the Romans, and had roads connecting with other military posts. It has evidently been of an oblong form, and appears to have occupied about six acres of ground. The fort appertaining to it, and standing at no great distance, is of the same figure, and its area is about an acre. The remaining walls are of great thickness and about twelve feet high. Along them are three parallel rows of circular holes, concerning the use and design of which antiquaries are much divided. At each angle of the walls, a tower has formerly been erected. Except as a vestige of the conquerors of the world, Segontium, however, is little entitled to notice. Roman coins are occasionally found in the vicinity; and according to Matthew of Westminster, Constantius, the father of Constantine the great, was buried here, and his body discovered in 1283, and honourably interred in the neighbouring church. Why a person who died at York, if we can give credit to the best writers, should be interred at Segontium, is difficult to determine, and I leave the story as I found it.

After breakfast, I set out with the intelligent master of the hotel to visit his farm, which lies two miles off on the Bangor road. This object was congenial to my disposition, and more in the line of my pursuits than tracing the remains of antiquity; and I received much gratification from witnessing the judicious system of agriculture which Mr. Wakeman pursues. The vast improvements he has made on his farm by means of draining, irrigation, and marling, by blowing up rocks and levelling, shew what might be effected in this country, if ancient prejudices could be overcome, and a better system adopted. Many of his implements of husbandry are on a peculiar construction, and of his own invention. He shewed me a machine for hoeing turnips, which he had just completed; and it has every appearance of answering the purpose for which it is intended, and will do as much work in six hours with two horses, as six men could do in a long day. Of course, it is needless to observe that he uses the turnip husbandry, though in this, few of his neighbours imitate his example. He plants and digs potatoes by

means of a plough in a very expeditious manner, and raises much larger crops than are usually done by hand, though the expence is at least five-fold.

Land in the immediate vicinity of Caernarvon lets very high; some grass-fields for not less than five pounds an acre. The average of arable, however, does not exceed 12*s.* or 15*s.* and some land is as low as half a crown an acre. Tithes run very high, and are commonly let by auction. The consequence of this is obvious: there can neither be a good understanding between the clergyman and his parishoner, nor between each other. If all the tithes in the kingdom were valued, and a corn rent fixed in lieu of them, religion would gain much, and the clergy would lose nothing, except trouble. As for the influence arising from the established mode of payment by tithes, a good man would be ashamed to use it, and a bad man will only find it a source of vexation for himself and others. On the other hand, I cannot approve of making an allotment in land in lieu of tithes, as is frequently done on enclosures. It throws too much of the soil into mortmain, and is inimical to improvements of every kind; unless certain leases were granted, to which I can see no objection, if the bishop, the patron, and the incumbent are all made parties.

On my return, found Lady Mount S—— had joined our party; and we all proceeded to a more particular examination of the castle, one of the noblest works of Edward I. whose statue, grasping a sword or a dagger, for the whole is rather mutilated, stands over the grand and massy entrance, once defended by four portcullises. Edward by his air seems to menace rather than to conciliate; and the following lines, translated from the Welsh, immediately occurred to my mind, as I contemplated the image of this politic but cruel prince.

Where! ye now astonish'd cry—
Where does mighty Edward lie;
He that gave these ramparts birth,
When prostrate Cambria lean'd on earth?
Here still his image rais'd on high,
Attracts the thoughtful curious eye;
But he, long humbl'd from a throne,
Far distant lies beneath a stone.

The figure of the building is an irregular oblong, and the inside is much more shattered than the outside would have led us to conclude. The towers, however, some of which are octagonal and others decagonal, still remain in a great degree of preservation. The Eagle tower is by far the largest and most elegant in this magnificent pile. We ascended it to see the apart-

ment in which tradition says the first prince of Wales, the unhappy Edward II. was born. If it was selected as one of the very worst which the castle probably furnished, there might be some truth in the legend; for instead of being a place fit for the *accouchement* of a great queen, it is at once dark, small, and inconvenient to the last degree. The Eagle tower, however, no doubt, once boasted some splendid apartments, and surely the dutiful, the affectionate Eleanor deserved the very best! From the top of this tower, which has a winding stone staircase, there is a very extensive view over sea and land.

A gallery, which once went round the inside of the castle, at a great height from the ground, now only appears in broken parts on the side next the Seiont, and amidst its fragments we saw a she-goat skipping with her kids, in a manner that would have been frightful to almost any other animal. It put me in mind of a favourite passage in Ossian, and it formed an interesting subject for the pencil.

This vast pile, it is said, was built within a year, chiefly at the expence of the vanquished chieftains, and by the labour of the enslaved peasantry. Five hundred and twenty-two years are since elapsed; and probably another century or two will pass, before it becomes sufficiently picturesque for a ruin.

Having dispatched a messenger in the morning to invite one of the dignitaries of Bangor cathedral, a dear and valued mutual friend, to dine with us at Bangor Ferry, we left Caernarvon about five in the afternoon, and proceeded along one of the finest roads in the kingdom, amidst fields of wheat, barley, oats, and grass, in some places under good management, and which might generally be rendered very productive. The Menai and the level shore of Anglesea attended us on the left; on the right and in front we saw mountains in the distance, among which Carnedd Llewelyn and Penmaen Mawr towered in all their majesty. The former is only sixteen yards lower than the summit of Snowdon; and yet it is scarcely noticed by travellers. So much depends on established and familiar names: what is most popular is not always the most deserving of regard.

Several seats enliven the banks of the Menai on both sides. Among others, Plas Newdd, the elegant and well wooded residence of the Earl of Uxbridge, appears to great advantage on the Angleasea coast. Nearly opposite to this is Moel y Don Ferry. Here part of the army of Edward I. experienced a severe defeat in 1282 from the Welsh, who sallied upon them from the fastnesses of Snowdon, but had not long cause to exult in their success; and near the same spot, or at Llanedwen, it is supposed, that Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman general, first landed, when he terminated the rule and lives of the Druids. Tacitus

gives a very interesting account of this invasion. On this occasion, the Romans forgot their usual liberal policy, of suffering the vanquished to retain their religious rites and ceremonies; for they cut down the consecrated groves, and overturned the altars which had been polluted with human blood. They indeed were probably influenced by the same motives of extermination, which actuated Edward I. when he massacred the bards.

> On dreary ARVON'S shore they lie,
> Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
> Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
> The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.

But though both the Romans and English secured their triumphs by the means alluded to, the Cambro-Britons were not wholly deprived of revenge on the descendants of their conquerors.

But to proceed: the road gradually diverging from the banks of the Menai, we come to an eminence, and look down on the city of Bangor, about a mile distant, situated under a rocky hill, and watered by a small stream. The tower of the cathedral, which is inferior to many parish churches in England, is the only object that makes any figure at a distance; and except the episcopal palace, which is pleasantly situated, there is very little to attract notice in the place. Yet Bangor was once dignified with the epithet of Great, and is esteemed the oldest episcopal see in Wales, being founded about 516. The town or city consists only of one principal street, and few houses in the place rise above mediocrity. Even the inn, is said to furnish but ordinary accommodations, though it must to many be more agreeable than the bustle at the ferry.

After calling at the post-office, while the carriage proceeded the nearest road to the ferry about a mile off, in passing down the street, I had the pleasure to meet Mr. Canon R. who had accepted our invitation, and was on his way to meet us at dinner.

Finding excellent accommodations at Bangor Ferry, kept by Jackson, we spent the evening in the most sociable and agreeable manner; and much conversation passed on the situation of the people in this part of the principality, and on the state of agriculture in particular. Mr. R. who spoke from experience, gave a very unfavourable account of the farming system in the neighbourhood, and thought the manner of letting and occupation equally bad. He is friendly to large farms, at least larger than the generality here; and indeed when land is too much subdivided, the effects are equally injurious to the occupier, the proprietor, and to the public. A small farmer produces little or no public supply; he is satisfied if he can maintain his family and pay

his rent; whereas a man who possesses some capital is both able and willing to engage in improvements, and in pursuing his private interest, he benefits the community by an increased produce. Of the industry of the labouring poor we heard no very partial praise. Where luxuries are unknown, indolence will necessarily prevail. Man seldom works, but to procure something which his real or artificial wants demand. The former are easily supplied: it is to the latter that great exertions are to be ascribed, in every walk of life.

Here we were entertained by a harper of distinguished talents, and whose superior execution on his native instrument made us despise all that we had hitherto heard. His name is Pritchard; and he not only plays on the harp, but makes harps, and composes and sets music to them. In fact, he was qualified to accompany the ancient bards; and as his fingers flew over the wires of melody, I was ready to exclaim with Kett,

> Restrain thy tuneful hand, awake no more
> The melting harmony of tuneful strings;
> Thy softest note some lovely image brings
> To life, that torpid lay in memory's store.

> That strain was like the nightingale's sad voice,
> Mourning her nestlings she no more can see.
> You strike the trembling chords of ecstacy,
> And ring the knell of my departed joys.
> Yet stay—such plaintive sweetness greets mine ear,
> I listen, even while starts the trembling tear.

FROM BANGOR FERRY TO BEAUMARIS, AND THROUGH BANGOR TO CONWAY.

July 23. WHEN we set out on this tour, it was our intention to have proceeded as far as Holyhead, and to have visited the principal Druidical remains in Mona, as well as the Parys mountain, so celebrated for its copper mines. Several circumstances, however, conspired to alter our resolution: the time to which we had limited our journey was far spent; and more interesting scenery and objects still invited us than we could expect to find in Anglesea, which, however distinguished in the days of the Druids, has now few charms for strangers, except those parts which lie along the shores of the Menai, which are indeed beautiful and attractive. We therefore held a consultation this morning, and resolved to proceed no farther than Beaumaris and its vicinity, to which object we were to devote the forenoon; while, by an arrangement made with our friend, who lives about two or three miles beyond Bangor, on the road

to Conway, we were to take a passing dinner with him, and get on to Conway to sleep.

The clouds hung very heavy, and there was every indication of squally weather. The air too was extremely cold for the season; and while we were at breakfast, such a violent shower of rain fell, that we began to be apprehensive our intended excursion must be abandoned; but the clouds parting, it was finally resolved on, though the Menai was rough and the tide unfavourable, to take a boat for Beaumaris. Mrs. —— prudently declined being of the party, and wished to remain at the ferry, till our return from Anglesea.

Having engaged two boatmen, to whom we were to pay half-a-guinea, we embarked on the Menai, and proceeded up the frith; Great Orme's head, Penmaen Mawr, and other mountains of Caernarvonshire, successively opening to our view. We had not, however, proceeded above three miles, when one of the gentlemen, who had without concern or apprehension looked down from the precipices of Snowdon, began to grow giddy and sick from the swell occasioned by the wind and tide being in opposition, and the currents meeting; and in consequence of this, we thought it advisable to land, and proceed to Beaumaris on foot the remainder of the way, along a new and excellent road, cut at the sole expence of Lord Bulkeley out of the cliffs that form the Anglesea shores of the Menai, and secured towards the sea by a strong stone wall, about five feet high. It is with pleasure I record this instance of public spirit; as it shortens a very circuitous road from Bangor Ferry to Beaumaris, and at the same time renders the communication perfectly safe.

Beaumaris is a neat town, containing about 1600 inhabitants. It stands about six miles from Bangor Ferry, though on either looking up or down the streight, the distance does not appear so great. The church and the old castle are the principal ornaments of the place; but on an eminence behind and closely adjoining, stands Baron Hall, the elegant seat and grounds of Lord Bulkeley, from whence the prospects are very extensive and finely varied.

> Isles, towns, the rising hills, the spreading bay,
> The muse delighted, owns the grand display;
> Here Flora smiles, and flowers of every hue
> Their glowing petals spread, and drink the dew;
> For art and nature here their beauties blend,
> And taste and Bulkeley for the palm contend.

> Here earth is loaded with a mass of wall,
> The proud insulting badge of Cambria's fall,
> By haughty Edward rais'd; and ev'ry stone,
> Records a sigh, a murder, or a groan.

Beaumaris Bay: a Poem.

The ruins of the castle, the last of the three great fortresses erected by Edward I. to curb the Welsh, stand at the upper end of the town, and make a very picturesque appearance, though the situation is rather low. The stile of building is very fine, and some beautiful specimens of the taste of the age in which it was reared still remain.

The bay before the town is very secure, and has seldom less than seven feet water at the ebb. The town is a corporation, and possesses several valuable privileges, the gift of Edward I. who first raised it into any consequence.

Here Judge Fox of Ireland resides, universally respected and beloved. While we were waiting at the inn, which bears the sign of the Bull's Head, two carriages arrived full of his Irish friends to visit him.

We were informed that it seldom thunders and lightens in this neighbourhood, except about September, and never with any violence. Two smart shocks of an earthquake, however, have been felt within the last twenty years.

Being already fatigued with walking, which was increased by the state of the weather, we engaged a carriage to convey us back to the landing place, opposite Bangor Ferry. Before we could reach that spot, however, another violent storm came on, such as constantly attends thunder; and in crossing the Menai we were completely drenched, and heartily sorry that we had undertaken this expedition under such circumstances. The state of the atmosphere indeed, with previous fatigue, had at this period brought on such a prostration of strength, that I could scarcely walk, my appetite seemed gone, and I could neither sit still, nor move without agitation. In short, from my nervous feelings, I was convinced that a severe thunder-storm was passing, and that I should hear of its being felt in all its fury, within fifty or sixty miles at farthest*.

Bangor Ferry is a constant passage to Holyhead, and indeed the only mail road. The Menai here is about half a mile wide, and boats are always in readiness to carry over and bring back whatever may be required. The speaking-trumpet is heard almost every half hour in the day, and often in the night. The landing-place on both sides is improving, and the communication is rendered as covenient as possible. On the Anglesea side are stables and other buildings for the convenience of persons arriving from Ireland, before they can be ferried over.

Jackson, the master of the George inn at Bangor Ferry, is a very civil man, but he appears to delegate too much of his power

* In this conjecture I was not mistaken, as was afterwards proved by the newspapers, which mentioned violent storms in Lancashire and other counties of England.

to others. Much company must necessarily resort to the house; and it is amusing to contemplate the constantly moving scene—the arrival and departure of persons as their route lies for England or Ireland. The grounds round the Ferry-house are laid out with some taste, and are sufficiently fertile; but the opposite shore of Anglesea is rocky and steril. Jackson, however, who has a large farm on the island, raises wheat, barley, oats, and artificial grasses. He has even sown saintfoin, the first ever seen in Anglesea; and its blossoms were as much admired as if it had been the most curious exotic. The seed was brought from Oxfordshire; and it appears likely to thrive very well in this soil, which is not ill adapted for a plant that loves to strike its roots deep among the rocks.

Abundance of corn is raised in the level parts of Anglesea; and, compared with Caernarvonshire, the whole may be considered as a fertile and a champaign country. It seems probable that it was once joined to the continent, if it may be so called; and it has more than once been in contemplation to erect an iron bridge over the narrow channel at Bangor Ferry, an undertaking which I cannot think impracticable.

At Caernarvon and Bangor Ferry we found the charges as high as in the most frequented parts of England; but it must be allowed that the accommodations were correspondent.

As soon as the rain abated, we got ready, by settling our bill and paying the usual taxes on travellers. In this we found some difficulty In Anglesea they have only Irish shillings, that is pieces of white metal without any stamp, and they pass them off whenever they can find any opportunity; but on the Caernarvon side of the Menai they are so fastidious, as to refuse every piece of coin that has not a head and a tail, as they are called; and before we could satisfy the hostler, who was more nice than others, and we *suspected* his reason for changing so often, we were obliged to produce all the silver which we could collectively muster. He behaved with such impertinence, that he deserved to have been overlooked among our *gratuitants;* but by his manœuvring I apprehend he realized double what we intended for him.

Driving through Bangor, we took the road to Conway. From the extensive bases of Snowdon to Penmaen Mawr, there runs a pretty rich and fertile track of corn and grass land, stretching along the trendings of the Menai; the mountains in the background irregularly retiring and advancing, but never so as to reduce the country to the character of a vale. The vicinity of Bangor in particular is well cultivated, and some elegant villas are scattered round it. The very respectable and learned bishop of the diocese was there at his residence, and kept his first public day for the season, at which the harper, to whose notes we had

listened with so much pleasure last night, was engaged to attend for the entertainment of the expected guests.

Passing through the agreeable village of Llandygai, we proceeded amidst Lord Penrhyn's improvements, who, employing an ample fortune with taste and judgment, has given a new aspect to this neighbourhood; and while he has enriched himself, has promoted the interest of a numerous class of men, who receive his pay, or profit by his speculations. The professional skill of Mr. B. Wyatt, his lordship's agent, a brother of the celebrated architect, and who possesses no small share of kindred genius, has been called into action, to adorn not only a single spot, but a track of several miles round Castle Penrhyn. Mr. Wyatt's own house, called Lime Grove, is built with exquisite taste, and is a perfect model for those who wish to erect small villas. It unites every thing in its exterior that can please the eye; and we were assured that its interior distribution is equally adapted to comfort and convenience. It is sweetly sheltered among groves of trees, and stands on the left, near where Lord Penryhn's rail-way crosses the public road. Here we saw the wonderful effects of machinery. By means of an inclined plane, with a suitable apparatus on the top of an eminence, about twenty sledges are drawn up and let down at once; and when they reach the level, two horses are capable of drawing them with ease to the adjoining quay on the Menai, called Port Penrhyn. This rail-way and its accompaniments cost about 170,000l. and the neat profits of the slate quarries, whose exportation it facilitates, cannot on a moderate calculation amount to less than 15,000l. a year.

The castle is advantageously situated on a lawn amidst woods, and occupies the site of a palace belonging to Roderic Moelwynog, Prince of Wales, who commenced his reign about the year 720. It is a good specimen of modern Gothic, and has recently received some judicious alterations, under the direction of Mr. Wyatt. The views are richly varied. The fences round the park, are long pieces of fine blue slate nailed to posts and rails, which have a singular though not unpleasant appearance. The church of Llandygai is large, cruciform, and elegant, and appears to belong to the grounds. It contains the monument of the celebrated archbishop Williams, but we did not stop to visit it. Several beautiful buildings, adapted to various purposes, have been erected by Lord Penryhn in the most chaste and elegant stile; but as it is intended to publish engravings of them, it is needless to particularize them in this place. But it is not only the arts that Lord Penryhn patronizes: he is a friend to every kind of improvement, and sets an excellent example in the mode of agriculture pursued on his own farm. I never saw finer crops of every kind than on his own private domain.

Passing the bridge over the Ogwen, at Tal y Bont, we made a digression of about half a mile from the road, to dine with our friend the rector of Llanllechid, who resides at Maes y Groes, in this extensive parish, which extends in one direction nearly 15 miles. The worthy incumbent, besides faithfully discharging his multifarious clerical duties, amuses himself with farming; and the management of his lands shews that he is far before the generality of his neighbours, in good husbandry. In the vicinity indeed of Castle Penryhn, as I have just observed, all the modern improvements are adopted; and wheat, barley, turnips, ruta baga, and other crops and roots, under a good system, covered the ground; but except there and round Maes y Groes, the best practice of husbandry is little known, or attended to. It must be owned, however, that potatoes in several parts of Caernarvonshire are cultivated on a large scale, and very improved principle. They are raised on ridges by means of a two-furrow plough, horse-hoed to mould them up, and dug up by the application of another kind of plough, which passing under the roots, throws them on both sides with the same expedition as a horse can walk, while women and children pick up the produce, and put it into baskets.

Limited for time, and the weather still threatening, we stopt little more than two hours with our friend; when resuming our journey, and getting into the regular road, which appeared like a white straight line before us for some miles, we passed through the delightful and romantic village of Aber, near which the mountains began to advance towards the sea, and at last terminate in the abrupt and tremendous cliffs of Penmaen Mawr, which are computed to rise 1550 feet in perpendicular height, above the level of the sea. On a ledge of this cliff, by an excellent but frightful road, though defended by a stone wall about five feet high, we wind round the mountain; while the vast impending rocks above our heads, the roaring of the waves at a great distance below, the howling of the wind, and the beating of the rain, all united to fill the mind with solemnity and awe. In some places rocks of vast magnitude, which have probably fallen from the top, have lodged on some projecting ledge, and appear to be in the very act of taking another bound, to overwhelm whatever comes in their way. Several masses of this description are secured by masonry from proceeding any farther; yet scarcely a season passes without some accident to the bounding wall, though Providence has so ordered, that no lives have been lost of late years. A stone thrown over the precipice into the sea with all our might, seemed to drop at the very foot of the rocks. The protecting wall is not built on a good principle: it ought to be very wide at the base and lean inwards, following the line of the

descent, whereas it is nearly perpendicular. No stranger ever passed this way without fear, notwithstanding all the precautions that have been taken to render it secure; but as the great Irish road is now carried through Capel Cerrig, the pass of Penmaen Mawr will in future be visited by comparatively few. The present road was made in 1772, under the direction of a person of the name of Sylvester, and it is a monument of his talents and perseverance. It forms the most sublime terrace in the British isles.

On reaching the farther side of this awful promontory, we again came in sight of houses and cultivation; and gradually retiring from the sea, enter a defile, where the road is carried by a rapid ascent along the brow of a hill, with a deep and narrow glen below, and beyond it a mouldering perpendicular precipice, so near, that it seems to threaten a fall on its opposite neighbour. Here likewise a boundary wall is raised on the left of the road, or it would be horrible to travel over this space.

Again we enjoy an open view of the surrounding country, which however is naked and steril; and by a pretty gradual descent enter Aber Conway, the venerable towers of whose majestic castle salute the eye at some distance. Passing under a gate-way, some of the arch stones of which seem ready to tumble on the heads of passengers, we drove through the streets to the Harp inn, where we intended to take up our quarters during our stay.

For the last eight miles, it had blown a perfect hurricane, with much rain; and when we arrived at our inn we were wet and uncomfortable to the last degree, as umbrellas were of no use, even could we have held them in such exposed situations. Though in the middle of the dog-days, it was so cold that we immediately ordered fires both in the parlour and the bed-rooms; and as we were all fatigued and exhausted, after a slight supper *pro forma*, we retired to rest, and soon forgot the various toils of the day.

CONWAY AND ITS VICINITY.

July 24. THOUGH Conway furnishes little worth notice within its walls, except its castle, we determined to halt here for the day. Its walls, which are from 12 to 15 feet in thickness, are furnished with turrets at regular distances, and still pretty entire: they enclose an area of about a mile and a half, and are founded on the solid rock. In ancient times, Conway must have been a very strong place; and its narrow streets prove that it was once crowded with houses and inhabitants: but though it has still an air of grandeur, the marks of desolation begin to prevail, and spots which were once covered with houses, are now converted into gardens. The whole population does not exceed 900 souls.

The morning was lowering and cold, and the weather, which had been so long propitious to our tour, seemed to be entirely changed. After breakfast, however, each of us was intent on his particular pursuit. The other two gentlemen were anxious to take drawings of the castle; while Mrs. —— and myself amused ourselves in perambulating the town, and afterwards taking the external compass of its walls. Within the fortifications, Conway has a confined and a gloomy appearance; but without, there are fine views over the channel, particularly towards Gloddaeth and Diganwy. In fact, the whole environs are picturesque; and several fine seats, occupying the happiest situations, are scattered around. Wood, water, rocks, meadows, and fertile fields, all serve to diversify the scene; nor is it possible to view this scene of bardic imprecation, without calling to mind the following animated lines.

> Lo! Conway* still, in plaintive strain, renews
> The woeful day that hapless Cambria rues;
> When o'er the frowning brow that crowns the flood,
> The hoary bard, with looks of horror stood—
> Struck, deeply struck the sorrows of his lyre,
> And ills unborn pourtray'd with prophet's fire—
> Fix'd on the flowing stream the frantic stare,
> And gave his tortur'd bosom to despair;
> Then rush'd from life's accumulated woes,
> And in the pitying waters found repose.
>
> *Beaumaris Bay: a Poem.*

The quay, which is approached through one of the town gates, almost opposite to that by which we entered, is sufficiently commodious; but exhibits little of the bustle of business. A few small vessels were lying here taking in slates, and lead and copper ore from some neighbouring mines; but if Conway ever was distinguished for trade, it is now nearly lost.

The tide being out, walked round from the quay to the castle, which bounds the town towards the river, and has two of its sides washed by the tide. It is built on a solid rock, and its position does credit to the military genius of Edward I. by whom it was erected in 1284. It was originally defended by eight large round towers, flanking the sides and the ends, from each of which issued a turret, only half of which are now remaining. The walls are embattled, and are of immense thickness. The lower hemisphere of one of the central towers tumbled down about 70 years ago, from its being undermined; and the upper part still hangs in the most frightful manner, though it will probably re-

* On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood. GRAY.

It is evident, however, that Gray had never seen Conway when he wrote this ode; for the banks of the Conway here are remarkably tame in general.

main in its present state for ages. The fragments on the beach are of massy thickness, and so strongly cemented, that it would be as easy to dig from the solid rock as to separate their parts. Another tower, in excellent preservation, is covered with ivy from the bottom to the very top, and two low towers adjoining are actually crowned with this erratic plant, which produces a charming effect. Painters are therefore enamoured of Conway castle; but its towers and turrets being all circular, and the latter very few, do not please me half so much as the polygonal towers and numerous turrets of Caernarvon.

After inspecting the outside of this magnificent pile, the scene of many memorable exploits, though it does not fall within my design to record them, we proceeded through the town to visit the internal structure, which on this side we approached over a deep trench, where a draw-bridge was formerly placed. Not one of the apartments is entire; yet enough remains to shew what it must have been, when in its glory. The hall is 130 feet long, 32 wide, and 22 high. Some of the Gothic arches which supported the roof still remain, and they appear so light and of such a span, that it is wonderful they have stood so long.

Near the castle, which consists of three courts, bearing different names, and is now the property of the marquis of Hertford, we saw some small but curious remains of what is called the college, with several sculptured arms and antique windows.

The church, once conventual, is large but inelegant. None of the monuments are ancient, and the only modern ones worthy of notice belong to the family of Wynne, who seem to have been more remarkable for their fortune than their taste. On a flat stone in the nave of the church I read the subsequent inscription:

"Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conway, Gent. who was the forty-first child of his father William Hookes, Esq. by Alice his wife, and father of twenty-seven children; who died the 20th day of March, 1637."

The font here has every appearance of being ancient: it is composed of black marble curiously carved, and supported on a kind of clustered pilasters, standing on a pedestal.

The town, which is a free borough, and possesses some extensive privileges, contains several antique buildings, mixed with modern architecture. The old mansion, named Plas Mawr, built in the reign of Elizabeth by one of the Wynnes, is reckoned among the curiosities of the place. In front is the date 1585, with the mottos, Ανεχε Απεχε, *Sustine abstine*, and other fantastic ornaments. The arms or supporters of the earl of Leicester, that *worthy* favourite of the maiden queen, are introduced, no doubt out of compliment to such a distinguished character.

On the whole, a great degree of languor already appears to

spread over the inhabitants, who received their principal support from the grand Irish road passing through the town. The travelling indeed through this place is so much diminished from the opening of the road by Capel Cerrig, that it is probable Conway will not long have occasion for more than one inn. Already the minstrel at our inn had lost some of the strings of his harp, which he seemed in no haste to replace; and we were disappointed in hearing the Prince of Wales's harper, who was then in Conway, for his health. As I was walking along the street with Mrs. ——, the landlady of the Bull seemed to watch me with minute attention, and when I had passed, she sent a man to say she wanted to speak with me. Certain that she must have made some mistake, I asked who she took me for; the answer was, "Mr. Davies." Here our interview ended, with an apology for troubling me.

Tired of this uninteresting and gloomy place, in which no more was to be seen, I should have been glad to have proceeded a stage after dinner; but my friends wishing to take some more sketches, I tacitly agreed to pass another night here; and had only to regret that the weather wrs too unfavourable to allow me to visit Gladdaeth and Diganwy, which, from the best information, would have amply repaid my toil.

Having left our exact route to be determined by events, in order to give it the charm of novelty, and to keep up expectation, we had not yet settled whether we were to visit Denbigh, or proceed direct to Llanrwst. On arguing this point, it was carried unanimously to adopt the latter plan: for though our pursuits were different, it was impossible that any party could have better agreed in the general plan of proceedings. Where there is a mutual respect and wish to oblige, individual predilections will easily bend to the prevailing sentiment.

FROM CONWAY THROUGH LLANRWST AND KERNIOGE TO BALA.

July 25. LEAVING Conway at six o'clock in the morning, we agreed to reach Llanrwst, distant twelve miles, before breakfast. On passing the gate by which we had entered, we soon began to ascend amidst well cultivated fields, and views of the river Conway, on our left. Taking a retrospect, the town and the castle appeared to the greatest possible advantage; and indeed the situation of Aber Conway is most favourable for making an impression at a distance. On the sides of the hills, along which the road now lay, the soil is gravelly, with a slaty substratum; in the vale, a loamy clay, which tinctures the water of the river, and gives it a brownish hue.

Near the sixth mile-stone, catch the first view of Llanrwst, standing near the middle of a rich vale of the same name, watered by the Conway. Much hay was still uncut, and evidently withering away. The Welsh having no dependence on a latter-math, generally let their grass stand with a view of having the larger crop, till its juices are spent, and it is little better than straw.

Cross several bridges thrown over mountain streams, which form pretty cascades, in different parts of this drive. On the farther side of the river see the abbey, lord Newborough's, sweetly sheltered by trees at the bottom of the hill, but sufficiently high above the Conway. A little farther, on an elevated spot, stands Lady Cuffin's, a neat and picturesque villa.

Approach the Conway, which winds round to meet the road, and passing the pleasant village of Trefrew, where Llewelyn had a palace, and which is still remarkable for a mineral well containing common salt, we came in sight of the beetling cliffs of Gwydir, finely shaded by woods. In this track are some extensive thriving plantations of firs and larches, amidst the naked rocks that cover the acclivity on our right; an additional confirmation of the opinion I had already hazarded, that many of the most forbidding and rugged mountains might be rendered productive, and the natural beauty of the scenery improved. Some lead-mines are worked here, but they do not appear to be very rich.

By a bridge of three light arches, built by Inigo Jones, reputed a native of this place, and certainly of Welsh extraction, we enter Llanrwst, a poor and uninteresting town, and which participates in the decay of Aber Conway, from the diversion of the great road through Capel Cerrig. Here we breakfasted at the Eagle, an indifferent inn, and where the owners shewed all that independent inattention, which we have in numerous instances experienced in Wales.

The harper, like Dickey Gossip, was "a man of many callings." He first cleaned our boots, then rubbed down and fed the horses, and afterwards amused us with his harp, which either was sadly out of tune, or did not own him for a master.

Walked round the church-yard, bounded on one side by the Conway, and noticed several inscriptions recording persons who had lived to advanced ages—one to 88. This is rather unusual in such places as had hitherto fallen under our notice in Wales. The church is an inelegant pile; but adjoining is a chapel built from a design of Inigo Jones in 1633, by Sir Richard Wynne, against one end of which are five brasses, recording as many persons of that family, who were buried here. The stone coffin of Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, removed here from the abbey of Conway, is still shewn as a curiosity.

As we were sauntering about, one person came up to offer us the purchase of some pearls, which are commonly fished up from the Conway; and another wished to be our guide, and in particular to shew us how the bridge vibrated, if a person only stamped against its ballustrade. The pearls were too dear, and not remarkably fine; and we were not such novices as not to understand the principle on which the bridge vibrated; we therefore escaped taxation on this occasion. Heard some psalm-singing as we were walking along the street, and understood that Methodism is very prevalent in Llanrwst.

Mr. Jones, a gentleman of fortune in the place, seeing we were strangers, very civilly addressed us, and entering into conversation, I learned from him some local information. Meadow land in the immediate vicinity of the town, lets as high as three or four guineas per acre; but farms at a little distance, average no more than seven shillings and sixpence. Lord Gwydir, who is one of the largest proprietors in the neighbourhood, is also reputed one of the most indulgent to his tenants.

Taking the road to the right of the river, had a pretty distinct view of Gwydir house, an old, extensive, but inelegant edifice, erected in 1558, near the spot where a memorable battle was fought between the sons of Howel Dda, and the two sons of Edwal Voel, who had usurped the rights of their elder brother; but the event of the conflict confirmed their government. Gwydir house stands at the foot of precipitous, though well wooded rocks, of a singular character. Amidst scenery of this kind we passed a considerable way, and at intervals were struck with naked rocks, which were finely contrasted by the verdant foliage that concealed others from our view. In a word, Gwydir has much reason to boast of its sylvan honours, and of the masses they cover: there is something unique in the features of this domain.

Several neat and pleasant seats are raised on the opposite side of the vale on the banks of the Conway, which receives many tributary streams in its progress, that devolve with vast impetuosity from the mountains.

The road we took from Llanrwst is not the most direct, but it certainly is the most picturesque. A new road is making on the left of the river, and close to its course, which will be a mile or two nearer.

Pass Pont y Pair, near Betws y Coed, where the new road through Capel Cerrig branches off. Immediately above this bridge over the Llugwy, is a pretty little cataract among ledges of rocks, hollowed out into the most fantastic forms, by the incessant action of the water. The cascade of Rhaiadr y Wenol being only about two miles distant from this spot, two of my friends hired horses to visit it, while I proceeded in the carriage with Mrs.

—— towards Kernioge Mawr, still distant nine miles, though by the nearest way it is only ten in all from Llanrwst. An air of comfort is diffused over this vicinity, and its picturesque beauty is unquestionably of the first class.

Cross the Conway by a new and lofty bridge, amidst wild rock scenery shaded with trees; and not far from this spot the Conway and the Llwgwy, which have for some space been foaming along a declivity of broken rocks, unite their streams, and gradually become tranquil and clear.

Ascend by a precipitous road, properly guarded on one side by a stone wall, and cut out of the rock on the other, where the vale contracts to a deep dell, through which the Conway thunders down with deafening noise, at a great distance below. The scene was so grand, that we halted to examine its component parts at leisure; but so well were the slopes of this pass wooded, that it was difficult to acquire an accurate idea of the whole. At intervals, however, we caught a glimpse of the Conway, roaring over the vast masses of rock which intersected its bed. It derives its principal source from Llyn Conway, a large pool beyond the village of Penmachno; and till its junction with the Llwgwy, has every characteristic of a mountain torrent.

As we were ascending the hill, a farmer, who was looking after his sheep that were picking their scanty fare among the rocks, paid us the compliment of the time of day; and on entering into conversation with him, I was informed that land lets in this neighbourhood from one to five shillings an acre, according to its quality; and that the rent of farms on an average is about 30l. a year. He pointed out his house, which was pleasantly situated at the head of the glen, and overlooked some of the most picturesque scenery that can be well conceived.

On gaining the summit of the ascent, enter on a track of milder features, amidst woods and cultivation. Observe at a small distance from the road the new inn of Rhyddlan Fair, and Plas Niewedd, the seat of Mr. Humphries, on the right, amidst fine plantations of birch, larch, and oak.

Cross the rocky bed of a mountain torrent which falls into the Conway, and pass on the left Voelas Hall, the fanciful seat of the Honourable C. Finch; and soon after leave, in the same direction, Capel Voelas, which has little to recommend it to attention.

The land now assumes a steril aspect, producing only oats and coarse grass. In many places the soil is boggy, and yields turf, of which we had an unpleasant evidence at the inn of Kernioge, where the smell of fuel of this description was ready to suffocate us. Before we reached this very ordinary inn, where there is little attention and less accommodation, we passed seve-

ral miserable cottages, the children from which followed us, bawling out, in a whining tone, something which sounded like "a penny to buy shoes." They were, however, all barefooted; and it is probable we mistook the nature of their petition.

As this is the great Irish road, the constant sight of strangers passing and repassing gives the natives a considerable share of assurance, and a habit of mendicity, which we had seldom witnessed in Wales. Among the rest of the road-beggars, was a poor girl, of a masculine size and the most rugged features I ever saw, who had some excuse for the vocation she was pursuing, as she had lost her sight by the small-pox. This wretched creature not being immediately apprized of our passing the hut where she resided, ran after the carriage some way, and never spoke a word till she seized it, as it was going slowly up a hill. At first we supposed she must be insane; but on hearing her melancholy story, she had our pity as well as our alms, to both of which she was too justly entitled. If we understood her right, she had a brother, likewise blind from the same cause. What cause is there for regret that vaccination is not recommended by every public and private authority, and that the children of the poor do not receive it gratuitously! One person properly qualified would be sufficient to attend a whole county; and if he had a moderate salary allowed him for vaccinating the poor, with what the rich would gladly pay, he might derive a comfortable subsistence from his labour. The resident surgeons and apothecaries are generally hostile to the practice, because it cuts off a beneficial branch of their trade.

From Kernioge to Bala, our next intended stage, the only safe road for a carriage is a distance of eighteen miles. By the suggestion, however, of some evil genius, we took the reputed nearest road through the wildest part of Merionethshire, and thus involved ourselves in difficulties which at one period we really thought insurmountable; and at the same time missed seeing the famous citadel of the Druids, whither Caractacus retired after his defeat at Caer Caradoc, situated about half a mile on the left from Cerrig y Druiddion.

It was nearly four o'clock before the other gentlemen returned from Rhaiadr y Wenol; of which they spoke in high terms, as being grand and picturesque. At length having procured some refreshments at Kernioge, we retraced our steps about a mile, and then entered on one of the most execrable roads I had ever seen, though the hopes of its mending, encouraged us to proceed. We mounted a very long and naked hill, from whence we had an extensive view of the Caernarvonshire mountains, and of a dreary and uninteresting country around. Noticed a small lake beyond Kernioge, in an elevated track; and passing a high single stone, whose destination we are unacquainted with, soon began to de-

scend by a road so narrow, that there was barely room for the wheels, and in one place so zig-zag, that not one carriage in a hundred would have found room to turn. On reaching the bottom, through which ran a brook, we saw a few scattered farms, and finding a person who could speak English, and who from his appearance had seen fifty winters pass over his head, I asked him if carriages ever passed this way. "I remember," said he "seeing one about twenty years ago." "Then," rejoined I, "I hope you will never see another."

After watering our horses in the brook, we came to a second ascent, so steep in places, that we were ready to abandon ourselves to the despair of being able to surmount them. But by means of pushing and keeping the carriage from rolling back, we at last joyfully reached the apex of the hill. The scenery from this spot was wild and dreary to an uncommon degree; and only a few straggling cattle and sheep relieved the weary eye, or convinced us that we were near the abodes of men. Even vegetable nature seemed to shrink from such a bleak situation; for not a tree or even a shrub was to be seen within miles.

Fortunately, however, the road now took a determined descent, and was constructed in an improved form; and about five miles from Bala, we began to enter on a track of gradually increasing fertility, which continued with an improving aspect till we came in sight of the river Troweryn, a pretty considerable stream, which falls into the Dee* near Bala. The mountains here assumed a less lofty character than those we had traced in the morning; and the vale on our right became more and more beautiful and rich, the nearer we approached to the end of our stage.

The cottages, however, had a more wild and uncomfortable appearance than those in Caernarvonshire; and instead of being covered with slates and furnished with chimneys, they are miserably thatched, and have the same curious apertures for the smoke to pass, as we had before noticed in Caermarthen and Cardiganshires.

From oats and coarse grass, which scantily covered the best spots we had hitherto seen in this stage, wheat, barley, and artificial grasses began to appear, particularly as we were winding round a hill which brought us in sight of Bala lake. At last we descended to the town of that name, situated in a beautiful level vale about a mile in breadth, and crossing a fine bridge over the Dee, enjoyed an agreeable view of Mr. Price's seat on the slope of the hill above, amidst delightful plantations of firs, larches, birch, and other trees.

* The sources of the Dee are not well defined. Some derive them from the lofty Arran; but the name of Dee is not given to this celebrated stream, till it issues out of Bala lake or Pimble-mere.

Drove to the Lion, a large and comfortable house, kept by very civil and attentive people, congratulating ourselves that we had been able to travel a computed distance of twelve or thirteen miles in four hours and a half! Had we taken the more circuitous but regular road, we should have reached the place of our destination long before, and without encountering a single difficulty. Weary with the exertions of this day, we retired to rest soon after dinner, which, however, was not served up till about nine o'clock.

BALA.—A FISHING EXPEDITION ON ITS LAKE, AND TO CORWEN.

July 26. HAVING engaged the fisherman belonging to Sir Watkin William Wynne, who claims the sole property of the lake, to attend us on a fishing party at noon, and having obtained the requisite permission to use the boat and nets, a very particular favour, we indulged ourselves in bed till breakfast time, being all of us excessively fatigued, and glad to enjoy prolonged repose.

While at breakfast, we were amused by a Welsh crier proclaiming an auction. He stationed himself by the cross just opposite to the window where we sat, and turning himself in various directions, told his story with much vociferation and action. Soon after, a number of persons began to assemble, and the auctioneer mounting a table under a pent-house in the street, drew a motley group around him, consisting of all ages and of both sexes. He appeared to possess a considerable share of low humour, and certainly did not spare his lungs in the service of his employer. A barrel stood upwright by his side, and when he knocked down a lot, he struck with his hammer on its top, which sounded to the circumference of his audience. He spoke chiefly in Welsh, but occasionally threw in a few words in English. On enquiry, I was informed that he did not repeat "once, twice, once, twice," like the auctioneers in England, but merely named the price that had been offered, and expatiated on the value of the article, in order to get another bidding, as long as any chance remained of an advance being made. One of my friends took a drawing of this scene. The sale consisted of very ordinary household furniture and farming implements.

Bala is a pretty large and clean town. The street is wide, but the houses in general are very low. The young women here commonly go bare-footed. They are extremely well formed, and have none of the marked Welsh physiognomy. Without being beauties, at least such as fell under our notice, we saw more

genteel looking girls here, than in almost any other part of Wales.

At noon the boatman waited on us at the inn, when Mr. and Mrs. —— were rowed down the lake, which lies close to the end of the town, and extends about four miles in length and one in breadth; while Mr. —— and myself took the Dolgellau road by the side of the water, in order to meet them at Sir Watkin William Wynne's beautiful cottage, built on an eminence near the extremity of the lake. In this walk we observed the whole contour of this fine sheet of water and of its banks. The seat of Sir R. C. Hoare and Sir J. Lister, a joint establishment for the purpose of fishing*, is advantageously situated on the left bank of the lake near the town, and is sheltered by a pretty high hill. Several farms appear on the same side at intervals; but there is a tameness and a want of variety in the scenery, originating chiefly from the woods that once adorned the banks, being so generally cut down, that scarcely a stick worth half a crown remains. The greatest part of the land in this vicinity is the property of Sir Watkin, as he is familiarly called in North Wales; but I was sorry to observe his domains so commonly stript of wood, which it ought to be the policy of the great Welsh land-owners to plant, instead of cutting down.

In this walk, we met two old women knitting, so loaded with wool under their long blue cloaks and in their aprons, that their picturesque appearance induced my companion to request they would stop till he took a drawing of them. With this they civilly complied, and seemed pleased to see their likenesses, though no attempt was made to flatter their vanity, if they possessed any.

It was my intention to have proceeded about two miles beyond Sir W. W. Wynne's fishing cottage, to observe the wonderful effects of a water-spout, which burst in June 1781, at Llanuchllyn, and carried with it from the mountains into the vale, houses, cattle, rocks, and every thing that lay in the way of its destructive progress; but being already weary from want of health, I left my companion to proceed thither by himself, and seating myself on a rock near the head of the lake, penned part of my journal, in sight of my fishing friends.

One of the fishermen had attended Sir R. C. Hoare, who uses the pencil with much felicity, and is distinguished for his general taste, to almost every remarkable spot in Wales. The proposed new edition of Giraldus Cambrensis, by the ingenious

* No nets are allowed to be used on Bala lake without the permission of Sir W. W. W. or his agent; but no person is forbid from angling; and we found at the inn some gentlemen from London, who had come hither for no other purpose.

Llanuchlyn Mill near Bala.

Baronet, will no doubt shew, that he has not taken so much pains, without an object worthy of his talents.

The lake of Bala produces fine trout, perch, the gwyniad, an alpine fish, which runs from one to six pounds weight, and some other species of fish in great abundance. We were all anxious to catch some gwyniads, the salmo lavaretus of Linnæus, which seldom can be done by angling; but the civility and attention of Mr. Richards, which reflected honour on his master, enabled us to obtain several at one sweep of the net, and we had them dressed for dinner. This fish is certainly very delicate; but in point of flavour it is inferior to some others of its genus, which the Welsh rivers and lakes produce. It dies, the moment it is taken out of the water.

Poaching in the lake is prevented as much as possible, though, as I have already observed, gentlemen are liberally complimented with the privilege of angling, which brings a considerable resort to the place. Indeed, the lake is the principal attraction at Bala; but though the largest in the principality, it scarcely possesses one interesting feature, except towards the top, where the outline becomes broken and indented. The lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, and particularly in Scotland and Ireland, have each some grand discriminating feature; but in Wales they are generally not only of small dimensions, but very tame and insipid in their character.

Grass land near Bala lets as high as three or four guineas an acre: the average rent, however, of the arable does not exceed one guinea in the vales, and on the hills it runs from one shilling to five. Sheep commons are four pence a head. The prevailing soil is gravelly, and produces, with proper management, abundant crops; but agriculture is little studied here, beyond the common routine that has been followed for centuries; the practice of their forefathers is religiously observed by posterity. Exertions, however, are making to introduce a better system; and in spite of prejudices, they will not be wholly lost.

Sailed down Bala lake to the town. It is said that the water of the Dee never mixes with that of the lake. The fact is, the stream which empties itself into the lake, keeps its course down the middle, with a kind of current visible to the eye; but the water of the lake, of necessity, must mix with it as the former rises or falls.

After dinner proceeded to Corwen, distant, by the road we took, about fourteen miles. On leaving Bala, where we had been well entertained and accommodated by the landlady "of the fair skin," for she had the whitest skin we ever saw, and was farther remarkable for constantly wearing spectacles, we had a delightful retrospective view of the peaks of Cader Idris, rising

behind a succession of mountains, each of no mean height. It is no le s than 18 miles off, yet its summit appeared as if we could have reached it with ease in an hour.

Following the course of the Dee on our right, we travel through a charming vale, amidst hedge-rows, corn, grass, still waiting for the scythe, and trees of luxuriant growth. The hills on both sides are finely varied, and cultivated a great way up their sides. Snug boxes, farms, and cottages enliven the scene; while the river, tossed alternately from one side of its barrier to another, and the vale, assuming a constantly changing outline, give a variety to the landscape, that keeps the attention ever awake. About the distance of three miles from Bala, we turned to the right, and crossing the Dee by a handsome stone bridge, continued our progress, with the river on our left, amidst the same kind of scenery as before, as far as Corwen. In this stage passed through the pleasing village of Llanvair and Llandrillo, near which last stands Maesmor, the agreeable residence of Bell Lloyd, Esq. We noticed several other gentlemen's seats occupying the happiest situations; but as it began to grow dusk, we had not always distinct views of such as lay remote from the road. Rug, however, the seat of Vaughan Salusbury, deserves to be particularized.

After passing through Llangar, seldom out of sight of the "wizzard Dee," we arrived at Corwen; and as it was between nine and ten at night, we had reason to be pleased, that we could all be accommodated with beds at Owen Glendower's Head, which being the only inn of any consequence, and this place being a regular stage, is frequently full. We had indeed been informed that there were two inns, though we did not recollect their names; and on asking the woman who opened the turnpike-gate, at a little distance from the town, which was the best house—she replied there were only two, the one an inn, and the other a shop. In fact, she spoke truth, though she misconceived the meaning of our question: for, except the inn and the shop, in which latter the post-office, the stamp-office, and probably all the business in the place is concentered, we did not see another decent dwelling. We supped on some fine trout. Fish indeed is the only fare, that we could lately depend on finding.

FROM CORWEN TO LLANGOLLEN, VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY, AND TO OSWESTRY.

July 27. HAVING agreed before we retired to rest, though it was nearly the noon of night, that we were to breakfast at Llangollen, I was up soon after four in the morning, that I might

take the perambulation of the town, before my friends were ready.

Corwen stands at the bottom of a vast rocky ridge of the Berwyn mountains, the most extensive range, though far from being the loftiest, in Wales. In the vale below, flows the Dee, already a considerable river, amidst fertile meads; while the opposite hills have a downy appearance, and present a various front from the difference of distance and elevation.

Here the Welsh, under that able and enterprising leader, Owen Glendower, fixed their rendezvous, when they stopped the invasion of Henry II. in 1161. The place of his encampment may still be distinguished from the church-yard, in the direction of the village of Cwmwyd. On the south side of the church, a considerable edifice, is cut a very rude cross, which is indicated to strangers as the sword of Owen Glendower, whose memory is still dear to the natives, and his exploits mentioned with rapture. The cemetery is large, and contains some rude pillars of stone. The whole town is built upon a rock, and, during the season, it is much resorted to as a fishing station.

By six o'clock, we were all assembled and ready to start; and early as it was, a crowd was gathered round our carriage, as usual, admiring its singular construction. I have not often noticed this circumstance; but it was a source of continual amusement to us in every place through which we passed, because it amused others.

Continued our route along the left bank of the Dee, the vale at first contracting, and the hills rising somewhat abruptly, with the river winding and touching their opposite bases.

On our left pass Llansaufraed, and soon after leave Glyndowery park on our right, the agreeable residence of Captain Salusbury. Near this may be seen the ruins of Owen Glendower's palace; but as they present nothing worth attention, and derive their consequence solely from the fame of that Cambrian hero, we did not stop to visit them. The country in this track is pleasantly diversified with woods and slopes, and several beautiful spots successively open on the banks of the Dee, on each of which the lover of nature would wish to build, and to fix his abode.

As we proceed, catch a distant view of Dinas Bran castle, perched on the summit of a high conical hill, almost opposite to Llangollen. At this point, the hills are sweetly tossed about, and present an interesting variety of features. One of them, rising to a considerable height from the middle of the vale, forces the Dee to the left, while the road takes a winding direction up an opening between its base and the ridge of hills which accom-

pany us on the right. A little beyond, the hills begin to wave in all directions, and several lateral vales open towards the Dee; in one of which, amidst the umbrage of trees, we had a favourable view of the beautiful ruins of Crucis abbey.

The Dee again seems to flow round to meet us, and its bank on the side of our road becomes lofty and precipitous; while the opposite boundary exhibits a variety of the most exquisite charms of nature, embellished by the works of art. Llandysillio hall, and its environs, possess almost unrivalled beauty of situation; wood, water, hills, vales, all contribute to render this situation one of the most delightful that can be conceived.

In fact, within the space of three or four miles, the river serpentines round hills and knolls in a style at once novel and enchanting: its banks are every where fringed with woods; and sometimes it appears from the road in reaches, sometimes makes a sudden bend and partially disappears, but in every form and every turn it is calculated to please. Yet we observed with pain, that in many places the axe was laying waste the sylvan honours of the Dee, and that one of the most enchanting spots on its banks was disfigured by a feeder to the Ellesmere canal.

Descend towards Llangollen, concerning which so much has been said in prose, and sung in verse; and on entering the place, felt how dangerous it is to form lofty expectations, and to give credit to hyperbolical descriptions.

After breakfasting at the sign of the Hand, which, though the first inn, gave us no very favourable impression of the elegance and civility of the place, we dispatched a note to the inhabitants of the far-famed cottage at Llangollen, requesting permission to visit it at a given hour. This was almost immediately answered by a servant, who brought a verbal message of assent, which some of the party construed into disrespect, particularly as the applicant was neither unknown, nor unconnected. Be this as it may, it was unanimously agreed on to pay the first visit to Valle Crucis, or Llan Egwest abbey, distant about two miles; and I am happy to be able to add one more attestation to the universal suffrage in favour of this venerable pile of ruins. Nothing can be more sweet than its sequestered situation, nothing more interesting than its remains, which principally consist of the east and west gable ends of the church, and some of the side walls on the south. This edifice appears to have been about one hundred and eighty feet long, and about thirty-one broad, exclusive of the transept. The windows at the east and west ends, display the finest gothic tracery, and prove what the abbey must have been before its dissolution. It is, indeed, in its present state, incontestably the most beautiful ruin in North Wales,

and was founded by Madoc ap Griffith Maylor, prince of Powis, about the year 1200; who liberally endowed it, and peopled it with Cistercians. Some mutilated inscriptions are still to be seen on the west front, but it is impossible to decypher the names to which they apply. A great number of beautiful ash trees occupy the area of the church, and spread their lofty branches over the mouldering walls. From marks and numbers on many of them, they appear to be devoted to the axe, and though a few might be cut without the least injury to the effect of these venerable ruins, a general fall would strip them of no inconsiderable share of their charms.

The cloister on the south is now converted into a farm-house, which deforms the spot, and is in itself inconvenient. Some of the ancient windows remain, and the arches seem made for endless duration. The dormitory, supported by three rows of groined arches, on single round pillars, is now converted into a hayloft, and is approached by steps from without. The people who reside here were civil and obliging, but understood very little English.

In a summer-house in the garden, erected for the occasional use of the proprietor of this delightful spot, I sat down to indulge in contemplation, while my friends were engaged in taking drawings of the principal remains. For the happy, this situation presents a thousand charms: as for the miserable, instead of flying from the world, the source of their ills, they must learn to combat with its cares, and amidst its bustle, strive to forget their sufferings and their woes.

Miss Seward thus apostrophises and describes Valle Crucis abbey:

> ——On the brink of Deva's wandering flood,
> Your rich arch glimmering through the tangled glade,
> Your gay hills towering o'er you night of wood,
> Deep in the vale's recesses as you stand,
> And desolately great, the rising sigh command.

At the distance of less than a quarter of a mile higher up the vale, stands the pillar of Eliseg, a very ancient monument, erected to the memory of Eliseg, the father of Brochmail, prince of Powis, who was slain in the battle of Chester, 607. The ancient inscription is nearly obliterated, but it was copied by Llwyd before it became illegible, and records in Latin, that this stone was raised by Concenn, one of the descendants of Eliseg, in the third degree, who had a seat in this vicinity. This pillar, which is round, and inserted into a massy square pedestal, was originally twelve feet high; but being thrown down in the civil wars, it was broken and lay neglected, till the proprietor of the

land restored what remains of it, and charged it with the subsequent inscription.

Quod hujus veteris monumenti
Superest
Diu ex oculis remotum
et neglectum
Tandem restituit
T. Lloyd
de Trevor Hall.
A. D. 1779.

To this gentleman the site belongs, and we have reason to believe that he is duly sensible of the value of his possession.

The naked lime-stone rocks of Eglwyseg, in parallel strata, are seen from this spot as well as from Llangollen, and disfigure a landscape of extraordinary beauty. The summits of the ruins of Dinas Bran are likewise visible, peeping over an intervening hill. These fragments indeed attracted our notice in various directions; but as we were pressed for time, and the ascent to them is fatiguing, while nothing is left to recompense the adventurer for his pains, we were satisfied with distant views. The hill on which the castle stands is of great height, rising into a conical figure from the surrounding vales. Towards the summit, the acclivity on the only accessible side is intersected by trenches, cut out of the solid rock. This fortress must have been of great strength. It is ascribed to the Britons, and in more modern times became the residence of the lords of Gall. Notwithstanding its elevation, we were told, on indisputable authority, that there are two never failing wells within the area of the castle walls.

Drove to Llandysillio hall, the seat of Mr. Jones, an old-fashioned and apparently neglected house, with gardens in a similar taste, with a rapid descent to the Dee; but so delightful is the situation, that the failure of art is overlooked in the beauties of nature. At a moderate expence, this might be rendered one of the most charming residences in Wales. We wished to have gone over the hanging gardens, but we could not see a single soul round the place. While we were looking about us, an enormous mastiff came out, and gave no small degree of alarm to Mrs.——, as he began to jump upon us, and we knew not whether he was in jest or earnest. The poor fellow, however, was wholly in play, and seemed to take a pleasure in attending us, and to carry an umbrella in his mouth, which we were glad to yield up to him at first, in order to conciliate his favour. He was one of the finest and largest dogs of his species I had ever seen, and of himself was a sufficient security against improper intrusion.

Round this seat are extensive woods of birch, the light elegance of whose foliage, and its white bark, harmonize with the surrounding scenery, and produce the happiest effect. At one

point, the Dee was so confined between rocks, that it was passed by a single plank laid across. Its depth, however, was visible from its boiling and turbulent motion through the chasm.

Return to Llangollen, and after taking some refreshment, proceed to visit the cottage, the residence of Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby, which will be remembered as long as the classical muse of Miss Seward, and the praise of romantic friendship, remain. The ascent to it from the town is rather steep, but very practicable for carriages. It stands on a platform, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The cottage in reality deserves its name. Only two rooms are shewn,—the dining-room and the library. Both are adorned with exquisite drawings of scenes in Wales, and round the chimney-pieces are some family miniatures, which were recognised by one of the party, without applying to the old house-keeper who attended us, and who is herself an original at full length. The dining-room is plain and neat, and the side-board corresponded. The cloth was laid for dinner, and we observed that four persons were intended to partake of it. We saw the interesting owners of the place walking in the grounds, attended by a couple of gentlemen; but it was a transient glance, and we had no wish to intrude.

The library is a very elegant apartment, containing a considerable number of expensive modern books on history, travels, and the picturesque. The windows are of painted glass, in a bow form. From one of them, the tower of Llangollen church alone is visible: the other buildings of the town are wholly hid by plantations and the figure of the ground. Dinas Bran castle and the surrounding hills make a conspicuous figure from the grounds. A gravel walk is drawn round the whole with much taste, which, by its varied direction, and the effect of concealment arising from plantations, gives the idea of a much greater extent than the reality. Indeed, though nature has been very favourable, art has been judiciously called in to heighten her charms, and to veil her defects. By planting, every unpleasant object is excluded, and every beauty brought forward to the view.

It would be deemed the highest degree of scepticism to question whether this is the abode of content, tranquillity, and of sweetly harmonized passions and affections. I will not presume to controvert the prevailing opinion, which I hope may be real; but on several grounds I will observe, that seclusion is not happiness, and that the mind which is too much abstracted from external objects, only finds time and opportunity to prey on itself, to recal every unpleasant incident again and again, and to rivet prejudices which a collision with the world would have wholly effaced.

Llangollen being one of the regular stages on the great Irish road, the inn here seems to be in a continual bustle, at least it

was so while we staid; to such a degree indeed, that we could scarcely find a room, or attention of any kind. It would be a profitable speculation for an individual, and a benefit to the public, to erect another inn. The Boniface of the present would likewise gain in manners, what he might lose in money. Competition is the very soul of trade: I hate all monopolies, and to be driven to Hobson's choice—"that or none."

Llangollen has acquired a kind of celebrity, and those who have an interest in the place, should endeavour to keep up that prejudice in its favour, which has hitherto been gratuitously indulged. The streets are narrow and inconvenient, particularly in the vicinity of the Hand, and the houses in general have nothing to recommend them to notice. The environs indeed are charming, but I cannot bestow a single compliment on the town itself. The bridge of four arches, built on ledges of rocks which cross the bed of the Dee, is by some deemed one of the wonders of Wales. Except when swelled by floods, the river runs wholly through the arch nearest the town.

A manufactory for weaving cotton, the first of the kind in this country, and a patent invention, is established here. It is said to be likely to prove injurious to Manchester; but whatever tends to lessen expence, must ultimately be beneficial to the community at large, and therefore deserves encouragement.

Leaving Llangollen at five o'clock, we proceeded to Oswestry, a stage of twelve miles. As we began to ascend from this low-lying town, we had a delightful retrospect, the hills rising very picturesquely in the circumference, particularly Dinas Bran, and only the tops of the chimneys in Llangollen, and a few scattered villas in the environs, which give the place an air of external gentility, falling under our eye, and mixing in the scene. The whole vale of Llangollen, indeed, is thick-studded with villas and cottages, generally occupying the happiest situations. It commences at the town of the same name, and possesses a high degree of fertility and beauty.

The soil now begins to be calcareous, and lime-stone, instead of schistus, abounds. Much lime, indeed, is burnt along the line of the Ellesmere canal, and the white-washed houses again give a cheerful air and a neat appearance, to the face of the country.

Keep the Dee on our left as before, and about three miles from Llangollen, approach the aqueduct of Pontcysylte, over the river Dee, one of the most stupendous works of art that ever was accomplished by man. The Ellesmere canal, which had run parallel with the farther bank of the river, is here carried over the vale by an aqueduct, supported on 18 massy stone pillars, from 130 to 160 feet in height, and distant from each other at the top, about 45 feet. These spring from the bed of the river and the rocks which line its banks, and extend in length,

measuring by the iron work, upwards of 1000 feet. On the top of the pillars is a trough or water-way, wholly composed of plates of cast iron, about twelve feet in width and five and a half in depth. The inside, over which we walked, as the water was not yet admitted, is carefully pitched; and the manner in which the immense plates are connected and closed by ledges, bolts, and screws on the outside, fills the mind with wonder as it contemplates the ingenuity of man. Mr. Telford was the engineer, and if this were the only work he had produced, it would deservedly give immortality to his name. An embankment of earth extends about 1500 feet on the south side beyond the iron work, and from its height and solidity it would be a remarkable object in any other situation; but here it is little, compared with the grand part of the undertaking. As I looked over the ballustrades of the iron water-way into the bed of the Dee, I felt how little the individual man is, but how great in the aggregate. In ten years this noble work was completed, under the afore-named engineer, and under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Matthew Davidson.*

* This magnificent aqueduct was opened Nov. 26, 1805, with great solemnity. The following inscription is engraved upon the south side of the pier, next to the south side of the river:

The nobility and gentry of
The adjacent counties,
Having united their efforts with
The great commercial interests of this country,
In creating an intercourse and union between
ENGLAND AND NORTH WALES.
By a navigable communication of the three rivers
SEVERN, DEE, AND MERSEY,
For the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade,
Caused the first stone of this aqueduct of
PONTCYSYLTE,
To be laid on the 25th day of July, 1795;
When Richard Myddelton, of Chirk, Esq. M. P.
One of the original patrons of the
ELLESMERE CANAL,
Was Lord of this Manor;
And in the reign of our Sovereign
GEORGE THE THIRD;
When the equity of the laws, and
The security of property,
Promoted the general welfare of the nation;
While the arts and sciences flourished
By his patronage, and
The conduct of civil life was improved
By his example.
The navigation over this aqueduct,
Was opened 26th of November, 1805.

In the environs of Pontcysylte, the side of the hill opposite to us and the adjacent vale, are so thickly planted with houses, continually increasing, that we should have imagined ourselves in the immediate neighbourhood of some very populous and extensive city.

A mile or two beyond this, we saw another aqueduct of the same canal, but of far inferior dimensions. Indeed, for some miles from Llangollen, interesting objects are continually presenting themselves; among these, Trevor hall, Wynnstay, and Chirk castle ought to be particularized; but the aqueduct of Pontcysylte excites undivided attention, and makes other works of art appear diminutive and common.

Quit the course of the Dee, which had accompanied us for so many miles, and enter a rich champaign, which, contrasted with the mountainous regions, amongst which we had so long been travelling, was equally delightful to the eye and to the heart, as it gave us certain presages that we were approaching England, which is the only desirable country to live in, and from its superior accommodations, the most agreeable to travel in likewise.

Chirk, the last village in Wales on this road, is extremely pleasant, and contains several houses of entertainment for travellers, apparently more comfortable than any in Llangollen. Immediately beyond this, we enter Shropshire, and passing over a continuation of fertile fields on a smooth and level road, drive through the little village of Gobowen, and soon arrive at Oswestry.

In the latter part of this stage, some hills rose in the distance on the right; but the prevailing features of the country were cultivation, riches, and beauty.

The women, though on the very verge of Wales, contrary to the prevailing costume of the principality, began to wear bonnets instead of black beaver hats; and we could perceive that their features were softer and less marked than those of the female mountaineers. The human face seems to partake of the nature of the country. Strong and harsh features mark the natives of elevated tracks, mild and regular, the inhabitants of low and level countres. The former too are generally lean, the latter plump and smooth.

Oswestry is a pretty large and respectable town, containing about 2700 inhabitants. The houses are built in a good style, with brick, covered with blue slates. The general appearance of the place indicates trade and opulence. Considerable quantities of the Welsh woollens are sold here. The church is a fine edifice; and the castle, of which only the remains of the keep are now to be seen, occupies a commanding situation over the town, of which there is a good bird's eye view from its summit.

There are several good inns in Oswestry. We dined and slept at the Cross Keys, and found it comfortable, and the charges moderate. I had some reason to think highly of the honesty of the principal waiter. In the house I lost a pair of gloves, which I believe were picked up by a servant belonging to a carriage which was setting out just as ours arrived; but having been put under the care of the waiter, with other articles of much more consequence, the poor fellow seemed quite distressed, and I was obliged to quiet his mind, by assuring him that no suspicion rested on him.

FROM OSWESTRY TO MONTGOMERY, THROUGH WELSHPOOL.

July 28. ANXIOUS to reach Montgomery (which we had fixed as a corresponding station, and where, according to previous arrangements, we hoped to have rested this day,) after breakfast, we were ready to start for Welshpool, distant fifteen miles; but heavy showers of rain kept us reluctantly from proceeding, for upwards of two hours. At length the sky clearing a little, we mounted our vehicle, and travelled over a fertile but unpicturesque country, producing all kinds of grain in abundance. Noticed several fields of excellent turneps; but except in this kind of crop, which has generally vanquished prejudice, we observed very few of the modern improvements in agriculture. The hay was chiefly carried in this vicinity; and from the late showery weather, the aftermath looked very promising, as indeed it had done in most places where the ground was cleared.

The soil here is a loamy gravel, with much limestone in the hills, of which we saw many quarries on the right of the road, with kilns, and rail-ways to carry the lime to the cut which forms a junction between the Montgomery and Ellesmere canals.

Pass through the village of Pwll-y-cwrw, and between that place and Llanymynach caught a view of the Wrekin, and called to recollection the popular toast in this country. The Wrekin indeed was the only boundary to our prospect over a flat, well-wooded, and fertile vale of many miles, through which the Severn winds its quiet course. In front, but at some miles distance, rose the Long or Breiddyn mountains, precipitous and rocky, which reminded us that we were re-entering Wales. On the top of the highest ridge we saw Rodney's Pillar, at this point a diminutive object, but which was long in view.

At Llanymynach there is an insulated part of Denbighshire; and near the same spot Montgomeryshire and Salop also meet. A shower delayed us here, under the shelter of some trees, and during its continuance, we were amused with the curious inquisitiveness of a man who, having served as a soldier in Ireland,

and imagining that we came from that country, had many questions to ask, and many observations to make. Here too we noticed "a man of many callings," who beat Dicky Gossip hollow, if we may believe his sign, which ran thus: BROUGHTON, MERCER, DRAPER, GROCER, AND IRONMONGER—FUNERALS FURNISHED—DEALER IN HATS, TEA, AND COFFEE, &c.—N. B. NEAT KITCHEN GRATES AND TRAIN OIL.

This is no bad specimen of shop-keeping in Wales, where one person deals in all kinds of commodities, and seldom has more than a sample of each, and frequently the most common articles are not to be procured. Even in a large town, of some note as a bathing-place, and which is likely to take the lead in this respect on the Cambrian shores, a friend of mine assured me, that having had the misfortune to lose his spectacles, he was obliged to send to England for another pair; and till they arrived, was glad, when he wanted to read or write, to borrow the housekeeper's glasses, who was frequently idle till he had done.

Cross three rivers, or branches of the same river, within the space of a few hundred yards, by unsafe and uncertain fords, particularly when the water is high. The last was the Wyrnwy, a river famous for the variety and quantity of its fish: it falls into the Severn at no great distance. Bridges here appear absolutely necessary, but even direction-posts for fording are but thinly scattered. In this whole stage indeed, we had to complain of the execrable badness of the roads, which were scarcely passable in a carriage. Direction-posts, where roads intersect each other, or branch off laterally, are also much wanted, especially where no houses are near to obtain information.

At one place in this stage, being wholly uncertain which of two roads to take, we asked an old woman, which was the road to Pool? "They both lead to Pool." Which is the nearest? "There is little difference." Which do carriages generally take? "Either and both." Which would you recommend? "That which you please." These laconic and unsatisfactory answers she gave with an incivility of manner which we had never before witnessed in Wales; and we were then left to our choice, which accidentally proved right.

Pass through Llandisyllio, a small village, and cross the Montgomery canal at intervals, or drive by its side, the greatest part of this remainmg stage.

From the New Quay on the Severn, where there appears much bustle of business, Rodney's Pillar on Moel-y-Golfa, a high peak of the Breiddyn mountains, is seen to great advantage. This was erected at the expence of the neighbouring gentlemen, to commemorate the victory of that gallant officer over Count de Grasse in 1782. It stands upwards of a thousand feet above

the level of the plain, and commands a landscape of great extent and variety. The Breiddyn hills consist principally of a coarse argillaceous schistus, mixed with calcareous spar, and in some places with small rhomboidal chrystals.

At the New Quay, we saw several large barges filled with wood, &c. lying in the Severn, which flowed on our left. Higher up, it is not navigable for vessels of any burden; and at this point, it may still be considered as a moderate stream, though much increased from what we found it in its infancy, at Llanidloes.

From this spot, about four miles to Welshpool, the country becomes more picturesque; and the hills, which are of a moderate elevation, are cultivated a great way up, and formed a kind of semicircle round us, as we advanced to the end of our stage. Thunder showers had overtaken us more than once in this drive, and it was with more than common pleasure we reached the Royal Oak at Welshpool, a very respectable and well-conducted inn.

The town is large and populous, containing nearly 3000 inhabitants. It lies in a fertile vale, about a mile from the banks of the Severn, and though somewhat irregular in its plan, has many good brick houses, covered with slates. The church is a decent modern building, standing on the road-side as we enter from Oswestry; but being built on a declivity, part of the cemetery is nearly as high as the roof. The market-house is the only other public edifice that deserves notice. It is built near the centre of the town, which may be said to consist of four principal streets, though they do not exactly meet at right angles. Much trade is carried on here, particularly in flannels, and an air of opulence pervades the whole.

At the inn, we found a sumptuous dinner, provided by a major of volunteers, for the officers under his command. The preparations had been so ample, that several excellent dishes were spared for our table, which was spread in an adjoining room. Hospitality is proverbial in Wales; and from the specimen before us, we were satisfied that they knew how to conduct public dinners with as much taste and elegance as in England. Not the least noise, however, was heard in the mess-room: all was order and quiet, for not less than four hours after the cloth was removed, though it is probable they were offering their libations to Bacchus, and in fancy hurling the arrows of Mars.

In various parts, indeed, of Wales, we had witnessed the martial spirit of the natives; and on any crisis of danger, I am confident they will not be found to have degenerated from the high character of their ancestors.

That the volunteering system, however, has been carried too far, both in England and Wales, few I believe will deny, who look beyond the surface of things. Volunteers ought to have been limited to such as equipped themselves, and gave their services gratuitously, instead of holding out premiums for idleness and insubordination. What a farce the generality of volunteer corps are, and how impossible it is to enforce discipline by captains, majors, and lieutenant-colonels taken from behind counters, and from low professions, must be evident to every unprejudiced person. I remember seeing a volunteer corps in England, at a place which shall be nameless, commanded by a snuffling, shuffling, poor trapstick-legged fellow of a captain, a hack clerk in an attorney's office, who, on finding fault with his men for not marching in due order, and telling them they should always have an *object* to look at, jeeringly bade him go before them, and then they would be sure of an *object to look at*. A loud laugh attested the wit and the pun of the remark; and poor Captain Spindleshanks could not again hold up his head, for some time.

After dinner, we took a chaise from the inn to Powis Castle, the rain still threatening too much to render walking prudent, though the distance is barely a mile. The park lies close to the town, and is excellently wooded. It contains many picturesque features and striking views. The road is tastefully conducted to the castle, which is seen and lost again in the approach. On reaching it, however, we were much disappointed with the exterior, and the internal parts did not answer our expectations. It is built of a reddish coloured stone, the mortar or cement still more red, and thus the whole edifice appears of brick at a very small distance. It wants both the majesty and magnitude of an ancient castle, and the elegance and comfort of a modern erection. On the ground-floor, the apartments are gloomy to an uncommon degree. The dining-room is so dark, that in dull weather candles appear necessary even in summer; and to heighten the sombre impression it gave us, the hatchments of departed possessors are suspended opposite to its windows. Never was a *memento mori* more conspicuously displayed.

The state bed-room reminded me of "the marble slumbers of the tomb." I should have considered it as a prison, instead of a place of repose. The saloon and the library, however, are really delightful rooms. The landscape from the former may class with the finest in Wales. It embraces an extensive view over the rich woody vale of the Severn, backed by the Breiddyn hills, which displayed their whole contour at once, under the influence of a declining sun. The terrace from below is a noble though an antiquated appendage, and is worthy of any seat.

Visited the gallery, a noble apartment, detached from the mansion, and containing sixty or seventy pictures, some of them by the first masters, among whom we may enumerate Poussin, Claude, Bassano, Vleiger, Canaletti, Cuyp, Carlo Dolce, &c. The Virgin and Child by the last-named artist have great sweetness of composition. Several of the paintings, however, possess no superior merit, and they are not disposed with much taste. They are either too few in number, or the gallery is too large. Three owls by Rubens, the only picture by that great master in the collection, would probably, at a common sale, fetch less than as many Norfolk turkies.

An ancient painting in fresco, from the ruined city of Pompeii, is a great curiosity. In other respects, it is too much injured to allow us to judge of its merit.

In an adjoining closet is a model of an elephant, covered with a coat of mail, composed of small steel plates and chains, a work of great ingenuity and expence. Two Indians, in their proper costume, are seated on his back. This was brought from India by the late Lord Clive, whose picture by Dance is seen in the gallery.

Returning to the inn, we settled our bill; and prepared to proceed to Montgomery, about eight miles farther, before we took up our lodging for the night.

A little way from Welshpool, Powis Castle, on whose history and revolutions I shall refrain from entering, appears to great advantage, and had we not approached it nearer, we should from this point of view have been led to conclude that its dimensions were much superior to what they really are.

The present worthy and noble owner has not resided here for any length of time, since it came into his possession; and who that enjoys such a lovely situation as Walcot, would prefer Powis Castle, notwithstanding its celebrity and its landscapes?

Proceed over a fine level country, surrounded by an amphitheatre of distant hills. Cross the Severn by a commodious bridge, and gaining the summit of a long ascent, look back over the vale we were about to leave with wonder and delight. Sabrina at once adds to its fertility and its beauty.

Pass through the village of Forden, on the right of which caught a view of Nantcribba, the seat of Viscount Hereford; and crossing the Camlet river, by a sweetly undulating road, reach Montgomery, which shewed its ruined castle, and an ancient British fortification on a superior eminence in the same direction, at a considerable distance as we approached.

Much rain had fallen during the course of the day; and the roads in consequence became heavy and unpleasant, though evidently in much better condition, and kept in better repair, than

what we had travelled over in the morning. Though Sunday, when it would be singular in England to see the labour of agriculture carrying on, we noticed, in the course of this drive, a farmer very busily employed in carrying and ricking his hay. No doubt labourers are often worse employed on the day which ought to be devoted to divine service; but still there is an indecency in carrying on secular employments in such a public manner,—at least we felt it such.

In proportion as we hed been longer absent from our respective homes, our anxiety to receive letters increased; and immediately on our arrival at Montgomery, we sent to the post-office, and found the expected gratification awaiting us.

The Dragon, the only inn of the place, is ill suited for business, being huddled up in a corner, and difficult to approach; but it is conducted with care and civility, and more on the plan of an English than a Welsh house of entertainment. It has even the appendage of a coffee-room, which appears to be pretty well attended by the inhabitants; at once a proof of their taste and sociability. Several London papers are taken in here, and, by a liberal regulation, they may be read by strangers, when not immediately wanted by subscribers.

FROM MONTGOMERY TO BISHOP'S CASTLE.

July 29. WEARY of the showery and uncertain weather which had for some days attended our progress, and this morning holding no better promise, we had little inducement to rise so early as usual, and accordingly we indulged in bed till after eight. The coffee having a very peculiar flavour, I jocularly asked the waiter if beans did not grow in great quantities round Montgomery: "Yes, Sir," said he, "it is famous for them." "I thought so,—you manufacture them into coffee, do you not?" The poor fellow was confused, and protested we were drinking the best coffee which the town afforded; and I really believe he spoke the truth.

After breakfast, visited the remains of the castle. The ascent from the town is easy, but on the opposite side, the rock on which it is built rises almost perpendicularly from the plain, and renders the approach inaccessible. Though it must have been an august pile, a few mouldering fragments of the keep, and some pieces of broken walls in the circumference, alone attest its former magnificence. The situation is highly commanding, and from this spot we looked over an expanse of rich and well cultivated land, equal to any in England. Scarcely an acre of waste is to be seen. All kinds of corn and pulse are produced here;

and the sheep, cattle, and horses, are of a much larger breed than we had lately observed.

Montgomery castle appears to have been built at an early, but indeterminate period. It was besieged by the Welsh and completely ransacked in 1094, which is the first authentic account that has reached us of this fortress. After various fortunes, it was taken by the parliamentary forces in 1644, and afterwards dismantled. From its materials, many of the present houses in the town have been built.

On the hill which covers this on the south, are the remains of a stupendous British post, the approach to which is strongly guarded by fosses and breast-works. Concerning this, however, history is silent.

From visiting this spot, we proceeded to the church, a large cruciform structure, with a tower and a good ring of bells, seated on an eminence, almost opposite to the castle, and divided from it by a part of the town and the turnpike-road, by which we had entered the place. It contains nothing remarkable, except a monument to the memory of Richard, the son of the first lord Herbert of Cherbury, who died in 1577. It happened to be a visitation and confirmation of the bishop of Hereford, in whose diocese Montgomery lies; and we had thus an opportunity of seeing many of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages assembled together, and anxiously pressing forward to receive their diocesan's blessing. There was something interesting in the scene, and it reached the heart. As long as impressions of religion are kept alive, some degree of happiness, under every external circumstance, and in every situation, will be felt and enjoyed; but remove the hopes of a better world and the consolations derived from futurity, and this life will immediately lose its value. The happy will have no security; the miserable will be bereft of support.

Little of the Welsh physiognomy was to be observed in this assemblage; but beauty of face and elegance of form were still less conspicuous, than they would have been in an equal number of the natives of several of the English counties.

Montgomery is pleasantly situated in the hollow of an eminence, on the north side of a steep hill. It is clean, and, round the market-place, not inelegant. It is chiefly built of brick, covered with slates; and many pretty cottages occupy the most agreeable spots in the environs, the residences of persons of moderate fortune, who, allured by the former cheapness of living in Wales, have taken up their abodes here*. In very few ar-

* Montgomery derives its name from Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, who, in 1092, entered Powis-land, and took this place, then

ticles, however, does the advantage of residing in Wales preponderate over England, especially on the line of the great roads; and to give up society and an easy intercourse with the rest of the world, are sacrifices which, in my opinion, are too great to be made for trifling considerations. Economy may be practised any where; and without it, every situation will be nearly the same. In remote situations, indeed, luxuries, and even many comforts, are not to be purchased. This may be a saving to the improvident; but to be able to command, even if we do not wish to enjoy, is natural to man, and he gives up much, when he voluntarily relinquishes the privilege.

About half a mile from the town, stands Lymore lodge, one of the seats of Earl Powis, whose arms appear on the market-house of Montgomery.

For the last three stages we had been attended by men-waiters, a proof that we were leaving the regions of nature and simplicity. The strings of the harp too had ceased to vibrate, which, after hearing Pritchard at Bangor Ferry, were no longer inviting. There are indeed but few good harpers remaining in Wales, and it is probable that in another century, this national music will nearly be lost.

Many horses are bred in Montgomeryshire, and sold to English drovers. It was an observation of the servant who attended us, that almost all the persons who were collected here from 17 parishes, were carried on mares, which not being so salable, are retained for breeding and use. Great numbers of sheep are also kept in this country; the hills being downy and verdant, and extremely well adapted for the pasturage of these useful animals. From their fleeces considerable quantities of flannels are manufactured, which are principally sent to Welshpool, and from thence to Shrewsbury.

Towards noon, the weather clearing up, we set out for Bishop's Castle, distant nine miles. In travelling over this space, we saw much hay lying on the ground, and some still uncut. The crops of corn and pulse looked very luxuriant in this track, and in a few places, we noticed hemp and flax. It should not be concealed, however, that though the lands are naturally fertile, they are ill managed in general; and in one place we observed whole fields devoted to the rearing of thistles, which, if not eradicated, will in time overspread the farms of more careful and industrious managers. Wherever thistles are suffered to grow, it is a proof at once of bad husbandry and low rents. Yet I

called Trefaldwin or Baldwin's Town, from a deputy in the service of William the Conqueror. The county lies in three dioceses, St. Asaph, Bangor, and Hereford, and extends about 40 miles in length by 37 in breadth.

was told that land lets on an average at a guinea an acre; and in the neighbourhood of Bishop's Castle, whole farms, in some situations, are worth 30*s*. per acre. Pieces of grass-lands near that town fetch four or five guineas; but in giving such a rent, the occupier is guided rather by convenience than by the real value.

Taking a retrospective view of Montgomery, the shattered fragments of its castle in the back ground, and the tower of the church ranging in front amidst lofty trees, which concealed the inferior buildings, formed a highly picturesque scene, which we regretted that we had not leisure to sketch. Some future tourist may perhaps avail himself of this hint.

Passing the Court-House, now converted into a farm, we took the new-made road; but instead of an improvement, we found it worse than the old one could possibly have been. A heavy toll, however, is exacted from travellers before we quit it, about a mile from Bishop's Castle; though in its present state there ought to be a premium for passing this way.

The road during this stage generally runs along the plain, or on the right of the low hills which accompanied our progress. The character of the country was now wholly changed: the vales had become expanded champaigns, and the hills, though presenting an indented and undulating outline, were verdant and cultivated to their very summits.

Bishop's Castle is a borough town, governed by a bailiff and burgesses, who seem inclined to think for themselves in the choice of representatives, or reluctantly submit to influence. It receives its name from its having been formerly a castle or residence of the bishops of Hereford; and an elegant octagonal bowling-green is formed on the site where the episcopal abode once stood. This is an appendage to the Castle Inn, a very comfortable house, and well accustomed.

The town stands on the side of a hill, at the bottom of which rises the church, a stately pile. It was formerly of much greater extent; but being destroyed by a fire, it has never recovered its consequence or population. This accounts for the awkward position of the church, which no doubt was once in the centre of the buildings.

In the vicinity are the extensive plantations and house of Lord Clive, now Earl Powis. On the town-hall are the Herbert arms. This may be a proper compliment to the principal contributor to a public building, but it always sirikes me as a mark of vassalage, which it might be politic to conceal.

At this place, I found a pleasing instance of recollection from a servant of the inn, who had many years ago been in my employment. It has always been a leading maxim with me, that

as God only knows where or in what situations persons may meet, it is incumbent on them to be kind, and to behave well to each other. Here I had an illustration of my principle, and a confirmation of its justice. At a distance from home, every attention is dear to the heart of sensibility.

In the evening walked up to the bowling-green, which enjoys a delightful landscape, and found it occupied by a set of loungers, among whom was a gentleman, familiarly stiled *parson* by his associates. The parson seemed a good-natured droll character. He was an athletic, fat, and bulky Cambro-Briton, with much of his native accent; and when he had made a lucky hit, he leaped with the agility of a cow for joy; while "d——n ye, parson! that's well done!" was vociferated by his play-fellows, and seemed like music to his ears. Tired of exercise, the party at length retired from the scene of action, and enjoyed a refreshing draught of porter, which was ready waiting for them. In this refreshing liquor, it is probable that the losses and winnings of the evening were expended.

After a perambulation of the town, and a visit to the church, we returned, and retired at an early hour to rest.

FROM BISHOP'S CASTLE THROUGH WALCOT PARK TO LUDLOW.

July 30. AT one time, we had entertained a design of taking a circuitous route from Bishop's Castle through Knighton and Presteign in Radnorshire, to Worcester; but on enquiry, we found the roads were unfavourable for a carriage, and, in addition to this inconvenience, we began to be pressed for time. It was therefore finally settled, that we were to proceed directly to Worcester through Ludlow, a town that promised some degree of gratification, from its ancient celebrity, as well as its present character for elegance and beauty.

Accordingly we were up soon after six; and having taken an early breakfast, were in readiness to start before eight; when lo! to our great mortification and disappointment, some repairs to the carriage, which were to have been completed last night, were still unfinished; and we were obliged to wait two hours more before the bungling workmen could finish their job.

The comforts of a carriage indeed are scarcely compensated for, when the numerous inconveniences are taken into the account. The most independent mode of travelling is certainly on foot; but as few have health or strength for an undertaking of this kind, carried to any length, the most pleasant and satisfactory way of making a tour, is undoubtedly on a safe and quiet horse, adapted to the country through which we are to pass.

I would therefore advise persons who are traversing Wales, to purchase a sure-footed Welsh poney as soon as they enter the country, and to perform that part of their journey which lies through England in the regular stages. They may thus gain time for their researches in the principality, and be exempted from the delays and fatigues incident to any other plan of journeying.

Every thing being at last arranged, we set out for Ludlow, distant 17 miles by the regular road, but by the route we took through Walcot Park, not less than 19. For the first time during the last ten days, we had the pleasure of seeing a clear sky and a brilliant sun; and soon entering the delightful domain of Walcot, enjoyed all the beauties of the scenery. This was the residence of Lord Clive before he became heir to the Powis estates, and received the additional honour of that title; and it still is the place where he spends the greatest part of his time. It well deserves the preference he gives it. Extensive woods and plantations decorate the adjacent hills, which at no remote period must have been destitute of wood; and the park, which contains many hundred acres, is likewise replete with sylvan beauties, charmingly diversified by nature, and amply stocked with deer.

A fine sheet of water, resembling a river, is advantageously seen on the left as we approach the mansion, a square brick fabric, with stone corners, and a Doric portico in the front. It stands on a moderate elevation, amidst the most delightful park scenery and agreeably diversified views over a rich and fertile country.

Quitting the park, we regained the turnpike-road; and passing through Basford and Newton-Whettleston, at which last-named place is an excellent inn, erected by Earl Craven, we soon reached Stoke Castle, where we halted to examine its remains.

The castle, as it is called, is situated about a quarter of a mile from the road, and is approached on foot, by crossing the church-yard. I am unacquainted with its early history, nor could the intelligent and civil farmer who occupies the surrounding land, and has the use of the dilapidated apartments, furnish us with any satisfactory information on the subject. It is the property of Lord Craven, who has extensive estates in this vicinity, and who, with a commendable zeal, prevents this interesting ruin from farther spoliation. Judging from appearances, it probably was a family residence about a century or two back. It is moated round in the antique style; and a very curious gate-house, constructed of wooden frame-work, with curious carvings, leads to the door of a large and lofty hall, the whole height of the building. This apartment is destitute of any signs of a fire-place

or outlet for the smoke, which probably found its way through the centre of the roof, now closed. The window-frames are of stone, in the Gothic taste; and at the upper end of this part of the edifice is an octagonal tower, with a winding stair-case to its top, and this alone bears any marks of the castle having been constructed for the purpose of defence or annoyance.

The Castle farm is of great extent; and the occupier has judiciously adopted the modern improvements in agriculture and breeding. He has introduced the Leicestershire breed of sheep, and the Herefordshire black cattle, with great success. A threshing-machine worked by water, an appendage to this farm, with the assistance of four men, will thresh and clean 100 bushels of wheat in eight hours. What a pity that human strength should so generally continue to be exhausted by labouring with a flail, an implement only fit for savages to use, when threshing-machines may now be had on every principle, and at a price suited to any moderate farm!

The soil is here undoubtedly good, and the land lets on an average at upwards of a guinea per acre. A reddish loam, which on fallows has at a distance the appearance of sainfoin, prevails for many miles; and though the country is agreeably diversified with woods, arable hills, dales, and streams, it presents no bold features to arrest the eye or invite particular description.

Cross the small river Oney, the Corve, and the Teme, and approach Ludlow, whose noble castle, majestic even in ruins, and its venerable and stately church, attracted our notice at some distance, more particularly after passing the beautiful seat of dowager Lady Clive at Oakley Park, a sweet and cheerful residence.

The town of Ludlow stands on an eminence, rising towards its centre in every direction; but is surrounded in the distance by still higher ground, with which it seems to connect. It is washed on two sides by the Teme, over which a handsome wooden bridge on brick arches is thrown. The situation is universally and deservedly admired; and the interior gave us a very favourable opinion of the taste and opulence of the inhabitants, who amount to little less than 4000 persons. Indeed many respectable families reside here; and it is impossible to find a more agreeable residence, within the distance of many miles. For centuries, it has been a place of some consequence, and it is not unworthy of its former celebrity.

The castle, still an object of great interest, was long the residence of the Lords Presidents of Wales. The Mask of Comus was composed by Milton for Lord President Bridgewater, and acted here, about the year 1634. Here too the facetious Butler wrote his Hudibras. The ruins of this magnificent pile

cannot be contemplated even at this period without admiration; and I was happy to find, that Lord Powis, the lessee of the Prince of Wales, entertains a due sense of the value of his possession, by saving it from wanton dilapidation. Round the castle, the most charming walks are conducted on terraces, one above another.

The church, dedicated to St. Laurence, is a grand and extensive cruciform pile, with the tower springing from the centre. Its chancel is adorned with windows of painted glass, and its cemetery is very large, but apparently crowded with the silent dead.

Ludlow contains four principal streets, which, without meeting at right angles, have all the advantages of that kind of distribution, divested of its formality. The houses are generally built of brick, and tiled, and the streets are clean and well paved. The want of slating, however, is a considerable drawback on the beauty of the place. Some of the old houses are of framework, painted black, with the interstices white, a stile of building still to be seen in many other places, but rapidly disappearing, as repairs and improvements become necessary. The shops make a handsome appearance; and the inns possess superior accommodations. The manufacture of gloves employs many hands; and much business is done in paper-making and tanning. It is not, however, a commercial town, as many of the inhabitants live on their fortunes.

Fatigued, but not satisfied with viewing the beauties of this place, we sat down to dinner at seven o'clock, and afterwards took a perambulation of a part of the town which we had not previously visited. Here we saw two lofty May-poles, hung from within twelve feet of the ground to the top with garlands of various coloured paper, very tastefully disposed; and on enquiring, we learnt that Whitsun sports are annually celebrated with much glee, by the young people of both sexes. Whitsun ales are not unusual in some other parts of the kingdom; but I never before observed such gay poles, which must have required abundant labour and ingenuity to execute and adorn.

In Ludlow, as might reasonably be expected, there are a reading society, a coffee-room, and a respectable bookseller's shop and printing office, conducted by Mr. Procter, who appears to be a man of taste and information. These circumstances gave me a favourable opinion of the internal state of society, as the *toute ensemble* of the place had impressed me with a predilection for its localities. In the vicinity are various seats, which are said to be worth visiting, particularly Downton Castle, the residence of R. P. Knight, one of the representatives for the borough, a gentleman of taste and erudition, though his talents have not always been directed to objects worthy of them.

FROM LUDLOW TO WORCESTER, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

July 31. HAVING established it as a rule to plan our daily progress over night, and to adhere to it, as far as circumstances would permit, it was agreed on in our conclave, to reach Worcester to dinner, a journey of thirty-two miles, and to make Tenbury our first stage before breakfast, a distance of nine miles.

Being ready before my friends, and hearing the bells ringing for prayers at six o'clock, I went into the church, and inspected its curiosities. The painted glass is in the best style of colouring; but the designs, which never could have possessed much merit, are farther deteriorated by broken panes, whose loss has been supplied by common glass.

The most ancient monument, is that to the memory of Ambrosia Sidney, who died in Ludlow castle in 1574. Several others of more modern date are erected in different parts of this sacred edifice, but not one of them is distinguished for elegance or beauty.

The interior of the church is handsomely fitted up, and is extremely capacious. An elegant organ is erected over the entrance into the chancel. The pillars which support the central tower are of massy size, as such an enormous weight requires.

A few old men and women, perhaps not exceeding twelve in all, composed the congregation. I fear that too frequent service in the church tends to lesson the veneration of the people for this sacred duty. Where prayers are read thrice a day, it is too frequently considered as a routine business, both by the minister and his flock.

Starting from the inn before seven, and leaving the town with some degree of regret, passed on our right Ludford park, the seat of Colonel Charlton, a delightful residence, and, taken with its accompaniments, inferior to few in this vicinity. The whole country is finely wooded and agreeably diversified, but possesses no commanding features.

Near Ashford, for the first time in our tour, observed a hop ground, and soon after several others. The plants looked black and blighted; and it was justly apprehended the crops would be short, and indifferent in quality.

In the orchards, few apples were to be seen; and only a thin

sprinkling of pears. The wheat looked thin: other crops were pretty good. Much hay still lay on the ground, owing to the late showery weather. Observed lime plentifully spread on some fallows. The land, however, did not seem to require rest, were it managed on a judicious system.

Crossed the Teme again, and in one or two places saw the Stourport canal running nearly parallel to the road.

Little Hereford, a village in the county of that name, about six miles from Ludlow, seems to have quarrelled with its church, which stands amidst fields of grass, without a single house near it, which could not have originally been the case. There is something singular in this disunion.

Passed through the village of Burford, in the neighbourhood of which are some handsome villas. The country here has a cultivated aspect.

Reach Tenbury to breakfast. The Swan Inn, where we stopt, stands on the road-side; but the little town lies beyond the bridge over the Teme; and the church, which has a tolerable tower, occupies a station to the westward.

From the windows of the room where we were sitting, obseved several washerwomen employed in their vocation, by the side of the Teme, which spreads out here into a kind of ford, and has a gravelly bottom. They dipped the linen and tossed it about in the running water, and then laying it folded, on an inclining block of wood, beat it with flat beetles, repeating this operation till it was cleansed to their satisfaction. A large tub, filled with lye and soap, stood by their side, and out of it they drew the clothes as they were wanted for washing. This operation was something similar to the Welsh washing, already noticed at Trecastle. In England the practice is not so general as it deserves to be; and I mention this for the comfort of those who can avail themselves of a running stream, and thus save their houses from the annoyance which the *ladies* of the *tub* never fail to occasion.

Proceeding on our journey, we had the river Teme on our right for some way; but crossing it at Newnham, soon after deserted its course.

Pass Lydridge, whose church, standing on a bold elevation, attracted our notice some time before we reached it, particularly its lofty spire, an appendage that had rarely met our view, in the preceding part of our tour. In Wales, the churches have seldom more than a steeple sufficient to hold one bell. The superior edifices of this kind are furnished with towers of different forms; but after passing Crickhowell, we do not recollect seeing a single spire, till we came to this place.

Near Stockton, the Malvern hills begin to shew their lofty

ridge over the intervening eminences; and as we gained the summit of Abberley hill, we were delighted to look down on the rich and extensive vale of Worcester, and marked the cathedral of that elegant city, proudly towering over the surrounding buildings.

The intense heat of the sun wholly overcame us. I never felt more inconvenience from this cause; and when we reached the Hundred House, the party in general was ready to sink with lassitude and fatigue. Our horses too were quite worn out; and instead of stopping to bait here, which was our original intention, we resolved to dine, and to wait till the cool of the evening; anxious as we were to get to Worcester, where we were given to understand young Roscius was to perform this very evening.

While deliberating what plan we had best pursue, the landlord of the Hundred House, a neat and comfortable inn, informed us, as a matter of curiosity, that young Betty, with his father and mother, a little sister and her nurse, were at that very instant dining in the next room.

This intelligence gratified us extremely; and it was not long before we saw the wonderful boy running about the inn-yard, with all the playful vivacity and indifference natural to his age. His looks spoke intelligence, and his whole appearance was prepossessing, but gave no indications of those extraordinary theatrical talents, which the public voice has long allowed him to possess.

The whole country for many miles round Worcester, was in motion, though he had already played several nights there. Places had been engaged some days before each representation; and there was not the smallest probability that we, as strangers, and who must of necessity arrive after the curtain rose, could have any chance of gaining admission. In this dilemma, I resolved to make a push beyond what ordinary forms would sanction, by writing and sending in a note, stating our situation, and requesting the interest of Roscius, if possible, to get us accommodated with places. I was the rather encouraged to take this step, as I was sure my name could not be unknown to him; and because I felt that all persons who are candidates for public favour, though in different ways, ought to have a mutual alliance, and hence a mutual desire and interest in serving and obliging each other.

Mr. Betty, sen. as spokesman for his son, in the handsomest manner, promised to apply to the manager of the theatre in our behalf, immediately on his arrival; and as his chariot was ready to start, he was sure to be at Worcester, full two hours before us.

We lost no time, however, in following him, that we might

be able to avail ourselves of this introduction, so fortunate and yet so fortuitous.

The Hundred House stands on the Ludlow and Worcester road, where it is crossed by another leading to Kidderminster and Broomyard, in an excellent situation for business. The landlord possesses great urbanity of manners, and a studious desire to oblige. He informed me that the greatest part of the land in this neighbourhood was the property of Lord Foley, and that it let on an average about a guinea per acre, which apparently is very reasonable. Comparing, however, the richness of the soil, a reddish loam embedded in clay, with the thin staple in several counties through which we had passed, we were surprised to find more indifferent crops of wheat here than in any other track we had lately seen. Indeed, throughout the greatest part of the vale of Worcester, the soil is much better adapted to fruit, hops, beans, &c. than to autmnal wheat; but it seems probable that spring wheat would answer very well. We observed another peculiarity in the district through which we were now travelling. In Wales, and on its frontiers, oaks are the prevailing timber, with scarcely an elm to be seen; but here, elms of the largest size and beauty began to embellish the hedge-rows, and to line the road.

From the Hundred House to Worcester is a stage of eleven miles. The only seat we particularly noticed in this drive was Whitley Court, Lord Foley's, which was evidently undergoing great alterations and improvements. We were told that among other suitable additions, a noble library-room was fitting up; an appendage which no man of rank or fortune can now be without, if he possesses, or wishes to be thought to possess, taste or genius; and that the hall and dining-room were likewise completing in the first style of modern elegance.

Whitley is very delightfully situated amidst luxuriant woods and plantations, commanding an extensive landscape over the beautiful and fertile vale of Worcester. The church is a stately pile, but stands so close to the house, that from some points of view it seems to belong to it.

Various other agreeable seats at intervals caught our attention as we approached Worcester, which we entered by a noble bridge over the Severn, here a deep and wide river, compared with what we had seen it before.

On our arrival at the Hop-pole inn, we had the satisfaction to find, that though more than one family had been refused admission for want of room, the landlord was ready to receive and lodge us, in the best manner that circumstances would allow. He did more: he ran to the theatre while we were dressing; and soon returned with the pleasing intelligence, that Mr. Betty had

interested himself in our favour with the manager, and that places were reserved for us in one of the stage-boxes.

The play, which was Tancred and Sigismunda, had begun before we entered; but on being conducted to our box through the crowd, we not only found plenty of room, but at the same instant had the pleasure of seeing the young Roscius on the stage in the character of Tancred, in a very interesting scene. It is impossible to do justice to his merit as an actor in every particular: suffice it to say, that his performance far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, highly as they had been raised; and that the contrast between the playful boy of thirteen whom we had so lately seen, and the noble and spirited Tancred, was the greatest that could possibly be conceived.

In the more impassioned parts, he rose to all the dignity of tragic art, and in the frantic scene especially, he was terribly great. I confess I did not dare to look at him towards its close; but I saw the impression he made; and I never witnessed a more feeling attention in any audience. Every breast was agitated; and pity, admiration, delight, and horror seemed alternately portrayed in every face.

The most rapturous bursts of applause followed; and they were the spontaneous and unsophisticated tribute to unrivalled excellence.

I do not pretend to enter into a critical examination of the beauties and defects of Master Betty's performance; but I cannot refrain from remarking, what in my opinion constitutes his principal merit. His action is wholly his own, neither borrowed, nor acquired by study; but the effect of natural taste, of great susceptibility of heart and promptness of conception. In impassioned scenes his voice is sonorous and commanding, though somewhat hoarse; but his under tones are the sweetest and most distinct I ever heard. Not a word in his recitation is lost; not a lapse of memory ever occurs. He appears engaged in a real scene, and is utterly lost to the audience, and to every thing not immediately connected with his part.

Yet no sooner is he off the stage (and we had an opportunity of seeing him behind the scenes,) than he resumes his boyish manner, and is just what he ought to be.

Candour obliges me to observe farther, that in some particular passages the young Roscius appears more tame than custom and the general practice of the best actors seem to warrant; but he never suffers attention to flag; and before we can justly say that he is negligent, he rises into all the sublimity of tragic pathos.

This transition, which is dictated by nature, is undoubtedly an eminent beauty in his performance. Uniform elevation and

vociferation is not the language of passion. The storm for a moment is hushed, only to collect its force; and the mind, under the influence of strong emotions, in like manner ebbs and flows.

But it is not only on the stage that the young Roscius is entitled to applause. We heard some instances of generosity and feeling which he had shewn at Worcester, a place where his family is not unknown, that would have done credit to the best heart and the amplest fortune.

The house was crowded to an extreme degree; and though the young actor was to receive 100l. a night for eight nights, there can be little doubt that the manager put as much more clear profit into his pocket from this engagement.

Notwithstanding we had so much room, the heat was so excessive, that when we retired after the play, we were literally in a bath. Numbers were obliged to withdraw, unable to stand the heat and pressure, and who probably were satisfied with a sight of this phenomenon, without hearing him articulate a sentence.

FROM WORCESTER TO BROADWAY.

August 1. FATIGUED with the various exertions of yesterday, we indulged in sleep longer than usual, except Mr. ——, one of our friends, who bade us adieu the preceding evening, and early this morning proceeded to rejoin his family at Bath. This diminution of our party was sensibly felt, particularly as it was the prelude to a more general separation, which was speedily to take place.

Before breakfast, made a general perambulation of the always loyal and singularly beautiful city of Worcester. It is certainly one of the best built and most agreeably situated cities in the interior of England. The streets are generally spacious, well paved, and lighted; the shops are elegant, and the houses being built of brick, have an air of the metropolis, without its smoke and polluted atmosphere.

The cathedral is a stately pile, and contains some curious monuments. Perhaps one of the finest, and certainly one of the most expressive pieces of sepulchral sculpture in this kingdom, is that erected to the memory of the pious and mildly firm Bishop Hough, whom neither the blandishments nor the frowns of a bigotted king could deter from the path of rectitude and of duty. I never see his monument, and I have visited it frequently, without increased admiration: it does honour to the taste and talents of Roubilliac.

An altar-tomb is likewise erected here over the remains of the tyrannical but pusillanimous king John. A third monument may be particularized: it is that belonging to Arthur, prince of Wales, the eldest son of Henry VII. whose marriage with Catherine of Arragon, afterwards the queen of his brother Henry VIII. was the accidental cause, and served as a pretext for the reformation began by the latter. In the language of poetry,

> Fair freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
> And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd:
> From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
> And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed.

After breakfast, inspected the shew-rooms of Messrs. Barr and Co. china-manufacturers, who, on accidentally learning my name, shewed the most flattering attention, and offered to conduct us over their manufactory. This proof of their civility I was obliged to decline for want of time; but was highly gratified with a sight of some beautiful and costly patterns of tea and table services of china, intended for his Majesty and the princess of Wales. They promise to be equal, if not superior, to any thing of the kind ever produced in this country; and indeed when we witness the perfection that English porcelain has reached, and contemplate the incomparable elegance of the paintings with which it is adorned, it must excite surprise that the rude and grotesque figures on foreign china can any longer please, or find purchasers.

A new pattern of table plates, adorned with shells, beautifully painted in their centre from nature, may be considered as a school in this branch of natural history. It is, indeed, a great advantage to the public, and we hope to the liberal proprietors, that, at this manufactory, coats of arms with mottos, or any other devices or figures, may be had in the finest style of execution. From three to twenty guineas is the price of a common set of tea-equipage.

As we returned from surveying these delightful specimens of art, of which I made a few purchases, we found numbers of people collected near the post-office, in expectation of hearing the rumours confirmed of a victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, by the squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Calder. It was not long before the mail arrived, and brought this agreeable intelligence; and if some disappointment was felt that the victory was not complete—for John Bull is never satisfied!—what had been atchieved, under circumstances far from being propitious, was an earnest of more ample success in future on our native element.

The time to which we were limited did not allow us to dine in Worcester, and accordingly we proceeded on our journey towards Pershore, a stage of nine miles, over a continuation of the same rich and agreeable country which we had noticed the day before. The soil, however, which had been a reddish loamy clay for many miles, about the sixth mile-stone changed to gravel, and here the wheat evidently began to mend. There is every reason to believe, as I have observed before, that spring wheat would answer better than lammas, in many parts of this district. The latter runs the risk of being chilled during the winter. For beans, the stiff clayey soil is excellently adapted, as was evident from the luxuriant state of the crops. Hops and fruit trees are also the denizens of the soil.

About eight miles from Worcester, the Malvern hills formed a prominent feature in the landscape for some distance, whenever we took a retrospective view; and, indeed, it was long before their summits were wholly lost. They certainly have a nearer resemblance to the Welsh mountains than any in the midland counties of England; and though no mines have yet been discovered in them, that are thought worth working, I cannot help being impressed with a belief, that they contain in their bowels ores of different kinds. They certainly have a very mineral aspect, and traces of this may be seen in various parts throughout their extent.

Fladbury and Bredon hills serve likewise to diversify the face of this part of the country; but champaign prevails in Worcestershire.

Reach Pershore to dinner. It is a long and not ill-built town, and was formerly famous for its abbey, appertaining to which, a large and elegant church still remains, though of diminished size and splendour to what it was in its original state. Another smaller church, almost contiguous, belongs to the town, which appears populous and flourishing.

Resolving to sleep at Broadway, twelve miles distant, we soon resumed our journey, and crossing the Warwickshire Avon near Pershore, saw nothing particularly worthy of remark till we came in sight of Evesham. Just before we skirted that town, for the road does not run through its centre, the Avon again appeared on our left, meandering through one of the richest and best cultivated tracks in the kingdom,—the vale of Evesham, which, under different names, extends many miles.

Passing through Bengworth, which may be considered as a suburb to the rich and populous borough town of Evesham, once famous for its abbey, the curtains of the day began to close; and the principal object that attracted our notice, was Broadway hill, a massy ridge, at the foot of which stands the town or village of

the same name, containing several inns. It is a long, straggling place; but being situated in a good corn country, it is not wholly destitute of attractions.

Here we took up our lodgings for the night, and after a slight repast, retired to bed.

FROM BROADWAY TO BANBURY AND BRACKLEY.

August 2. THIS day, which was to break up the party, and to leave me to pursue my journey to London in other company and by a different mode of travelling, was contemplated by us all with various emotions. My friends expected to rejoin their family at dinner, and to reach their home, in which, to the happy, so many sweets and endearments are centred, and which an occasional absence serves only to increase the more. I participated in their feelings, and wished to check my own.

We were early seated in our carriage, and slowly gaining the summit of Broadway hill, along the side of which the road winds to render the ascent more easy, were gratified with a view of Farnham abbey on our left, the occasional residence of Walsh Porter, Esq. which commands more extensive prospects than any habitable place we had seen even in the romantic regions of Wales. The exquisite taste of the possessor is visible in every accompaniment. Though standing a great way up the brow of the hill, it is sweetly sheltered by plantations, disposed in the happiest style. The form of the building is excellently adapted to the situation; and for a summer residence, no place in the kingdom can be more delightful.

On reaching the sign of the Fish, a tower-looking public-house, on the top of Broadway hill, we looked back with rapture over the vale we were about to leave. As far as the eye could reach, and, indeed, farther than it could distinguish objects, the prospect was gorgeous and unconfined; while distant hills, melting into the remote horizon, gave a back ground and a finish to the scene.

From this spot, drive over a hilly flat, and soon come in sight of Lord Coventry's plantations at Spring hill. Along the road, many trees are planted at intervals, which, considering the poverty of the soil, appear to be in a very thriving state, and will soon assist to clothe the nakedness of this steril track. Nothing, indeed, can be more praise-worthy, or more profitable, than thus to render a spot productive, which yielded little to the proprietor, or to the public. The house itself is embosomed in woods; and though the situation cannot be compared to Crome Abbey, another seat of his lordship near Worcester, it

has the effect of pleasing by contrast; and during the best season of the year, must be sufficiently agreeable.

Descend to the pleasant village of Bourton-on-the-Hill, which overlooks an extensive track of country, towards Oxfordshire. Some handsome seats are erected here, among which, is that in the occupation of Sir John Dashwood King, Baronet, who seems to prefer this spot to his own family residence at West-Wycombe, where art and nature have been exhausted to please.

Reach Morton in Marsh, a stage of eight miles, to breakfast. This is a small market-town in Gloucestershire; but contains little for description. It stands in a flat country, and probably in former times, deserved its appellation; though at present we saw no vestiges of marshes in its vicinity. Here we were detained by the rain for some hours. For some days, thunder-storms had been collecting round us, though hitherto we had generally escaped their influence.

At length, the weather clearing up, we travelled on towards Chipping-Norton, passing the four shire-stone, or pillar, about two miles and a quarter from Morton. This is an obelisk of no great height, erected on the spot where the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Warwick, and Oxford, meet in a single point. It does not stand very near to any house; yet circumstances and situations may be fancied, in which it would be an acquisition, to have such a facility of escaping from one county to another at a single step.

The greatest part of the way from Worcester to Chipping-Norton, we found the roads excellent and kept in good repair; but by some unaccountable neglect, the mile-stones are frequently laid flat on their sides, or where they stand upright, not one in ten is legible. This is a very unpleasant circumstance to the traveller, who loves to see distances, and who certainly pays liberally, by means of turnpikes, for every accommodation of this kind.

Again visit Chipping-Norton, a neat town, but bleak and forbidding in its aspect; and about a mile farther, halt at Chapel house, one of the largest and most pleasant inns in this part of the kingdom. It has its pleasure-grounds and bowling-green, and more resembles a gentleman's seat than a house of public entertainment.

Here I bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs.******, in whose society I had spent about a month in the most agreeable manner, and for whom I can never cease to entertain the utmost respect, and to breathe for them and family the most affectionate good wishes.

A young gentleman from Oxford, met me here with a couple of horses, one of which I mounted, with an *independent* behind me, and proceeded towards Banbury. Business and pleasure

indeed called me into Northamptonshire; and in company with my new associate, I was to take the opportunity of visiting the University of Cambridge, before I returned to the metropolis.

During this stage, of about twelve miles between Chapel house and Banbury, I was too much lost in thought to pay great attention to surrounding objects, even had they been more inviting than they really were. We passed through the villages of Swerford, Newington, and Bloxham; the latter is pretty large, and has a church with a lofty spire. The whole track is fertile in corn, but little varied.

Arrived at Banbury to dinner. This is a large and populous borough town, returning one member to the Imperial Parliament, and carrying on a very considerable trade in the manufacture of shags, and webbing for horse-girths. It had formerly a castle, of which scarcely a vestige remains. Here in 1469, the Earl of Warwick, at the head of the Lancastrians, defeated the Yorkists, and took Edward IV. prisoner.

The church is a modern fabric, and in its style of architecture resembles a theatre. It is probably more commodious than the Gothic piles, but it is destitute of that solemn gloom which appears to be suited to a place of religious worship.

The situation of Banbury is low; and though it exhibits the bustle of business, and is peopled by many respectable individuals, there is something forbidding in its general aspect, owing to the narrowness and dirtiness of the streets.

Messrs. Cobb, the inventors of the coloured patent paper, have their mills in this vicinity. Their discovery has been eminently successful, and has tended very much to embellish our libraries and book-cases, at a comparatively small expence.

It should farther be remarked, that Banbury has long been famous for *cakes* and *ale*; which a wag turned into *cakes* and *zeal*, alluding to the number of Dissenters who have always nestled here.

Resolving to ride as far as Brackley, in Northamptonshire, to sleep, we left Banbury pretty early in the afternoon, and passing through Warkworth, and some other insignificant villages, in less than two hours reached Brackley, where we bespoke lodgings for the night at the Crown inn, standing about the middle of the town.

Brackley is agreeably situated on the slope and summit of a moderate eminence. It is an ancient borough town, and contains three churches. As this place, however, does not stand on any great public road, it seems to have little business; and therefore more civility is experienced at the inns than is usual where they are corrupted by much custom. It is a singular fact, but every person may verify it by his own observation, that in

all trades and professions those are most attentive who meet with the smallest encouragement. At a great inn or a great shop, you as frequently meet with insolence as civility. People in middling situations are grateful for every attention; the rich and the prosperous claim your favours as their due.

FROM BRACKLEY THROUGH NORTHAMPTON, TO CASTLE-ASHBY.

August 3. HAVING promised to spend some days in Northamptonshire, and our ride to the place of destination being extremely moderate for a summer's day, we breakfasted at Brackley, and afterwards setting out, travelled over a level and well cultivated track, rich in corn and pulse.

About the fifth mile-stone towards Towcester, entered Whittlebury forest, through whose delightful shades we passed by the regular turnpike-road, upwards of two miles. It extends, however, much farther to the right and left; produces some fine timber for the navy, and is pretty well stocked with deer. The Duke of Grafton, who has a lodge here, is hereditary ranger.

Arrive at Towcester, a tolerably pleasant market-town, standing in a flat fertile country, on the great Chester road, and consequently is a busy thoroughfare. The church is a large and respectable looking pile. Boot and shoe-making is a principal employment in Brackley, Towcester, and in Northampton; perhaps also in other towns of this county.

Just beyond Towcester, passed the park, and had a very distinct view of Easton-Neston, the splendid seat of the Earl of Pomfret. Much taste and expence seem to have been employed in the plantations and approaches; but the lake being almost dry, and the improvements connected with it in a very unfinished state, were considerable drawbacks on the beauty of the scene.

Rode through the picturesque village of Blisworth, famous for its wharf and tunnel on the Grand Junction Canal. In passing through this busy place, saw the sun, moon, and stars at mid-day, on a sign. Travellers are in the habit of seeing wonders, and why should not this be recorded, as well as some others which I have seen in books?

About four miles farther, enter the fine town of Northampton, which, gradually rising from the river Nen, covers the side and the top of a considerable eminence. Put up at the George, a very splendid and well-conducted inn, and soon found some friends, who by engagement were to meet me here. The day was excessively hot and sultry, and I felt extremely fatigued. Nevertheless I bustled round the town, and transacted some

necessary business, after which sat down with a small party to dinner.

In the afternoon, from the window of the room where we were sitting, saw the funeral of the Mayor of Northampton pass. This gentleman had died a few days ago, as he was going down a dance, on a corporation festivity. The awful occasion was not lost on the spectators. The mutability of all human things seemed sensibly felt by the multitude, and the impression on some will probably not be evanescent.

As I was standing at the window looking at this solemn procession, a friend from London hailed me in the street. To meet acquaintances so unexpectedly is always pleasant. I set this incident down among the agreeables of the day. In company with him, took a walk to Queen's Cross, about a mile from the town. It is one of the monuments of Edward's affection for his beloved Eleanor, and is kept in excellent repair. Its form is octagonal, with numerous statues and sculptures. Perhaps it is the most perfect of all the crosses which were erected by a fond husband to a faithful wife. Round this spot Roman coins are frequently found; from whence some have conjectured it to have been the site of the ancient Eltavon.

Returning, we made a perambulation of Northampton, the scene of many memorable transactions. In 1238, some students withdrawing from Oxford, established an university here, and it is said that their numbers at one time amounted to 15,000; but, with that love of liberty which literature never fails to inspire, taking part in the barons' wars against Henry III. when that prince made himself master of Northampton, he determined to hang every one of them and, with difficulty was deterred from his purpose. At length, however, he suffered them to retreat to Oxford; and Northampton ceased to be an university.

The market-place here is extremely spacious and elegant, and the public buildings are corresponding to the wealth and consequence of the place. The church of All Saints is a magnificent fabric, with a portico of eight Ionic columns. But the church of the Holy Sepulchre, a rotundo, is still more admired by architectural antiquarians, as there are only three on the same model in the kingdom.

The town-hall is a noble pile; but what pleased me most was the infirmary, which at a distance would be taken for a palace.

Of the castle there are few vestiges, except some surrounding mounds of earth, in which rabbets burrow in peace. What a change!

About six o'clock started for Castle-Ashby, distant about eight miles by the road we took through Little-Billing. Till

we reached that village, the way was direct and sufficiently easy on horseback; but afterwards we had to cross fields, and open bridle-gates, by paths intricate to strangers, and which indeed we should not have attempted, had we not been under the guidance of friends well acquainted with the country. The Earl of Northampton has a carriage-road to the county town, considerably better, but more circuitous. Yet it must be confessed, that there is no communication between Castle-Ashby and Northampton that would be thought tolerable in almost any other district of the kingdom. The soil of Northamptonshire is rich and deep, and as materials are scarce, little pains seem to be taken in making or repairing the roads. Good roads, however, I class among the chief comforts of life; and were I placed in a country like this, I would make many sacrifices to accomplish my object; which, though difficult, is certainly attainable at no extraordinary expence.

Reach the place of our destination about dusk, and spent some days in the most agreeable and social manner, making occasional excursions in the vicinity, and filling up the domestic hours in friendly conversation.

Castle-Ashby, the princely seat of the Comptons, stands in a rich but level country. It is a square building, inclosing a moderate area, with a beautiful screen on one side, the work of Inigo Jones, who probably gave other touches to the edifice.

The drawing-room is uncommonly spacious, but its ornaments are heavy though expensive. The other apartments are in a more modern taste, and are extremely commodious. They are decorated with many family portraits, as well as of other eminent persons. Pennant discovered here, in a garret, the original picture of that hero, John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, and his countess. The most valuable painting, however, is that of George Villers, duke of Buckingham, after he was stabbed by Felton. It actually personifies death; and it is impossible to look at it without the mingled sensations of horror and surprise. Never can I forget the impression which the first sight of this picture made upon me.

The pleasure grounds were laid out by Brown; but a scarcity of water in dry seasons is a diminution of their beauty. The chace woods are of vast extent, and the most splendid appendage any nobleman can possess.

As a lover of botany, however, I was more pleased with Lady Northampton's green-house or conservatory, than with any other accompaniment belonging to Castle-Ashby. It is of great magnitude, and is filled with the choicest plants that the four quarters of the world can produce.

The amiable manners, the domestic and endearing habits of the Compton family, are well known. Here they divest themselves of pomp; and quitting their own splendid mansion, frequently, nay daily, visit the cottages of poverty, and seek for pleasure in acts of humanity and munificence. What exquisite gratifications do many of our great and noble lose, because they will not study to become good and useful!

FROM CASTLE-ASHBY, THROUGH BEDFORD, TO CAMBRIDGE.

August 13. AFTER a pleasant sejour in Northamptonshire, the calls of duty and of business roused me again into action, and early this morning I set out with my Oxford companion towards Cambridge.

We passed through the chace woods of the Earl of Northampton, and fell into the Bedford road at Cold-Bray. The country here is rich and champaign, and no distant objects relieved the eye. Rode through Turvey, near which is an elegant modern house belonging to Mr. Higgins.

Proceed over a continuation of the same country towards Bedford, a stage of 15 miles and upwards from Castle-Ashby. Saw the spire of Bedford church, nearly six miles before we reached that town. Hills of a very moderate height now began to bound the prospect in the distance, and without being picturesque, served to vary the face of the country very agreeably.

Near Bedford the soil is gravelly, and the crops attest its adaptation for corn and pulse. A good system of husbandry seems to be pursued here. Turneps, ruta baga, wheat, barley, with hedge-rows of elms, give a luxuriant appearance to the scene. In winter, great part of this track is flooded by the Ouse; and causeways are raised to allow passengers to travel on foot, when carriages are probably stopped. There is something unpleasant in the idea; man delights in freedom of action and motion; and were I to reside here, and found that I could not ride or walk in any direction I wished, I should be miserable from the thought, though perhaps neither business nor pleasure might call me from home.

Bedford is a large and not inelegant town, built of brick. At our entrance, passed some handsome alms-houses, erected near the county jail. The chief employment of the natives is lace-making. A considerable trade is likewise carried on in coals, timber, malt, and corn, by means of the Ouse, which is navigable for large barges.

Halted at the Swan inn, near the bridge over the Ouse,

This river rises at Fritwell, in Oxfordshire, and winding by Buckingham, Stony-Stratford, Newport-Pagnell, and other places, forms here a spacious stream.

> Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain,
> Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
> Conducts the eye along the sinuous course,
> Delighted.
>
> Cowper's Task.

Near Bedford, we observed several instances of the correct taste, the benevolent heart, and the public spirit of the late Mr. Whitbread. Such a man is a blessing to the place with which he is connected. May his son, who possesses far superior public talents, imitate his private virtues!

After refreshing ourselves and horses at Bedford, we proceeded towards St. Neots, a stage of about 12 miles. In the course of this ride we twice crossed the Ouse, first at Bedford, and then at Barford. At the last named place there is an old but spacious bridge, of many arches, raised very high. This district indeed being subject to floods, every attention is paid to that circumstance by cutting ditches, and erecting bridges, wherever a communication is likely to be wanted. More proofs of attention to the accommodation of the public, I never witnessed in any part of the kingdom, and in few places is this more required.

The soil being gravelly, the roads are most excellent, and for many successive miles are so level, that we seemed to be travelling in a park. Hills of moderate elevation, however, generally form the back-ground of the landscape; while the eye, to a great distance, darts over unvarying fertility, even till it is satiated.

Noted some elegant seats in the course of this ride, among others that of the late Sir Gillies Payne, Bart. now Mr. Denne's. At Barford, where there is a coal-wharf, were much diverted by the observations of a bargeman, who seemed indignant against some persons, though we knew not from what cause. Be that as it may, he had evidently adopted the common cant of democrats. Said he to his companion, "the great give to their dogs what is too good for themselves; but as for me, I can live on sheep's heads and *turmets**;" and adding with an oath, "I have never hurt any poor man." This is the creed and the ruling principle of too many among the lower classes of society. They care not how much they abuse, or rob and injure their superiors, provided they can do it with impunity; but they

* A provincipal term for turneps.

think it a crime to hurt those who are on an equality with themselves.

Travel two or three miles along the great north road, and it well deserves its name, for it is spacious beyond most others I had ever seen. Passed in this space two villages, with several inns or places of accommodation for travellers. Eaton-Sockham indeed is equal in magnitude to many market-towns; its church makes a very handsome appearance. The number of carriages of every description, passing and repassing, put me in mind of the vicinity of London. Here we found by the road-side a plant of the thistle kind, which I had never seen before; but I lost the specimen before reaching Cambridge, and had not an opportunity of ascertaining its species.

About a mile beyond Eaton, again crossed the Ouse, and passed through the straggling and inelegant town of St. Neots, without halting, to which the appearance of the place, even if we had had more leisure, offered few inducements. Yet St. Neots is not worse than many other country towns.

In the course of a few miles, rode through part of three counties, Bedford, Hunts, and Cambridge. Baited at the solitary house called White Hall, about four miles from St. Neots; a distances here are vague, from the want of mile-stones —a neglect the more unaccountable, and more felt by the stranger, than many seemingly more important defects. At this house we found beer of a very superior quality, and the whole of the entertainment was civil and obliging.

A short distance beyond this place, entered on upland downs of great extent, partly enclosed, and partly open. Oats are the principal crop here, and they looked very flourishing.

The sun had already sunk below the horizon; and the moon shone in all her beauty as we came in sight of Cambridge, whose towers and spires were sweetly illumined by her silver beams, at the distance of four miles from that famous University. Cambridge indeed stands in a level rather than a low situation: but except from the Gogmagog hills, it no where appears to more advantage, or can be seen a greater way off, than from this approach.

Ride through its narrow crooked streets, and being recommended to the Hoop inn and tavern, a very centrical situation, we took up our lodging for the night; and after a slight supper, soon retired to rest, being much fatigued with the heat and the exercise of the day.

A TOUR OF CAMBRIDGE, AND TO BUNTINGFORD.

Aug. 14. HAVING taken an early breakfast, under the guidance of a young but active and intelligent cicerone belonging to the inn, we sallied out to see the lions of Cambridge, as I had done those of Oxford, a few weeks ago. We took our perambulation of the colleges and other objects worth seeing, in the following order, which is probably the most systematic and convenient, from the point of starting, that could have been devised.

St. JOHN'S COLLEGE takes its name from a dissolved priory dedicated to that saint, on the site of which it was built. It was founded and endowed in 1509, by Margaret Countess of Richmond, and now contains 62 fellows, vulgarly called Johnian Hogs, but without any propriety of application, at least in modern times. Nearly 500 members belong to this society, one of the richest and most respectable in the university.

The college itself is a large fabric, of three courts, chiefly built of brick, which gives it an inelegant appearance, if compared with the fine Gothic edifices of hewn stone in the sister university. Appendant to St. John's, however, are extensive and pleasant walks, adjoining those belonging to Trinity College, all of which are liberally open to the public; and being intersected by the Cam, with bridges of communication, are not destitute of attraction, though they command no distant prospects. The Cam indeed, is a torpid river, and the very reverse of crystal; yet poets have metamorphosed it into the Granta, and given it all the attributes of the purest streams. But what cannot the witchery of poesy effect! No one, however, can catch inspiration from such a river as this; and though some of the sweetest muses have sung on its banks, their numbers have flowed rather in spite of the scene, than prompted by its charms.

The garden belonging to the fellows is very pleasant, containing a summer-house, a bowling-green, and agreeable walks, said to have been laid out by the poet Prior.

The library is extremely well furnished with scarce and valuable books and manuscripts; and here too is shewn a leaden scull, part of a complete skeleton found in Newport-Pagnell church. Many a *leaden* scull is still to be seen above ground, and hence the value of this curiosity is less than some are apt to imagine.

This society has had the honour of ranking among its members many eminent men, archbishops, bishops, and literati, whom it would be tedious to particularise, but I cannot pass over the names of Prior, Lister, Bentley, and Taylor.

Trinity College is the pride of Cambridge, and unquestionably superior to any thing in the sister university. It was founded and endowed by Henry VIII. in 1546, and consists of two spacious quadrangles, extending to the river. Over the elegant tower gate-way entrance, stands a statue of Henry VIII. and here formerly was an observatory, in which the immortal Newton pursued the study of the celestial bodies.

The court next the street is considerably the largest; but in point of splendour, is far inferior to Nevill Court, comparatively a modern erection, and measuring 148 feet by 132. The library, which forms the west end of this quadrangle, is a very grand structure, supported by pillars, which form a noble and spacious cloister. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, and it is worthy of his fame. I will not attempt to describe its external beauties; but I cannot refrain from observing that the interior is probably unrivalled. Even the stately library of Christ Church at Oxford, is far inferior to this. A spacious stair-case of black marble, wainscotted with cedar, conducts to the entrance, when the whole apartment bursts on the eye in full lustre. The window at the south end is painted, and represents, rather whimsically, the presentation of Sir Isaac Newton to George III. with suitable emblems and devices.

The library is floored with marble, and ornamented with marble pedestals, supporting the busts of many illustrious men, most of whom belonged to this college. There are also several original portraits here. The books are numerous and well arranged. Among the curiosities, may be enumerated a quiver of arrows, employed by Richard III. against Henry VII. at the battle of Bosworth; a skeleton of a man in miniature, cut with a knife by a shepherd's boy; an Egyptian mummy in fine preservation; and the dried body of one of the aborigines of the Madeira islands, with a shrivelled and horribly distorted countenance. But what pleased me above all others, was a manuscript in the handwriting of Milton.

Below stairs, is a curious collection of ancient stones and inscriptions from the Picts' wall, a present from Sir John Cotton. Here too is seen the famous Sigean inscription, a Roman milestone, and some other curiosities of the same kind.

The walks are about a third of a mile in circumference, and are charmingly shaded with chesnuts and lime-trees.

This noble seminary consists of a master, sixty fellows, and sixty-nine scholars. The whole number of members is little

short of six hundred. The eminent men that have belonged to Trinity College are too numerous to mention. Newton, Ray, Dryden, Cowley, Barrow, are among the number.

St. MARY'S CHURCH, where the university attend divine service, is said to have been a hundred years in finishing. It is a handsome edifice, having a tower adorned with pinnacles and twelve musical bells. The different members of the university have appropriate seats here. At the west end is a spacious organ-loft.

From hence we proceeded to CAIUS COLLEGE, an edifice with two courts, built of stone. This house, called also Gonville and Caius college, and by corruption Keys, was first founded in 1348, and completed about 1557, by the liberality of John Caius, physician to Queen Mary of bloody memory. Here we passed through the gates of HUMILITY, VIRTUE, WISDOM, and HONOUR, which have been thus explained—Humility is the forerunner of virtue, virtue and wisdom join each other, and these ultimately lead to honour.

In the chapel is the monument of the principal founder, with the following quaint inscription, FUI CAIUS. VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS.

The library is small, but not ill stocked with books and manuscripts. The society consists of a master, twenty fellows, and seventy-seven scholars. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, Sir Thomas Gresham, and many other distinguished characters, received their education here.

The SENATE-HOUSE next attracted our attention. This groupes with the Public Library, King's College Chapel, and some other noble buildings, and forms the most superb *tout ensemble* that Cambridge, or indeed any other place, can exhibit.

The Senate-House is a very elegant pile, built of Portland stone, in the Corinthian order, by Gibbs. The foundation was laid in 1722. The interior is upwards of 100 feet long, 42 broad, and 32 high. The galleries are said to be capable of containing 1000 persons. Still, however, this pile is far inferior to the theatre at Oxford, which is adapted to the same purpose of public solemnities. It is adorned with some fine statues, with appropriate inscriptions.

The PUBLIC SCHOOLS surround a small court, and appear to be extremely convenient. Adjoining to the Philosophy School, is an apartment containing a rich collection of fossils, ores, minerals, and other rarities, the gift of Dr. Woodward, in 1727. In the Law and Physic School, among other paintings, may be seen one of John Nicholson, commonly called Maps, a singular but worthy character.

The PUBLIC or UNIVERSITY LIBRARY is a superb building, consisting of four apartments, containing upwards of 90,000 volumes. It occupies the whole quadrangle of apartments over the SCHOOLS, and is ascended by an elegant geometrical staircase.

The east front, or New Library, was rebuilt in a very handsome style in 1775, and adds much to the beauty of the structure.

The vestibule of the library is adorned with the famous statue of Ceres, lately brought from Eleusis by Dr. Clarke. It is of a colossal size; but extremely mutilated, and has few vestiges of any thing human or divine. Yet it is a great curiosity, and is worthy of the station it occupies. Some other pieces of sculpture and ancient inscriptions groupe with it.

In the first room of the Old Library is a copy of Magna Charta on vellum, a painting of the cycle of university officers, and other curiosities.

At the extremity of this room, is a square apartment, ornamented by a dome, containing a variety of valuable manuscripts; among others, a fair copy of the Koran, and a beautiful Persian manuscript, entitled "The Wonders of the Creation," written in the eleventh century of the Christian æra.

In the adjoining wing is an Egyptian mummy, and some beautiful engravings of shells, a present from the king of Denmark, exquisitely coloured from nature by Regenfuss of Copenhagen.

Here too are many specimens of early typography of inestimable value, and some manuscripts of singular rarity, particulary one of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, given to the university by Theodore Beza, and reputed of great antiquity.

On the whole, this library is rich in books, excellently arranged, and under the most liberal conduct. Not only graduates are entitled to have books from it; but under-graduates, by obtaining a note from a privileged person, may be indulged with what they want. Few, comparatively speaking, remain long at our universities after they have taken a bachelor's degree; and if they are to be prohibited, as at Oxford, from access to books in the public library till they graduate, it is afterwards of little use to enjoy that privilege.

From the Library proceeded to CLARE HALL, an elegant modern structure, consisting of one grand court, in the finest style of architecture. This hall, which exactly corresponds with a college in endowments and privileges, as is the case at Cambridge, though not at Oxford, was founded by Dr. Badow in 1326; but being reduced to ashes a few years after, the building and endowment, on the suggestion of the first founder, were undertaken by

Elizabeth, one of the coheirs of Gilbert Earl of Clare, from which circumstance it received its present name.

The front next the fields consists of two regular rows of pilasters, the lowest Tuscan, the upper Ionic. The stone of which it is built was brought from Ketton, and has a beautiful appearance.

The situation of Clare Hall is one of the finest in Cambridge. It stands on the eastern bank of the Cam, over which an elegant stone bridge is thrown, conducting to a shady walk, terminating in a beautiful lawn. This spot is much resorted to in summer evenings, on account of the variety and beauty of the scenery.

The society consists of a master and nineteen fellows, besides other students, in all about seventy. Of this hall were Tillotson, and the lateingenious, but unprincipled and unfortunate Dr. Dodd.

KING'S COLLEGE is a beautiful stone edifice; but being broken into two parts, loses much of its effect. The old court stands on the north side of the chapel, the new buildings near its west end. The latter is a superb pile; and various plans have been suggested for uniting the parts into a consistent whole.

This magnificent foundation originated from Henry VI. who likewise built and endowed Eton College, a nursery to King's. The society consists of a provost and seventy fellows, besides a number of inferior members.

As for the chapel, it is unique and unrivalled. It is 316 feet long, 84 broad, and 90 feet high, while the corner turrets measure 146 feet from the ground. The roof is executed in stone in an inimitable manner, and the whole interior possesses so much beauty and grandeur, that it would require a volume to do it justice.

> Above, around!
> Behold where'er this pensile quarry's found,
> Or swelling into vaulted roofs its weight,
> Or shooting columns into Gothic state,
> Where'er this fane extends its lofty frame,
> Behold the monument to HENRY'S name!

The windows of painted glass correspond with the majesty of the building, and represent many portions of scripture history. They are twenty-four in number.

This superb chapel was not finished till the reign of Henry VII. Its architect is generally supposed to have been Nicholas Cloos, a fellow of the college; but one John Wulrich is recorded in an existing instrument, as master mason of the works of King's College.

Some beautiful monuments are erected in the aisles: among

the rest, one to the memory of the Marquis of Blandford, who died here of the small-pox, the eldest and only son of the great Duke of Marlborough. Another, to, the memory of Dr. Glynn Clobery, is deservedly admired for the elegance of its inscription Of this college were Sir Francis Walsingham, Fuller the martyr, Oughtred the mathematician, and many others distinguished for rank and endowments. The situation of King's is extremely pleasant, for Cambridge. The library contains a choice collection of valuable and scarce books. Here are preserved the colours taken at Manilla, by Sir W. Draper, a member of the society.

Next, pay a visit to TRINITY HALL, originally a hostel for the entertainment of students, but erected into a regular society by Bateman, Bishop of Norwich, about the year 1350. It consists of a master, 12 fellows, and 14 scholars, together with the students, amounting to about 70 members.

This house stands behind the public buildings of the university, on the banks of the Cam, a little north of Clare Hall. It is a very neat edifice, though small; and among many other eminent men, has the honour of producing Tusser, who in his usual quaint manner, calls this "an hall surpassing all."

The BOTANICAL GARDEN next attracted our notice, and it did not disappoint the expectations I had formed of this delightful establishment. It occupies between three and four acres of ground on the south-east of the town, and is replete with a rich variety of plants, arranged according to their classes, English and exotic mixed. In the centre is a large pond for aquatics. The twenty-four classes of Linnæus are still retained here: at Oxford they are reduced to twenty, and I think on just grounds. But it introduces confusion into the science, from botanists not being agreed on this subject. An improvement, not generally adopted, ceases to be useful.

The appendant hot-houses and green-houses are spacious, and rich in curious exotics. Here saw many plants from New Holland; tea, coffee, and bread-fruit trees; a cotton-tree, and many others of equal or superior rarity. That able professor, Mr. Martyn, is now too far advanced in years, to take an active part in the management of this paradise of flowers; but the curator, Mr. Donn, seems to supply his place with great credit to himself, and great benefit to the establishment. Had time permitted, I could have spent days in this charming spot.

From hence proceeded to BENE'T, or CORPUS CHRISTI College, founded in 1351, by the liberality of two guilds in Cambridge. This seminary consists of one quadrangle, which is at once old and inelegant; but we were told that it was intended to rebuild the whole. A master, 12 fellows, and students to the number of about 70 in all, form the society.

The chapel is neat, and over it is the library, which is subject to some severe, not to say illiberal restrictions. It contains many manuscripts of great rarity, chiefly relating to ecclesiastical affairs, and several books of singular curiosity, as well as a pretty large collection of books on general literature. Several bishops, archbishops, and other distinguished characters have been educated here.

CATHERINE HALL, a large brick edifice of one court, opens on one side to Trumpington street, from which it is separated by handsome iron palisadoes, is not destitute of beauty or interest. The lofty elms that line the approach, give it a charm beyond all the rest of its accompaniments.

It was founded by Robert Woodlark in 1475, and now consists of a master, 15 fellows, and 26 scholars. The chapel is of a good size, and not inelegantly fitted up, and the hall and library are of corresponding magnitude and beauty. Hoadley, Sherlock, and many other dignified names have honoured this society.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE was founded and endowed by Margaret of Anjou, the queen of Henry VI. in 1448, during the interval between the first and second civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster.

It is a brick edifice, consisting of two courts, of no great dimensions or beauty. Its grove and gardens, however, are extremely pleasant, and are much frequented by the students. These appendages lie on both sides the river, and are connected by a wooden bridge of one arch, supported by stone abutments. The hall is a large and well proportioned room, and contains some fine portraits.

This society consists of a president, 20 fellows, and 45 scholars, besides students. Erasmus once studied here, and two portraits of this great man belong to the house, one of them supposed to be from the pencil of Holbein.

PEMBROKE HALL consists of two courts, one of brick, the other of stone, but neither of them large or magnificent. It was founded in 1343, by Mary de St. Paul, third wife of the Earl of Pembroke, who was killed at a tilting match on his wedding day, at Woodstock.

The chapel, built from a plan of Sir Christopher Wren, is alone worth notice. It is at once elegant and well-proportioned.

In the inner court is shewn an immense globe, eighteen feet in diameter, invented by Dr. Long, the late master; but it is now out of repair.

This society consists of a master, 16 fellows, and various scholars. It has produced many eminent men, among whom posterity will unquestionably rank the late premier, Mr. Pitt, and the present Bishop of Lincoln.

Peter-House, or St. Peters's College, was founded by Hugh de Balsham, sub-prior of Ely, about the year 1284, and has since been much augmented by numerous benefactors. It is said, that Lady Mary Ramsay offered a sum almost equal to the original endowment, provided the name should be changed to Peter and Mary's College; but the master at that time, with more wit than politeness, observing, "that Peter had been too long a *bachelor* to think of a female companion in his old age," she changed her purpose, and the college lost her intended liberality.

This house consists of two stone courts, and makes rather a handsome appearance. Behind the college are a grove and extensive gardens.

The chapel is a handsome structure, and contains some beautiful painted glass, though much injured in the time of the civil wars. A master, 22 fellows, and 48 scholars constitute the society. To this house belonged Bryan Walton, Cardinal Beaufort, and the poet Gray.

Passed near this, the intended site of Downing College, which is likely to be a noble foundation, and an ornament to the University*.

Emanuel College, an elegant pile, consisting of one spacious stone quadrangle, pleasantly situated at the south-east extremity of the town, was founded by Sir Walter Mildmay in 1584. It is a modern edifice, in a fine style of architecture, and, taken with its accompaniments, is inferior to few in the university.

The chapel, the hall, and the library are each worthy of notice; and the gardens are furnished with several convenient and appropriate buildings, besides a bowling-green and a fish-pond.

A master, 15 fellows, and 50 scholars form the society, whose collective numbers are about 150.

Among the learned and eminent men who have been educated here, may deservedly be ranked Archbishop Sancroft, the present Bishop Hurd, Percy, bishop of Dromore, and Dr. Samuel Parr.

Christ's College, situated to the north of Emanuel, owes its endowment to Henry VI. and his maternal sister, Margaret Countess of Richmond. It consists of one pretty large stone court, and several detached buildings, in good repair. The gardens are pleasant and well laid out, and here was indicated a mulberry-tree planted by Milton, when a student of this college. To the honour of the society, it is preserved with religious vene-

* If I mistake not, the first stone of Downing College has lately been laid; and the masters and professors, with some of the fellows, are already appointed.

ration from all but the decay of nature, which, in spite of care, will soon bring it to the ground.

Christ's College consists of a master, 15 fellows, and 58 scholars. The whole number of members is about 100. It boasts of having produced Milton, Porteus, bishop of London, Paley, and Cudworth.

Sidney Sussex College is a neat pile, composed of two brick courts, which were completed in 1598. This college was founded by Frances Sidney, Countess of Sussex, in 1588; and now consists of a master, 11 fellows, and various scholars and exhibitioners. It stands on the east side of Bridge street, and possessing pretty extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, is not destitute of attractions and local advantages.

The chapel is spacious and elegantly fitted up. The altar-piece by Pittoni is deservedly admired. The hall is a very elegant apartment; and the library is not ill furnished with books, besides containing some curiosities; among the rest, part of an incrustation of a child's scull, found in Crete, about ten feet beneath the surface of the earth, with the teeth still sound and white. Here is likewise a bust of Cromwell, by Bernini, taken from a cast of Oliver's face after death. In the master's lodge is a fine picture in crayons, by Cooper, of that arch hypocrite, who was educated at this college, and may justly be ranked among its distinguished members. Seth Ward, Sir Roger L'Estrange, and Wollaston, the author of the Religion of Nature Delineated, likewise belonged to this society.

Jesus College is charmingly situated, at a little distance from the town, on the east, amidst groves and fine meadows. It consists of two brick quadrangles which have a neat, if not an elegant appearance, and was founded by Alcock, Bishop of Ely in 1496. A master, 16 fellows, and 41 scholars and exhibitioners compose the society.

The chapel is large, and is supposed to have belonged to the ancient convent which occupied the same site with Jesus College. In confirmation of this, the tomb of one of the nuns is still to be seen here, with the subsequent inscription:

Moribus ornata, jacet hic bona Berta Rosata.

By virtues guarded, and by manners grac'd,
Here, here, alas! is fair Rosata plac'd!

Among the eminent men who have received part of their education here, may be ranked Cranmer the martyr, David Hartley, and Archbishop Herring.

From hence we proceeded to visit Magdalen College, which lies detached from the rest of the public edifices on the north side of the river, near what is called Castle End. It consists of two moderate courts, built of stone. On the north-east side of

the second court is an elegant stone edifice, with a cloister in front, consisting of the BIBLIOTHECA PEPYSIANA, and some adjoining apartments for the fellows. The chapel is neat, but not particularly deserving attention. The old library is well-furnished with books; but the new library, founded by Samuel Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II. is the pride of the college, and indeed one of the ornaments of Cambridge. It contains several volumes of scarce and curious prints, among which are the Twelve Cæsars, and their consorts or mothers, from Titian, engraved by Sadelier, a work of rare occurrence, and of considerable value. Here, too, we were shewn many *fac-similes* of eminent characters.

This college has an antique and venerable air. It was founded by Thomas Lord Audley, Chancellor of England, in the year 1542, and has produced many eminent divines. Within the precincts may be seen some entrenchments, which have been ascribed to the Romans.

Having now made a tour of the colleges and public buildings, in our way to the inn, we took a peep at St. Sepulchre's church, which is curious as being a rotundo, of the same kind as that under the same name at Northampton, but of inferior beauty.

Indeed, the churches at Cambridge in general are little entitled to notice as works of architecture; and as far as regards the buildings in the town in general, the streets, and their distribution, I shall pass them over in silence. While Oxford is one of the finest Gothic cities in the world, Cambridge sinks even below mediocrity. I was much amused, however, by the contrast drawn between the two universities by our landlord, who understanding that my companion was an Oxonian, thus displayed his *second-hand* critiques on those illustrious seminaries: "Oxford, Sir," said he, "is like the Farnese Hercules; Cambridge like the Belvidere Apollo. The one is all grandeur and majesty, the other is all light elegance and beauty." As I cannot increase the pomp of this comparison by any remarks of my own, I have faithfully detailed it as I heard it.

Having taken some refreshment, we sallied out again, and went round the town in search of farther curiosities, but found with none worth mentioning. Called at Deighton's, the bookseller, where we met with a civil and intelligent young man in the shop, who furnished me with some literary information relative to the stereotype printing, patronized by the university. A Critical Review lying on the counter, I took it up, and skimmed its contents. "That" said he, "is conducted by a Cambridge man." "Does it sell?" replied I. "It is very likely, it is cleverly done; and see, Sir, how it cuts up!" "Cuts up! that's the business of a butcher." "No, I mean it is very severe." On this, he pointed to a critique on the work of a friend

of mine, so personal and so abusive, that the fellow who could ostensibly acknowledge himself the editor, deserved to be kicked, or pulled by the nose. But the art of criticism is now become contemptible: it is no longer a liberal profession, but a mean and mercenary speculation.

Being the long vacation, few gentlemen of whom I had any knowledge, were now in Cambridge; and my long absence from town not allowing of further delay, having already seen every thing worth notice, we determined to leave Cambridge after dinner, and proceed on our way to the metropolis, as far as circumstances would permit. A thunder storm indeed impended, preceded by heavy dashes of rain; but the sky clearing up about five oclock in the afternoon, we ordered our horses, and settled our bill, highly pleased with the attention and communicative disposition of the waiter, which would have rendered far inferior accommodation than we met with, agreeable.

We had not proceeded a mile, before a loud clap of thunder warned us that the storm was not yet passed; and in a few minutes after, a sudden and violent shower drenched us to the skin, before we could get any shelter.

Unwilling, however, to return, we proceeded through Trumpington, one of the most pleasant villages in the vicinity of Cambridge. Here the Gogmagog hills, which in some counties would scarcely be noticed, appeared to some advantage on our left; but they are neither picturesque, nor of magnitude sufficient to entitle them to the appellation of hills: they are merely eminences. The soil is gravelly, and the country flat, except in the distance, and towards the Gogmagog ridge. The corn, particularly the wheat, was much laid by the late dashes of rain: the same, indeed, we had observed to be the case in many other parts of our journey, where the soil was deep, and the crops luxuriant.

Beyond Melbourne, began to leave the champaign country, and to ascend over chalky downs, which continued some way beyond Royston, at which last-named place we halted to view the subterraneous chapel, a complete rotundo, cut out of the solid chalk, and running under the street. It is the work of Roisiade, sister to Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and widow of Geoffery de Maundeville, the first Earl of Essex, so created in 1144. This singular curiosity was discovered in 1742, and has been particularly described by Stukeley. The sides are covered with the rude representations of saints, martyrs, &c.; and in one corner near the entrance, is shewn the tomb or grave of the lady, whose gloomy devotion consigned her to this spot while alive. But even her ashes could not be secured at this depth from violation; they have been wholly dispersed.

Though many feet below the surface of the ground, this sin

gular chapel is perfectly dry; and though wholly dark, except from the light of candles, a person fond of contemplation might occasionally spend an hour here, with no unpleasant sensations. It stands in two counties; as the town itself, once of some consequence, does in three. The Royston crow is an object of some curiosity among naturalists. I asked a woman at the turnpike near the town, if any person kept one. She either did not understand, or was offended at the question. "I am sure, Sir," said she, "I am not a Royston crow, and I do not know any thing about them."

Passed through the large village of Buckland, and reached Buntingford to sleep.

In the yard of the Bell inn, where we took up our quarters, a set of strolling players were at the moment of our arrival performing Incle and Yarico with much vociferation, and we heard some tolerable singing. I should have liked to have seen the entertainment, which was to be the Romp; but was too wet, tired, and uncomfortable to think of such amusements. We had already travelled twenty miles from Cambridge, from which university to London, there are three roads, out of which we selected the most pleasant, and the most interesting to strangers.

FROM BUNTINGFORD TO LONDON. THE DEVIL AMONG THE TAYLORS.

August 15. HAVING agreed to reach the metropolis to dinner, we were on horseback soon after five this morning, and proceeding though a sweetly varied and fertile country, reached Hodsdon to breakfast, a stage of fourteen miles. Nothing could be more delightful than this ride: the morning was fine, and the softness of the air, and the mild rays of the sun, threw a lustre over every object that fell under our view.

The soil in Hertfordshire is generally gravelly, and though the landscapes are seldom very extensive, they are uniformly pleasing. Hills, dales, seats, and villages in endless succession, enliven the scene. A good system of husbandry is pursued here; and every thing which the wants of man require, is abundant and choice. There is plenty of water in this track; and if the stinking puddles called Cheshunt Wash and Enfield Wash, are little calculated to embellish the road-side, they are at least convenient for cattle to refresh themselves in.

It was with mingled feelings of pain and admiration, I witnessed the dilapidated state of Waltham Cross, one of the remaining memorials of Edward's affection for his queen. Queen's Cross near Northampton, as I have already remarked, is kept in excellent repair; but Waltham Cross, though eminently beautiful, threatens destruction to whatever falls within its verge. It

is a reflection on the county, and particularly on the residents in its vicinity, that they do not prevent it from becoming a heap of ruins. I am convinced that were a book opened at the inn closely adjoining to this venerable pillar, to receive subscriptions for repairing it, few travellers of any taste would fail to leave their mite.

On the right of Tottenham stands Bruce Castle, which has undergone various revolutions, and fallen into the hands of many possessors. The number of Tottenhams never fails to create confusion, and shews great sterility of invention. Besides the village of that name about five miles from London, we have Tottenham High Cross about a mile nearer the metropolis; and then Tottenham Court, and Tottenham-Court Road, within the precincts of the great mass of collective buildings which go under the general appellation of London.

At Kingsland we entered on the city road, in order to avoid the pavement, and proceeded along what may be called the barriers; for a turnpike is erected at almost every outlet, and there is more trouble in stopping to pay tolls, or to receive or produce tickets, than can be agreeable or necessary in a commercial city, where all are in a bustle, and wish to save time.

After calling on a friend in Tottenham-Court, at whose lodgings we found Count St. Leger, a polite and agreeable emigrant, we proceeded down Holborn, where putting up our horses, we mixed in the busy crowd. The day had been excessively hot; and when I arrived at my house, to which I introduced my Oxford friend, I was quite overcome with fatigue, and the emotions connected with seeing persons and objects endeared to the mind. I therefore was obliged to rest till the fervor of the sun abated; but being solicitous to shew my companion all the attention in my power, I accompanied him in the evening to the Little Theatre in the Hay-market, where the Birth-Day, Catherine and Petruchio, with the Taylors, a Tragedy for Hot Weather, were to be performed, for the benefit of Mr. Dowton. The knights of the thimble, however, had taken it so much in dudgeon, that their craft was to be exposed by the representation of the latter piece, that they had early occupied the galleries and different parts of the house, to the number of six or seven hundred; and when the curtain rose, such a horrible noise from cat-calls, hisses, groans, and howls, (for many of the malcontents had evidently been used to attend funerals in the sister island) burst out at once, that not a single word could be heard, even had not the clapping of the more respectable spectators, in order to encourage the actors, increased the tumult and uproar.

Every attempt was made on the part of the manager and the more favourite actors to allay this ferment, and several concessions, impolitic in my opinion, were proposed to the *venerable* fraternity of the goose; which the rest of the house could by no

means approve of: but all this proved in vain. The actors appeared and disappeared in dumb shew; not a single word of the play was allowed to be heard. At last the Bow-Street officers were obliged to be sent for; and to give effect to their authority, as an immense crowd was already collected round the doors of the theatre, it was judged prudent to call out a large party of the horse-guards, who soon cleared the street, while the constables securing forty or fifty of the most vociferous *Flints*, restored some kind of quiet within doors; and Catherine and Petruchio proceeded with only occasional interruption, till the poor taylor was introduced on the stage, and in contempt of his fraternity, who had given so much disturbance, was acted in the most burlesque manner that could possibly be conceived. This excited fresh uproar for a time, but it gradually died away. The Tragedy for Hot Weather, however, being loudly called for by the boxes, and by all, indeed, who were not in the interest of the taylors, the riot recommenced in all its fury, and it was found necessary to carry off to prison above twenty more of the professors of the art of trimming. This broke the courage of the *Flints*, and they became *Dungs;* but never was there an occasion, on which it might be more truly said that "the Devil was among the Taylors," than what we witnessed.

It was, however, absolutely necessary to teach them, that the public amusements were not to be interrupted, because particular trades or professions may happen to be exposed. All plays must consist of characters taken from life; and there would be an end of scenic representations, were captious *gentry* of the quill, the goose, the cleaver, &c. &c. to unite, and forbid the play that bore hard on their respective vocations. While the individual is safe, the trade or profession is undoubtedly fair game. The clergy alone are spared of all ranks and conditions; and it is out of respect to religion itself, that they are never brought on the stage, except on occasions where they do honour to their profession.

Heartily tired of noise and confusion, and entertaining no very exalted idea of the sense of the taylors, who had they made a party to join in the laugh would have gained some credit, we took a coach and returned to our lodgings, an hour after the noon of night.

And here I shall bid my readers, who have had the good humour to accompany me during this long tour, a cordial, but I hope not a last adieu.

END OF THE TOUR IN WALES.

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